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ART. I.—*Glenaveril; or The Metamorphoses.* By the Earl of Lytton. 2 vols. London, 1885.

BEFORE we attempt to describe what 'Glenaveril' is, two erroneous conceptions of it, frequently repeated, require that we should say what it is not. It has been asserted that it is a novel in verse, which has been further supposed to be a new and vicious species of poetry originating with Lord Lytton. In the preface to his poems in 1815, Wordsworth enumerated the different kinds of poetry, and under the first head—the narrative—he ranked the epic, the historic poem, the tale, the romance, the mock heroic, and 'that dear production of our days, the metrical novel.' The last clause referred to the immense popularity of the principal poems of Scott, and it is extraordinary that these famous examples of the class should have been forgotten by several of Lord Lytton's critics. In strictness the name 'metrical novel' is neither applicable to 'Glenaveril,' nor to the master-pieces of Scott. Used laxly, it served to denote stories in which greater stress was laid on the plot than in the poems called tales, such as the 'Tales' of Crabbe or the 'Canterbury Tales' of Chaucer. But while Wordsworth's phraseology distinguished between the construction of stories in verse according to the predominance given to the plot, it confounded two things still more dissimilar, the plan of the prose, and the plan of what he called the 'metrical novel.' The poems and novels of Scott himself illustrate the difference. The plots of the first are slight compared to the second, and Jeffrey said of 'Marmion,' 'There is scarcely matter enough in the main story for a ballad of ordinary dimensions.' The story was contrived for poetical purposes, and could not have been used in its present form for a novel in prose. Even the prose stories, commonly styled 'tales,' are more elaborate in their plan, and 'metrical novel' is not so just a designation as the author's own title, 'Marmion: a Tale of Flodden Field.'

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This distinction is true of 'Glenaveril.' The story lends itself to the themes and developments which are proper to poetry, but would have been insufficient, and in other ways unfit for a novel.

Wordsworth, whose taste was austere in some directions and very free in others, did not look with favour on the qualities to which Scott's poems owed their popularity, and without any nice consideration of its appropriateness, he classed them under a name that implied his own disapprobation of the style. A stirring plot has always been held to be a merit in dramatic poetry, which stands second in Wordsworth's list, and he saw no incongruity here in linking an exciting story to verse, or at least he omitted to make a distinction on that account between the varieties into which he divided the drama. It does not appear why a resource which is permitted to dramatic poetry should be forbidden to narrative when a story of some kind is common to both, and when human agents, dialogue, and all the materials which are ingredients in plots, enter into epics, metrical tales, and romances as well as into plays. An additional interest in the story, kept within the limits which do not interfere with poetic requirements, is one attraction the more, and in such a case to call a poem a 'metrical novel' is simply a misnomer.

The second objection to 'Glenaveril,' that it is a servile imitation of 'Don Juan,' confounds the form with the substance. The mechanical shapes which verse can be made to assume are soon exhausted, and unless in some minor particulars have probably never been the invention of any great poet. For poetry does not commence at its zenith. The masters of song have their forerunners in every department, who have anticipated them in the comparatively easy task of varying the structure and arrangement of the verse. Shakspeare's plays did not in their external form differ from those of some of his immediate predecessors. Milton was not the inventor of blank verse, nor Dryden of the heroic metre, nor did Byron originate the stanza, and mixed style of 'Don Juan.' He avowed that he borrowed metre and manner from the 'Whistlecraft' of Frere, and Frere in his turn had taken them from the Italian of Berni. The first four cantos of 'Don Juan' are in point of genius the principal work of their author, and of all his productions the most original, but the originality is in the substance, and not in the form. He put into them his living self. He is there with all his wit, his mockeries, his passion, his poetry, his power of language, and it is the striking individuality of Byron's habitual modes of thought and speech, and not the framework

framework copied from Frere, which constitutes the novelty and distinction of 'Don Juan.'

Lord Lytton has borrowed what Byron did before him and nothing more. He has adopted the stanza, and the mixture of styles, and the rest instead of being the counterpart of 'Don Juan' is in almost every particular its opposite. The structure of the story, the characters, the vein of sentiment, the order of poetical ideas, the entire world in which the narrative moves, are wholly different. As 'Don Juan' obviously reflects its author, so it is plain that 'Glenaveril' embodies the thoughts, feelings, and gathered experience of a highly independent and original mind, strong in its own conceptions, and incapable of stooping to mimicry. This return to definite ideas drawn fresh from genuine observation and reflection, was never more needed than at present. The outward garb of poetry being easily copied, a certain style of verse has no sooner grown into fashion than its form is closely imitated by those with whom pretension is the substitute for power. Then for realities we have words which have the look of poetry and little of its essence. Wordsworth's protest against the conventional phraseology that prevailed in his youth may be urged with increased reason against the more assuming, and not less inane verbiage, cast in the mould of profundity, which has taken the place of the obsolete classical jargon.

Characters in works of fiction may be represented as having been formed and set in action by the occurrences of life, or by hereditary disposition, or by both combined. The first method is perhaps the commonest, and has been used with great felicity by famous masters of their craft. Don Quixote seems natural when his mania is seen to proceed from his passionate study of books of chivalry. The two brothers in 'Tristram Shandy,' both extravagant in their eccentricities, are relieved of every semblance of exaggeration after we have been told of the process to which they owe their peculiarities,—Uncle Toby, an enthusiast for mimic sieges, through the habit he has contracted, when disabled by his wound, of expounding to sympathising visitors the position of the opposing forces at the moment he received it; Mr. Shandy, a retired Turkey merchant, amusing his leisure with pedantic dissertations, till the theories of his authors are accepted by him for laws of nature, and he becomes a denizen of a fantastic world that has only a speculative existence. It is not always necessary that leading traits should be traced back to their birth; but the skill, with which the springs of action are hinted or laid open in every consummate work of fiction, is among the most delightful exercises of genius.



The twin heroes in 'Glenaveril' take their shape, not from training and the course of events, but from hereditary influences. The effects of inborn disposition are a frequent theme. Yet there is novelty in Lord Lytton's use of this familiar fact from his having adopted it in its extremest form, and applied it with unusual constructive skill to work out the incidents of his story. Nor is there any violation of probability in the extent to which he carries his conception, for nothing is more variable than the degree in which special tendencies are transmitted from generation to generation. It might be objected that extreme cases do not occur in couples, but this again is among the number of exceptional circumstances that are never absent from the wide arena of the world. The groundwork being true to nature, the art is admirable by which the story is made to grow out of the characters, the characters out of the inherited disposition.

The widow of a village pastor in the Black Forest gives birth to a son, and dies in her childbed. Lord Glenaveril, a peer of Scotch descent, and his fragile wife, are lodging with her for the benefit of the mountain air; and misfortunes never coming singly, Lord Glenaveril is brought home dead, killed by a fall from his horse, almost at the moment that the widow breathes her last breath. His Countess, on the eve of a confinement which is hastened by the shock, likewise gives birth to a son, and in the confusion created by these bewildering catastrophes, a strange nurse, who has been suddenly brought to the house, delivers to Martha Müller, the maiden sister of the deceased village pastor, the young Ivor Glenaveril. The change of the children, intimated, but not resting upon certain evidence, is the circumstance which furnishes the opportunity for unfolding the invincible operation of inherited qualities.

Miss Müller was a spinster of forty-seven, whose hard face and peremptory speech announced an inflexible will. Lady Glenaveril, who had watched by the dying bed of the pastor's widow, and felt for her the love which is kindled by saintly suffering and the solemnities of death, desired to adopt her orphan son, and bring him up with her own. No persuasion could induce the adamant aunt to let him go. She had the pride of independence, a conviction of the dignity of the pastor's calling, and not only a belief in the inheritance of virtues, but a confidence that they descended with steady increase from father to child, and rendered the posterity better fitted than their progenitors for their high vocation. 'The son must finish what the sire began,' she said of Emanuel; and beholding in him with exultation the robust frame which had been

been denied to his forefathers, she accepted it for an omen from heaven that he would be a Samson to 'fight the good fight of faith.' Thus the lad continued to be reared in his humble sphere on the plan of the uncompromising aunt, with the sole view to that clerical function for which, like another Samuel, she had devoted him from his birth.

When the lads were thirteen, the sorrowful and gentle spirit of Lady Glenaveril passed from earth, and the tutor of her son, obedient to her desire that the boys should know and love each other, took Ivor to Stuttgart, where Emanuel resided with his aunt. The stern old lady, though pleased at the compliment to her nephew, had abated nothing of her primitive determination. She warns him that the equality in boyhood between playfellows different in rank will cease with manhood, that he must respect himself if he would be respected by his friend, and that the means to this end is to take his stand upon his own position. A descendant from village pastors, whose lot is irrevocably fixed by theirs, he must concede nothing to rival pretensions. In spite of her admonitions and proud resolves, and in spite of her jealous devotion to Emanuel, the affinities of race prevail. Unconscious of the cause, and mortified at her weakness, she is irresistibly drawn to love Ivor, and prefer him to her ostensible nephew. Edelrath, the tutor and guardian of Glenaveril, the friend of his mother and his mother's father, is under a kindred spell, and is beguiled by the superior charm of the stalwart Emanuel, marvelling much that a warrior-like lad should spring from a race of peaceful shepherds, and that the pastoral attributes should be the property of a child descended from a long unbroken line of martial ancestors.

While these attachments cross, and Emanuel has that precedence in the love of Edelrath which Glenaveril, a peer and Englishman, has in the German and class-proud heart of Martha Müller, the youths themselves became inseparable, and the tutor and his pupil continued for the sake of the friendship to live on at Stuttgart, which suited everybody. Miss Müller could gratify her yearning towards Glenaveril, Edelrath his to Emanuel, and Glenaveril and Emanuel were supremely happy in each other. Once a year the estates of Glenaveril compelled the presence of his guardian and himself in England, and the reluctant Martha with a sigh, impotent to resist the entreaties of his friend, permitted Emanuel to accompany him. 'The little wizard,' she said, 'has bewitched us all, and we must submit.' The qualities of race broke out in these visits. The old maid heard with horror that Emanuel, in scarlet coat and leather breeches, had distinguished himself in the hunting-field, and

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was the hero of Scotch gillies from the masterly style in which he stalked deer in the Highlands. This shock she endured; but when she discovered that there was a design for weaning her nephew from his pastoral career, and training him to be the manager of his friend's property, she interposed with the calm decision of her iron will, and insisted that the youths, now on the verge of manhood, should hold no further intercourse by word or letter during the three years in which Emanuel was preparing for his profession. Delivered from the seductive influences of his present companionship, she was persuaded that he would be true to his lineage and destiny, and would of his own accord decline 'to dwell in the tents of Kedar.' On this understanding he is sent to finish his education at Tübingen, and Glenaveril goes to Oxford.

Only one of the three probationary years had elapsed when Martha Müller died, dismissed by the author from the scene in a manner as abrupt and peremptory as her own. The friends respected the compact she had imposed, and the expiration of the term found Emanuel about to take his degree in theology at Heidelberg. With a temperament delighting in physical activity, and averse to sedentary pursuits, he had in the interim kept to his studies with an enforced fidelity. By dogged plodding he had become an adept in Oriental languages, and an Encyclopædia of various knowledge; but his acquisitions seemed to himself uninteresting and barren, and had no hold upon his weary uncongenial mind except through his memory. At the height of his attainments he moralizes upon their worthlessness; and he would not have been a German student of Tübingen if his reflections had not assumed a metaphysical shape, in which he dwells on the thralldom of the understanding to the senses, and decides that our boasted intelligence is nothing but a slave in a house of bondage. This is his condition when, the three years ended, Glenaveril joined him at Heidelberg, and pressed him to accept the half of his fortune. The proposal once more brings out a trait which is seen to have its origin in the true paternity of Emanuel. He does not refuse the offer from a reluctance to own a benefactor in a friend, but from the intensity of his craving for some species of ancestral tie. Man, Shakespeare says, 'looks before and after.' Emanuel cannot trace his genealogy beyond his grandfather, a divine of note, and the one semblance of a line commenced is the pastoral succession, which will be a link to connect him with older generations, and save him from the dreary impression that his is an isolated experience, which can only look with forward, and never with reverted eyes. The struggle between the dis-

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position which rebelled against his father's profession, and the motives which drew him to it, had been long and bitter. His conviction had finally grown clear, and fixed in his resolve to be a simple Lutheran pastor, he would draw from the reverent past the inspirations which were to govern the future.

Extremes meet. Out of the operation of an ancestral principle which had the gathered strength of hundreds of years, Emanuel arrived at the same terminus which his aunt had reached by the opposite road of her middle-class prejudices. In neither of them had lower motives excluded the higher. Emanuel had a heart-felt admiration for the pastor's calling, and the yearning for grace and strength to fulfil it worthily, but the instincts of his lordly race were not dead in him, and created misgivings. He answered his doubts by the reflection that there is conflict everywhere, and asked, 'What's faith but doubt incessantly kept down?' The question tersely expressed the stage he had reached in his theological resolve. That which was doubt with him, appeared sad certainty to the observation of Edelhuth and Glenaveril; and in the persuasion that the natural bent of his intellect and temperament would have dictated a different decision, his friend extorted from him a promise, that before he entered on his profession he would travel with him through Europe and the East, and would agree that during the journey each should assume the name of the other. The varied interests laid open to him in an extended survey of mankind would, Glenaveril hoped, draw out the latent elements of Emanuel's character, and thus preserve him from shaping his course by conclusions deduced from a narrow experience. The playful personation of nobility for a season would as surely, he believed, teach him the little satisfaction to be derived from titles by their wearer, and be an antidote to the defensive pride which even intruded itself into the friendship through a consciousness of inequality that dreaded either to encroach or be encroached upon. A contrivance, which would be puerile in mature manhood, had for this reason a zest in the years before the man had quite outgrown the lingering relics of the boy.

The tourists are on their travels, and have started from an hotel at Chamouni to make an Alpine ascent. A fresh concomitant common to the whole Glenaveril race here manifests itself in Emanuel. A fiery spirit was hereditary in the line, and age after age its successive representatives had come to a violent end. Some had fallen in the Scotch border feuds of ancient days, and some in the Crusades. Others had perished on the scaffold for the Stuart cause, and in more modern times had shed their blood on the famous battle-fields of Europe  
and

and Asia. Those that did not die the death of heroes were the victims of duels and hurdle-races, and the father of the reigning peer, an accomplished civilian with a passion for art, had not, as we have seen, escaped the family doom. Emanuel, now passing under the name of Lord Glenaveril, alarmed the guide by his adventurous recklessness in the Alpine ascent, and impatient of warnings, and the official showman's clatter, he wandered away to enjoy the glories of nature undisturbed, while his friend sat down to listen to the legend appertaining to a neighbouring peak, called Marietta's Needle, after a peasant girl of that name. The damsel had been beloved by Michael, a young lake fisherman, and by the rich Rubezahl, king of the Gnomes, whose wealth did not compensate in the eyes of the maiden for the uncouthness of his form. Under the instructions of the fisherman, she one evening pretended to drop her needle as she sat working by the side of the Gnome King beneath a pine-tree on the rock. Affecting to be in despair at the loss of the needle, which she said was possessed of talismanic virtue, she agreed to marry Rubezahl if he succeeded in finding it for her. He summoned his subject gnomes, and commanded them to search for it. In one night they scraped clean the grass and moss from the plateau, but no needle was there. The King supposed it must have fallen into a crevice, and night by night for months he compelled his slaves to file away slice after slice perpendicularly downwards from the rock, till nothing was left standing of the thick layer to which their labours extended, except what was now a solitary pillar on the bank of a tremendous precipice. This shaft had assumed by the parings a needle's shape, but the needle of Marietta did not appear. The King of the Gnomes vowed that before morning the final remnant of the rock should be ground to powder, the needle be drawn forth from its ultimate lurking-place, and Marietta be at last his bride. At this moment the church bells rang out merrily, a bridal procession issued from the porch, and the newly married couple were Michael and Marietta. The wily fisherman had discovered that the quartz in this part of the mountain contained particles of gold he did not know how to extract, and the pretended loss of Marietta's needle was his device for getting the rock reduced to dust, that he might wash out the untold wealth it contained. He waited till the gnomes had all but completed their work, and then married Marietta. At the sight of the bride and bridegroom, Rubezahl sent forth a piercing cry of rage and revenge. The wedding party turned their eyes in the direction of the sound, and beheld a man standing on the peak of the needle rock, who presently plunged down

down head-foremost on the side of the abyss, amidst the wailing notes of invisible gnomes chanting, 'O how high is heaven, and O how deep is perfidy!' Marietta was carried insensible to the splendid hotel Michael had built with part of the wealth he had accumulated by his stratagem. She woke up from her swoon a lunatic, and from that day, the dupe of her own deceit, she spent her waking hours searching in the neighbourhood of the rock for her lost needle, and repeating the wail of the gnomes. Her delusion deepened. A ghostly visitor long dead, and who could be no other than Rubezahl, appeared to her, and complained that he lay cold in his mountain grave for want of a winding-sheet. He undertook to guide her to her needle which was her talisman, her world, and she to employ it in making him a shroud. Seated under a pine-tree, on the spot where she practised her deception on Rubezahl, and with a semblance of working as on that occasion, her husband found her frozen to death, with the sheet she destined for her dead visitor spread on her lap. A hard man absorbed in his hotel, and his gains, Michael had borne with a complacency faintly tinged by remorse her harmless insanity. His reason gave way at the sudden sight of the final retribution, and the evidence that she had still in death been acting over the particulars of their common fraud. He rushed wildly in pursuit of a phantom Marietta, who seemed to fly before him, followed her to the summit of the needle rock, and there met the fate foreshadowed by the spectral apparition on his wedding-day. He lost his balance, and rolled, bounding from crag to crag, to the foot of the mountain.

The legend ended, the guide informed Lord Glenaveril that it remained the popular belief that whenever the avenging Gnome King's phantom was seen standing upon the summit of the needle rock some dreadful catastrophe was at hand, and looking round him with an expression of calm contemplation which was quickly changed for terror, he exclaimed, 'Saints in heaven, the thing is there!' The 'thing' this time was Emanuel, who, to gratify his longing to be alone with nature on the giddy height as a solace to a perturbed spirit, unable to find its place among the haunts of men, had, with the desperate daring of his race, clambered to the pinnacle of the needle rock, and was preparing to fulfil in its newest generation the Glenaveril destiny. On the side of the plateau the needle did not rise above fifty feet, but was perpendicular from base to point, cut down sheer and smooth by the gnomes. On the side of the precipice, and starting from the plateau, there were rough ledges on the rock which a man with a strong head and powerful arm

arm could ascend by the aid of the pendent roots of juniper. Descent in all directions was impossible. The guides hurried off to fetch ropes and ladders from a hut hard by. Glenaveril, taking the same path as Emanuel had done before him, and arrived within fifteen feet of the top, whence he could give him the directions of the guides for effecting his deliverance, tied a triple girdle of rope round his own body, and drew tight a loop at the other end round the stump of a pine-tree, that if he lost his footing he might be suspended in air, and not be precipitated down the abyss. The hopeless efforts to rescue Emanuel were still in progress, when the avalanche of snow beneath his feet detached itself, and with frantic energy Glenaveril, seizing him as he fell, clasped him in his arms with a frenzied grasp, and both swung over the cliff, upheld only by the rope, Emanuel dead, and Glenaveril mangled and insensible.

The details of the catastrophe are related in the poem with thrilling effect, but under the guidance of a sensitive taste which suppresses every circumstance that could turn excitement and sympathy into sickening aversion. He who is perceived throughout to have been the real Glenaveril, and who has assumed his name in a strange place, where his own and his companion's person are unknown, is as Lord Glenaveril buried; while his half-dead, and wholly unconscious friend, passes for Emanuel Müller, his secretary. The local attestation to Glenaveril's death is accepted without misgiving; his heir, a half-pay officer in a poor London lodging, enters upon his title and estates; and the coveted honours which Emanuel had never enjoyed during his life, were conferred on his remains, and transmitted by his death.

The singular skill displayed in the construction of the entire story is conspicuous in the portion we have thus far epitomized. The traits of the genuine Glenaveril which appear in Emanuel are never forced on our notice. They show themselves unostentatiously in the progress of events, and are left to produce their own impression with that fearless confidence which is peculiar to masters in the art of depicting characters. The incidents are evolved out of the characters in unconstrained succession, and the incidents again are connected by subtle links each with the other. All of them have the charm that they are both probable and a surprise. The legend of the Gnome King, richly poetical in conception and execution, is complete in itself as a dramatic, picturesque, and pathetic illustration of the retribution which awaits on perfidy, and is, at the same time, the startling prelude to the death of Emanuel. That death, not to be surpassed in the power by which it fulfils the ominous

intimation



intimation at the opening of the narrative, rectifies, through its attendant circumstances, the consequences of the change of children, and leads to new and happy results in the sequel. And all this is told with such a wealth of imagination, such a varied observation of men and things, such a continuous accompaniment of tender sentiment, and sagacious reflection, let alone the facility and beauty of the language, and the music of the verse, that a meagre outline of the story is as a stalk stripped of its leaves and flowers. But however disenchanting the method, it has the advantage that it brings into distincter view a line of sequences separate from the surrounding narrative, which is a help to the better understanding of the poem, and for this reason we proceed to detach from its context the story of the twin hero Glenaveril.

The mother of Emanuel was the only child of a German peasant who by thrift had grown to be a small landed proprietor. His head man, Johann Stahl, was in love with the daughter, Mary Haggerdorn, and her father refused his consent to the marriage till Johann had realized a property equal to her presumptive inheritance. To obtain this qualification Johann emigrated to America. He was in all things a robust and noble character,—strong in frame, in will, in love, in justice. He stipulated that Mary should allow him five years in which to accomplish his task; but as her father was old, and had a right to see her settled before he died, and as in the plenitude of his love he could not endure that her life should be lonely and joyless—a lasting sacrifice to a hopeless engagement—he required of her that she should hold herself released from the contract unless he was in a position to claim her hand at the end of the term. Before the fifth year had expired he was master of a tract of land in America greater in value than Haggerdorn's German fields. And of these fields he was now little more than the nominal owner. He had suffered heavy losses by fire and failure of crops; his pride of possession and his covetousness were both mortified, and in his upstart greed he awaited with feverish anxiety the return of Stahl, intending to make it a condition of the marriage that Stahl should sell his American estate to redeem the German estate of his father-in-law. The vessel in which Stahl embarked went down in a storm, and the baffled Haggerdorn on hearing the news was turned to a raving imbecile, and spent his remaining days in outbreaks of violence and execration.

At this crisis there arrived at the village of the Haggerdorns a new incumbent, Gottfried Müller, a man saintly and unselfish,  
whose

whose purpose in life was to be a blessing to others. In the tribulation of Mary, her lover dead, her father idiotic and brutal, he was her sole helper and comforter; and when the father died also, beggared in mind and estate, and she was left homeless and penniless, he asked her to be his wife, content with whatever affection the past tragedies permitted her to bestow. Her gratitude, her forlorn condition, the injunction of Johann (the object of an attachment that had no longer its centre upon earth), all enjoined her to comply, and of this union Emanuel Müller, improperly named Glenaveril, was the offspring, the child of two gracious spirits, whose every action had for its moving principle benevolence and love. The disposition the boy brought with him into the world was fostered by his training. He was reared at the knee of the widowed Lady Glenaveril under the promptings of an affection intense because all past affections were gathered into it, and supremely tender because softened by the sorrow that ushered in his birth. His guardian and tutor Edelrath, a German professor who had instructed Lady Glenaveril's father in Sanskrit, and had become part of the family, instinctively worked towards the same end. A prodigy of learning after the German type, he combined with his recondite, old-world knowledge a benevolence that would have been called extreme, if extremes in benevolence are possible. He existed to read and to love, and though too much of a bookworm to be deeply versed in human nature from his observation of living men, he was rich in the wisdom of the heart.

Friendship in youth has the ardour of love, and ardent was the friendship for Emanuel which took possession of Glenaveril when, on the death of his mother, the boys at thirteen became associates at Stuttgart, and grew up together. His devotion to him was thenceforth the leading interest of his life. Rank, wealth, society, yielded none of the satisfactions his nature demanded. His passion was to minister to the happiness of his companion, and to indulge in the commerce of blended hearts and minds. His offer to divide his wealth with Emanuel was not the casual impulse of generous youth, but the abiding consciousness, that he could enjoy none of the gifts of fortune which he did not share with his friend. His desperate effort to save him at the needle rock was not the act of unreflecting impetuosity, which braves a risk before there is time to realize the danger, but the settled principle that the life of Emanuel was more precious to him than his own. The final interest of the story turns upon the love which was all in all to Glenaveril, and

and, before the catastrophe had been reached which deprived him of Emanuel, an incident had arisen which was to conduct him to the coveted goal.

Johann Stahl, buried as it seemed beyond doubt in the depths of the sea, was nevertheless the sole survivor of the shipwreck, saved by apparent casualties of which the primary cause was his wakeful, indomitable energies. He was picked up floating in the Gulf Stream on the severed timbers of his vessel by an outward-bound Greenland whaler; had to share in its protracted venture; hastened directly he retouched American ground to embark anew for Germany, and arrived there to learn that Mary Haggerdorn was Mary Müller. He revealed his existence to no one; returned straight to the West; forbore to claim his land, which had passed by inheritance to three distant German cousins, and once more started a common labourer for daily wages. To him 'love for once was love for ever;' his visions of an earthly paradise were extinct, and nothing was left to his career but to employ all which remained of him in the duties of his calling. Every stage in his onward course was a stepping-stone to a higher, and he rose through his innate force of character to be a vast commercial power, the owner of ships, mines, and lands. In all his prosperity his youthful dream was paramount. He watched his Mary from afar, and when she died there sprung up in him a project which promised to bring back to him some instalment of his perished hopes. He would marry to provide a home for her orphan son, and in the fostering care of her child he would live over again the sentiments which attached to the mother. But the wife followed Mary to the grave in the second year of the marriage, leaving him an only daughter; and Martha Müller, who had been sounded to see if she would part with Emanuel, answered by a rough decisive negative. So as time went on, the master-thought of his being took another shape, and he was seized with the idea that the union denied to the parents might be realized in the children. When Emanuel's studies were finished, and he was ripe to enter into the world, Johann Stahl would go with his Cordelia to Germany, and learn for himself whether Mary's son was as like his mother in spirit as Johann's daughter was to her father. But before the day for the execution of this second scheme arrived, Johann himself was dead.

Cordelia had been reared under the dominion, openly avowed by Stahl, of the overpowering attachment that imparted its elevation to all his acts and feelings, and it was inevitable that his fervent desire for the union should have extended itself to her youthful mind. Added to this, his masculine intellect, resolute

resolute purposes, and wonderful career of success, filled her with unbounded faith in his designs, and a project, the most cherished of any he had framed in the years to which her recollection extended, appeared to her the decree of fate. No advance towards its fulfilment could come from Emanuel; the whole history was unknown to him. Upon her, and as a sacred commission bequeathed to her by her father, devolved the duty of communicating it to him, nothing doubting but that the generous trust with which she wrote would meet with an equally generous interpreter in the son of Mary Haggerdorn.

Emanuel, with no relations and a single friend, was not troubled with correspondents, and the letter in which Cordelia told her story was an unwelcome intrusion when it reached him at Heidelberg, as he pored over the perplexities of the Hebrew language in preparation for his theological degree. He impatiently tossed back the letter to Glenaveril, who had brought it to him, and bade him read it himself. The romantic tale of love it revealed, the artless confidence with which Cordelia disclosed her own, the simplicity of truth, the guileless purity of heart which breathed in every line, enraptured Glenaveril. The blood of Mary ran in his veins. Emanuel's descent was of a hardier type, and his nurture sterner than his descent, for his most impressionable years were those he had spent in the exclusive society of his aunt, whose rare kisses were even bestowed with a solemnity which inspired more awe than affection. Hence his feelings required to be approached through his understanding, and when, compelled by the importunity of Glenaveril, he cast an irritable glance over the letter of Cordelia, his understanding could see nothing in it but the silly rhapsody of a flighty girl, or else the vulgar pleasantry of a jester who meant to sport with the wistful longings of a portionless youth by the announcement, that her father had intended to bequeath him half his fortune, and that she would execute what her father did not live to effect. The remonstrances of Glenaveril, shocked at the injustice of the imputations, and still more that the generous confidences of Cordelia should be met by the rebuke of silence, only drew from him the mocking proposal that Glenaveril should write to her his own thoughts in Emanuel's name, on condition that he required of her as a preliminary to her betrothal, that she should devote every farthing of her inheritance to some charitable endowment. It was the taunting answer of Emanuel to what he supposed to be the sham offer of half her fortune to himself.

We must not forget that the action is passing in the world of youth, and that the rashness and inexperience of the period mingle with

with its first fresh feelings and impulses. The expedient for replying to the letter of Cordelia is not the contrivance of men who have learnt to look at subjects all round, but of the inconsiderateness which sees only its own impetuosities. Emanuel, who seemed to himself the most circumspect, was the most deluded. He had not conceived the possibility that Cordelia, instead of being clumsily artful, might be the perfection of artlessness, and he was incapable of doubting that his sarcastic stipulation would put an end to the correspondence. Glenaveril, who understood Cordelia's nature through his own, was too intoxicated to doubt that a being supremely lovely to himself must on acquaintance be captivating to Emanuel, and that he would accept her with rapture for his bride when she appeared. Calculating from their different points of view that the issue of the plan they had adopted with opposite intentions must be unexceptionable, it occurred to neither that Cordelia might be sacrificed by the deceptive personation. Contrary to the belief of Emanuel, she might accept the terms; and contrary to that of Glenaveril, she might be rejected by his friend.

Glenaveril, writing in his own person, would have had no difficulty in imitating the frankness of Cordelia. His heart would have spoken straight to hers. There was embarrassment in speaking on behalf of another in language which that other disowned, notwithstanding the unfettered licence he had received. In his perplexity Glenaveril took his way to a wood, drawn by the instinct which leads man to seek in the serenity of nature a relief for perturbations of spirit and a solution of its conflicts. Sitting down, pencil in hand, to write the letter, he communed in thought with the trees. The inner dialogue, he maintained, has its foundation in a principle which goes to the root of half the discordant judgments on the poetry of rival schools. 'The appropriate business of Poetry,' says Wordsworth, 'her privilege, and her *duty*, is to treat things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*.' The most prosaic minds can apprehend things as they are; the attributes with which passion and feeling may invest them belong to the realms of imagination, and are endlessly varied. Not being literal facts, but more or less fanciful associations, that which 'appears' to one mind may seem arbitrary and absurd to another. The impressions, to mention a single example, which the outward manifestations of nature make on the organ of sight, are much the same to all observers; but the sentiment we derive from them may be as diverse as that of Peter Bell, to whom a primrose was a yellow primrose and nothing more, and that of Peter's impassioned poet,

poet, who saw throughout the wide realms of creation the spirit which lay hid beneath its external forms, and who had a faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes. Such conceptions are not visible qualities in the object. They are born in the intellect of the individual, and it is our mental constitution which determines what we reject and what we receive. That which we cannot appreciate we are prone to condemn, and perhaps ascribe to the superiority of our taste the objections which proceed from the narrowness of our sympathies. Those who are unaccustomed to dreamy intercourse with nature in moods, when the voice within us finds an answering voice from the beauties around us, will be insensible to the fitness and charm of the scene in the wood, where the surrounding foliage takes its colour to Glenaveril from his own musings, and returns to him replies responsive to the feelings of his heart. Two brief sentences embodied the sum of them—'Cordelia, dear Cordelia, I love thee! Cordelia, be my wife.'

Happy to have rendered to his sister spirit the love she craved, and eager to speed the message that was to satisfy her longings, Glenaveril hurried with his letter to the post, and ran against Edelhath on the way. The old professor, who was discharging his linguistic functions at Heidelberg, had received a packet of papers relative to Glenaveril's Scotch estate which required present attention; and, waiving denial, he forced his unwilling ward to accompany him to his learned sanctuary. The picturesque description of it is a portrait of the scholar through his appendages. The apartment, its contents, its scholarly disorder in obedience to exigencies incompatible with tidiness, paint the man more forcibly than any direct delineation of human traits. Closeted with his guardian, and obliged to listen to fretting business details, the impatience of Glenaveril to post his letter broke out, and led to enquiries. The disclosure of its origin and purport quickly followed. The effect upon Edelhath is an instance of those delicate shadings of character which are frequent in the poem. He is steeped in benevolence, but old, and a bachelor, he understood the ardours of friendship better than the visions of early love. He was not therefore carried away by the romantic and exquisitely told tale of Cordelia. He simply sees the wrong that is done her. His attention being fixed on the moral blot, he does not get a glimpse of Emanuel's persuasion, that the letter of Stahl's daughter was a heartless joke or a contemptible folly, and perceived as little the twofold devotion to his friend and Cordelia which was paramount in Glenaveril over his interested love for her. To Edelhath, Emanuel's part in the proceeding

was

was 'cruel comedy;' Glenaveril's a design to usurp affections which were not intended for him. He easily convinced Glenaveril, too much abashed to speak a word in self-defence, that the letter ought not to go, and finally, with Glenaveril's consent, he burnt it. But first he had tossed it away indignantly, and it fell on his St. Augustine with its seal uppermost, which bore the initials of Emanuel Müller. That very day Emanuel had left a Latin letter at Edelrath's door sealed with this identical seal, and inviting the Professor to be a disputant in the scholastic discussion that was one of the exercises of candidates for a theological degree. This letter, placed on his table in his absence by his servant, he burnt, with his habitual heedlessness, for Glenaveril's, and Glenaveril's was taken by the same servant to the post.

Cordelia had directed that the answer to her letter should be addressed to her at Hamburg, whither she went by the vessel that bore her letter, and there she received Glenaveril's glowing rejoinder. Her purpose in the journey was to be ready to seek out Emanuel if his reply was favourable, and hearing that he had taken his degree, and had gone to Switzerland in the company of Lord Glenaveril, she followed with the family of Jonathan Eckermann, an Americanized German, who had been the confidential clerk of her father. Arrived at the hotel at which the friends were lodged, she heard the waiter in the coffee-room call Glenaveril by his assumed name, Herr Müller. In a moment the two—she attracted by the name, and he by her startled action—exchanged looks, and in that instant the soul of each had passed into the other. Not a word was spoken, and none was needed. Glenaveril's announcement that he had seen Cordelia appeared to Emanuel the phantasy of a love-sick brain. The imaginary heroine was a governess with a soul above her lot, who had recognized in Glenaveril's face the superiorities of nature which corresponded to her own, and had instinctively paid them the tribute of a sympathetic glance. And upon this Emanuel's thoughts reverted to his like warfare with life from being the thrall of a position out of harmony with his mind, and agitated by the reflection he was eager to get to the glaciers. The looks of fair women were not the sympathy for which he sighed. The chill at his heart would find more congenial companionship in the realms of eternal ice and snow. Under the blind impulse which was drawing him to his destiny, he hastened with his friend to the Alpine ascent, and before evening the ostensible Glenaveril was dead, and the nominal, the same with the real Emanuel Müller, a poor German student, and secretary, unconsidered by anybody, was taken



taken charge of by Eckermann, and Cordelia had constituted herself his nurse.

Glenaveril lay long in the border-land which separated life from death, and for months longer in that which divides intelligence from the delirium of half-awakened stupefaction. His first consciousness was of the presence of Cordelia, and with the recognition came the knowledge that his whole being was wrapped up in her. 'Do not go,' he faintly whispered to her, and in another instant he was again a wanderer in the world of shadows. As his brain slowly recovered from the shock it had received, every augmentation of his returning faculties joined its voice to the first faint, 'do not go.' The response we know beforehand. The wooing had been completed in the letters, and the look they exchanged at the hotel, and whatever obstructions might intervene, we have a presentiment that the formal plighting of their troth could only wait his recovery. But with his ecstatic exclamation, 'She loves me! loves me!' there was forced upon him the distracting circumstance, that she did not love him as Glenaveril, but as Emanuel, and the foundation of her letter and her love was the obligation which rested upon her to marry the son of Mary Haggerdorn. He had been released from the deceptive consequences of his letter, for he had assented to its destruction, and its going was the blunder of Edelrath, and now through the change of name, which clung to him through his protracted delirium, he was anew entangled in the web. Not in selfishness, he imagined, but for her sake, he did not dare to reveal the truth. The truth, by depriving her of life's hope, would kill her. The legend which prefigured the death of Emanuel was, in its deeper moral significance, pointing ominously to Glenaveril. His perfidy had, indeed, a beneficial intention, but yet it was perfidy.

In the dilemma which had arisen through his borrowed name, and a love that had been cemented while his shattered mind was impotent to exert a controlling judgment, Glenaveril hoped that the counsel of Edelrath would extricate him from his embarrassment. He wrote letter upon letter, entreating him to come to his assistance. But the studious recluse was confined to his bed with a fever when Emanuel was killed, had learnt his death from an antiquated newspaper long after it occurred, and, before the letters reached Heidelberg, was roaming about in a fruitless search for the survivor of the two friends who had been to him as sons, and to one another as brothers. After numerous mishaps he arrived, more wrinkled and bent by his griefs than by his threescore years, at the retired villa on an  
Italian

Italian lake, where the Eckermanns and Cordelia had removed with their patient to aid his recovery. He revealed to Edelrath the false relation in which he stood to Cordelia, and argued in support of it. He had no better reason to urge for maintaining the imposition than that a name had no significance, and was a mere designation and not the man; that if the love was mutual, it mattered not whether he was called Glenaveril or Emanuel, and that to destroy the happiness of Cordelia was a worse evil than to deceive her. Edelrath readily refuted sophistries suggested by passion, though set off by all the plausibilities of argumentation that blinded passion could devise. It was not a question of name, but of the identity of the person; and the love, founded on the bad faith of her lover, which had been engendered in Cordelia, was opposed to the radical purpose of her life. Glenaveril, in his anguish, pleaded the intensity of his own affection, which would not permit him to resign her, and Edelrath answered by relating to him an Eastern apologue, which has for its moral that true love is not selfish, but endlessly self-sacrificing. The superb fable, superbly told, and the accompanying comments of his monitor, laid bare to Glenaveril the fallacies prompted by his desires; and accepting the exhortation of Edelrath to speak the truth, and leave the rest to God, he went to announce to Cordelia that the object of her adoration was a deceiver.

Before he could enter upon his tale, she informed him that she was acquainted with the thoughts which were agitating him, that he had a hidden remorse, and had come to reveal it. 'Confess, and be absolved,' she said to him; and to his agonized exclamation, 'I have deceived you; I am not Emanuel,' she replied, 'I knew it.' She had learnt his secret in his delirious outbursts, and the shock at discovering that her predestined love had, by some unexplained jugglery, been deluded and thwarted, would have driven her to take flight, except for the certainty that her patient, deprived of her sustaining presence, would die. Watching on by his sick pillow, communing with her own heart in that still chamber, learning bit by bit the actual story, she revolved within herself that the letter to which Emanuel was indifferent had entranced Glenaveril; that the message of love was surely intended for the nature which could alone respond to it; and that, however mysterious might be the method, a power higher than that of human contrivance must have brought the qualities which befitted the son of Mary Haggerdorn into union with those which governed the daughter of Johann Stahl. During the struggle between her contending emotions she came to the knowledge of a truth which was indis-

pensable to the completion of her character, and the perfection of her love. In the dim and mystic hours of her night watches there seemed to float before her the likeness which she had shaped to herself in the past of the ideal object of her attachment, and always before it vanished it hovered over Glenaveril, and dispensed its gifts to him, till one midnight it breathed into him its whole affection in a farewell kiss, and appeared no more. Then she became aware that her old self-created ideal had been but a form of self-love, that the love for Glenaveril, helped by the discipline she had undergone, had taken its place, and that the vision was the definite embodiment of the half-defined transformation through which she had been passing. The torturing anxiety of her long watchings, and final conflicts, had taught her the same lesson that Glenaveril had learnt by his throes of conscience,—the lesson that the love which is based on selfishness is counterfeit, and that real love seeks with singleness of heart the blessing of its object. This is the welcome intimation the author gives us that the concluding love of his hero and heroine was not the transitory dream of youth, but the abiding love which gathers strength through all the joys and sorrows of life, and knows no change but that of endless progression. The events we have been unfolding carry with them the apology for the lapses of Glenaveril, and with the reputed Emanuel dead, nothing was left on earth—not even a name—which Cordelia could oppose to the ideal she had discovered in Emanuel's representative. In the course of her explanation with Glenaveril, she told him the history of her love under the guise of an apologue, and the comparison of this second apologue with that which Edelrath had recounted in the previous canto is an instance of the nice discrimination of character maintained throughout the poem. We owe the 'Falcon and the Dove' to the Oriental learning of Edelrath, and its fine conception and exalted moral are in keeping with his order of mind. But the beautiful apologue of Cordelia has a peculiar feminine sweetness, which is, moreover, that of a woman who had hardly ceased to be a girl. So completely does it bear the stamp of the age, sex, and nature of the speaker, that half its charm would be lost if they were not present to our mind.

The principle paramount in the story is the triumph of love over every sordid and inferior motive. Cordelia's anticipation that Emanuel would object to owe his maintenance to his wife, and her assurance that half her fortune was his already by virtue of her father's intention, had been answered by the requirement that the money should be abandoned altogether, on the ground that it interfered with the integrity of a love which

was

was centered solely on herself. It was unmixed joy to Cordelia that Emanuel's homage should be the express image of her own, and by a deed of donation she had already divested herself of her fortune without regret or reserve. Eckermann, her guardian, with no power over her property, felt a parental as well as a commercial pang at the renunciation of possessions he had been instrumental in realizing, but he too was reconciled by the certain knowledge, that her father would have applauded the act. Prosperity, in the eyes of Johann Stahl, was not success. Wealth was nothing to him compared to the treasures of the heart, and with his whole heart he would have commended the resolution of his daughter to reject the first in deference to the second. Glenaveril's position was altered since he wrote, at the demand of Emanuel, the postscript which was to impoverish Cordelia. Then he satisfied himself with the reflection, that his fortune would suffice for all three. Now he accepted in preference Emanuel's name and lot, and welcomed the exchange of rank and wealth for unbounded, unportioned love. His earlier history prepared us for his later. The disposition he derived from Gottfried and Mary Müller had been warring all through against the inheritance of the Glenaverils. He was by his true descent what the shepherd Lord Clifford in Wordsworth's poem, restored to the estates and honours of his ancestors, was by habit. The 'savage virtue,' the aspiring propensities of the baronial race was wanting in him from the outset, and 'the tranquil soul, softened into feeling,' of the Lutheran pastor and his wife, drew him to the 'humble paths' where domestic virtues in their highest and happiest state could flourish undisturbed. There is an indication that the lovers so lately rich and by their own choice disinherited, were to have their home in the tracts of uncleared land which Eckermann had purchased in America with Cordelia's discarded wealth; but we see them for the last time in the poem disappearing, hand in hand, amid the beauties of an Italian landscape, and the soft radiance of an Italian dawn.

We have endeavoured to set forth in an unbroken series the chief incidents of the main story, that we might render prominent some of the harmonies and connections that would be overlooked by hasty readers. Poetry translated into prose becomes prosaic. It is only in the poem itself that the charm of the narrative we have epitomized can be understood, and of the episodes, accessories, range of thought, and varieties of style we have given no idea at all. Nor can this be done by miscellaneous extracts, unless they were longer than we could quote in a review. In any comprehensive scheme it is an ingredient in its merit

merit that every portion should be so adapted to its place, that it cannot be isolated without some loss of its force. Citations from great imaginative works seldom represent the original. They misrepresent it more often. To comprehend the beauties of an extended poem like '*Glenaveril*,' subtle in its construction, and made up of parts which have a reference to antecedents and consequents, we must follow the romantic stream in its meandering course. A cup of its waters, however crystal and sparkling, do not show us the river. The single passage we can find to exemplify the general style of Lord Lytton's verse, and which can yet be detached without injury from the context, is the apologue of the '*Falcon and Dove*,' and this we give in its integrity:—

' . . . From this story of the Dove  
' And Falcon learn, *Glenaveril*, how to love !'

And *Edelrath*, already far away

In the Far East, thus uttered his dark saying :

' King *Usinara*, at the dawn of day,  
' Was, by the sacred banks of *Jumna*, praying ;  
' When to his breast a dove, that all the way  
' A falcon followed fast, flew down, essaying  
' To find safe refuge on that royal breast ;  
' So round the bird the kind king wrapped his vest.

' Then to the King the Falcon flew. Said he  
' " Hail, noble King ! May all that's thine be more !  
' " But something hast thou which belongs to me,  
' " Hid in thy royal robe. Great King, restore  
' " What Justice, by my voice, demands of thee !"  
' " Nay, ne'er shall Justice," said the King, " deplore  
' " That *Usinara* to their foes betrayed  
' " The friendless who appealed to him for aid !"

' Forthwith the Falcon answered, " Far and wide  
' " Is thy fidelity to duty known ;  
' " Yet duty's simplest rule thou sett'st aside,  
' " When him that from thee claims what is his own  
' " Away thou sendest with his claim denied.  
' " That Dove by me was fairly hunted down ;  
' " 'Tis mine, not thine. My right to it is good ;  
' " What right hast thou to rob me of my food ?"

' " Great Falcon," said the monarch, " understand  
' " That pity is the duty of a king.  
' " Behold this little trembler in my hand,  
' " See how thy presence sets it fluttering !  
' " Dost thou not know, then, the divine command ?  
' " Three sins there be, beyond all pardoning :

" " A Brahmin

- “A Brahmin, or a sacred cow, to slay,  
 “Or him that in thee trusteth to betray.”
- ‘Where to the Falcon. “By their nourishment  
 “All creatures live; and he that takes away  
 “From any living creature what God meant  
 “For its sustainment, doth that creature slay.  
 “If thou to me the food by Indra sent  
 “Denyest, O King, I needs must die; and they  
 “Whose lives upon mine own depend, my wife  
 “And children four, thou dost deprive of life;  
 “Thus, to prolong one life whose hour is due  
 “To nature’s claim, by Indra’s will decreed,  
 “Six times as many murders dost thou do,  
 “And yet to Pity dost impute the deed!  
 “Can Duty contradict herself by two  
 “Opposed commands, yet both be right? Take heed!  
 “And search thyself, lest this confusion be  
 “Not in thy kingly duty, but in thee.”
- “Wisely thou speakest,” said the King. “Thy words,  
 “O Falcon, stir my mind, altho’ my heart  
 “They leave untouched. Suparn, the King of Birds,  
 “Whose lore is more than man’s, methinks thou art!  
 “I cannot answer thee. Thy speech accords  
 “With what seems just. Yet, tho’ not mine the art  
 “To express it rightly, something in me, some  
 “Deep voiceless instinct, eloquently dumb,  
 “Forbids me to betray to instant death  
 “This helpless creature that hath trusted me.  
 “I would not wrong thee, Falcon. Waste not breath  
 “In craving what I cannot grant. But see!  
 “Search thou my realm all round, from holt to heath,  
 “From hill to vale, from field to forest, free  
 “To choose whate’er thou wilt from herd, or drove,  
 “Or fold, or flock, in ransom for this Dove!”
- “Nay, neither mutton, nor yet venison,” said  
 ‘The Falcon, “is the food that I can eat;  
 “When Indra made all living things, he made  
 “The dove to be the falcon’s natural meat.”  
 “Then,” cried the King, “take something else instead!  
 “I care not what. My realm is rich and great,  
 “So is my heart. I grudge not what I give.  
 “Take all thou wilt—except this fugitive!”
- “See,” said the Falcon, “how one step aside  
 “From simple duty, seem it ne’er so small,  
 “Leads on to errors reaching far and wide  
 “From bad to worse! My rightful due is all

- "I ask of thee ; my right thou hast denied,  
 "And thereby done me wrong : yet dost thou call  
 "All things by their wrong names, rather than do  
 "One thing that's right, if it be painful too.  
  
 "Not only of my lawful nourishment  
 "Thou dost defraud me, but wouldst leave me not  
 "My last right left—that robbery to resent.  
 "Sweet is the gratitude from others got  
 "For gifts bestowed ; and sweet it is to vent  
 "In cheap compassion for another's lot  
 "The easy impulse of benevolence ;  
 "And thou these sweets wouldst taste at my expense ;  
  
 "Thou art not just, yet generous thou wouldst be ;  
 "Thou robb'st me of my right, yet wouldst bestow  
 "Upon me gifts that are no use to me ;  
 "Wherefore, O King ? That thou may'st cheaply know  
 "(Having procured it at no cost to thee)  
 "The pleasantness of virtue's genial glow !  
 "It pleaseth thee to offer flock and herd ;  
 "But it would pain thee to give up that bird ;  
  
 "And what is pleasant to thyself thou dost,  
 "By what to me is painful purchasing  
 "The lazy luxury of appearing just  
 "And generous both !" At this the startled King,  
 "Like thee, Glenaveril, finding himself thrust  
 "Twixt a dilemma's horns, began to wring  
 "His hands, as thou dost, and like thee, to cry  
 "Impossible !" Then did the Falcon fly  
  
 "Up to the King, and whisper in his ear  
 "So be it ! thou bidst me choose. I choose what's fit ;  
 "And, since that Dove is to thy heart so dear,  
 "Give me, O generous King, instead of it,  
 "Of thine own flesh, the Dove's full weight. I swear  
 "That I will claim no more, if thou submit  
 "To this condition." And the King replied,  
 "Thy claim is just ! It shall be satisfied."  
  
 "Then Usinara bade his servants bring  
 "The balance from his treasure-house, and put  
 "The Dove into one scale of it. The King  
 "His bosom bared, and drew his sword, and cut  
 "Flesh from the bone, and flung it quivering  
 "And bleeding down into the other. But  
 "The Dove outweighed the King's flesh. And again  
 "He cut himself, and cut, and cut—in vain !

'For

' For every time that Usinara threw  
 ' More of his flesh into one scale, the weight  
 ' Of the Dove heavier in the other grew,  
 ' Until at last, bewildered, desperate,  
 ' Dripping from head to foot with gory dew,  
 ' Into that scale's grim shambles, with a great  
 ' Cry of despair, the monarch leapt, and stood,  
 ' Trampling beneath him his own flesh and blood.  
 ' Then, from the other scale, and high above  
 ' The head of Usinara, in the air  
 ' Hovering where poised the Falcon, rose the Dove;  
 ' And forthwith both the Dove and Falcon were  
 ' Transfigured; and a sudden glory clove  
 ' The clouds, which to its inmost heart laid bare  
 ' The heaven of heavens. Divinely musical  
 ' A voice said, " I am Indra, Lord of All,  
 ' " And of My Will an Effluence Divine  
 ' " Was yonder Dove. This earth, so said thy fame,  
 ' " Contained no nobler character than thine;  
 ' " To test that noble character we came,  
 ' " And well hath been accomplished our design!  
 ' " Weighed in our balance, we thy worth proclaim  
 ' " True to the test. Thy life on earth is o'er,  
 ' " For earthly life can teach thee nothing more;  
 ' " Duty's whole lesson thou hast learned at last,  
 ' " Which in self-sacrifice begins and ends.  
 ' " By the rejection of thyself thou hast  
 ' " Regained the Infinite, whose life transcends  
 ' " All personality. Behold how vast  
 ' " The sphere to which thy spirit now extends  
 ' " Its flight unfettered! Usinara, rise,  
 ' " And take thy place among the deities! " "

This apologue, coupled with our abstract of the story, bare as it is, will we believe be sufficient to prove that the poem in its plan and spirit, in its texture and details, is the reverse of 'Don Juan.' Without entering upon an enumeration of the multiplied oppositions, it is enough to say that there is nothing corresponding to Lord Lytton's plot in the shifting panorama of Lord Byron's vagrant genius, and that the fundamental conception of life and its concerns which pervades 'Don Juan' is totally dissimilar to the picture of it which is presented in 'Glenaveril.' Lord Byron, speaking of the distaste women had for his poem, notwithstanding that it teemed in its opening cantos with power, ascribed their dislike to a 'wish to exalt the sentiments of the passions, and keep up the illusion which is their empire.'

'Now



'Now "Don Juan,"' he said, 'strips off this illusion, and laughs at that, and most other things.' Universal mockery must be based on misrepresentation. Lord Byron put a part for the whole, and the passions he described were illusions because they were guilty, or transient because they were misplaced. But he cared not whether his scoffs were just or unjust. Incidents, persons, and sentiments were introduced for the wanton purpose of deriding them. Lord Lytton's verse, on the contrary, is devoted to setting in their fairest light whatever is noblest, tenderest, and most disinterested in human nature. The affections which glorify and endear existence, and not the passions which debase it, are the burthen of his song. He has his laugh at foibles, but treats them in general with sportive humour, and not with the cynical ridicule and caustic wit in which Byron revelled. Cordelia, Glenaveril, and Stahl, are pre-eminent for generous emotion. Edelhath is the soul of benevolence and uprightness. His addiction to learning is pure love of knowledge, and he sets no store by it as a means of obtaining advancement, emolument, or reputation. Emanuel's ancestral longings are distinct from the vulgar desire for its outward trappings. He is smitten with its historical glories, and the halo which gathered round it from time and perpetuity. The prosaic characters have their elevated side. Martha Müller's curt self-sufficiency has its origin in the dignity of self-respect. Eckermann, plebeian and mercantile, is a worshipper of all that is most romantic in Cordelia, and is besides a political visionary intent upon establishing a Utopia in which every inhabitant, under pain of banishment, should be possessed of the qualifications which built up his old master's fortunes and his own. All these characters are vividly conceived and firmly drawn, and none are more real than those that are most ideal. Glenaveril and Cordelia are not poetical phantoms; they are simple, earnest, and genuine, untainted by affectation, sickly sentiment, and repulsive pretension. It is the grand boon and privilege of literature to call us back by such creations to feelings which are sometimes obscured, and sometimes extinguished in the commonplaces and coarser usages of worldly life, but which can never lose their fascination while a trace remains to us of the qualities which are the noblest prerogative and chief blessing of man.

'After all,' wrote Scott to Crabbe, 'if a faultless poem could be produced, I am satisfied it would tire the critics themselves, and annoy the whole reading world with the spleen.' A poem that had the fault of being unreadable could not be faultless, and probably Scott meant by his paradox that a poem without

inequalities

inequalities would be insufferable from its monotony. The mixed style in which strains grave and gay, language colloquial and polished, take their turns, is secure from the defect of a too elaborate uniformity. But it brings with it another danger from the difficulty of managing the transitions. A homely or ludicrous line out of place jars on the mind. Lord Byron's mocking tone was in his favour, and diminished the risk of raising any other sense of incongruity than that which he designed. Yet with all his wonderful command of English, he did not always resist the temptation to sacrifice propriety of expression to a rhyme. There are lines in '*Glenaveril*' which we think open to the same objection of a sudden descent to idioms too familiar. Metrical variety in a poem is hardly less essential than variety of style. Lord Lytton delights in changes of harmony. He rightly prefers a fall in the melody to sating the ear with continuous luxury of sound, and often obtains a pleasing variation by the admission of an extra syllable. This he has done occasionally in a way to require a false emphasis to be placed on some word in the line, if we insist on preserving the rhythm. There is a choice of evils, and the licence, which is sparingly used, appears to us to be a blemish when it occurs. A more frequent liberty is the introduction of imperfect rhymes, and in some cases the endings rhyme only to the eye. We can dispense at intervals with a full concord of sound; but, unless there is a certain amount of consonance distinguishable by the ear, this species of variety always appears to us unpleasing. The break in a recurrence, which is the law of the verse, balks expectation, and, however much it may commend itself to the judgment of the poet, it is so uncongenial to most persons that we commonly impute it to his unskilfulness. These are slight flaws which do not affect the general fabric of the poem. The fault, we believe, which will be most felt is a too great prolixity in places, and especially in the dialogues. The developments are evidence of the fulness of the author's conception and the richness of his vocabulary, but in a story we desire more rapid progress. Terse and felicitous sentences abound. Sentiments, incidents, and descriptions are embodied in the aptest and purest diction, and usually with an easy flow which could hardly be exceeded in prose. The sole defect is, that topics are dwelt on too long at moments when compactness would be preferable to expansion. The failing is gratuitous in a poem remarkable for its diversified genius, for its romantic plot, for the interest of the events, for characters neither featureless nor falsely ideal, but true to nature and distinctively individual; for its range of thought, contemplative, tender and humorous; for its weighty reasonings and acute

acute opinions, and for the fertile imagination which is equally at home in the enchantment it diffuses over human realities, and in its creation of fanciful worlds. There are two methods of judging works—by their merits or their defects. Measured by the last, the most famous writers would not perhaps excel the worst; and tried by the first, ‘Glenaveril’ is a great, beautiful, and signally original poem.

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ART. II. — *Fénelon à Cambrai, d'après sa correspondance, 1699-1715.* Par Emmanuel de Broglie. Paris, 1884.

**A**FTER the enormous amount of literature which has gradually gathered round the memory of Fénelon, the ‘Swan of Cambrai,’ as he has been fondly styled, since he was laid to rest, a hundred and seventy years ago, beneath the high altar of his cathedral on the Flemish frontier of France, it might seem as if nothing more about him could remain to be said. In the analysis and appreciation, from various points of view, of his character and influence, the productions of his pen, his views and aspirations in the spheres of religion and politics, criticism might appear to have exhausted itself. Yet here we have before us a brand-new work about him, of goodly size, and the result of independent study of the original documents; dealing directly indeed with the latter part only of the celebrated prelate’s life, but indirectly with the main features of his character and action, and prompted by dissatisfaction with the many existing biographical portraits by which he has hitherto been presented to the world. The appearance of such a work at this date evinces at least the inexhaustible interest of the subject; and if it be asked, whether there was sufficient occasion for M. de Broglie’s labours, or in other words whether the contents of his volume are such as to justify its publication, the answer we think must be in the affirmative. It is charmingly and tenderly written, in a spirit of warm yet not indiscriminate admiration, from the point of view of a loyal Romanist of the more modern type; and by bringing together a large quantity of illustrative material, derived in great measure from Fénelon’s very voluminous correspondence, it puts the reader in a position to see him disrobed, as it were, and with open heart, and thus to form a broader and completer conception of him than those which the familiar sketches of him have made current. In some of his judgments indeed, as

might

might be expected, we are unable to go along with our author; the Protestantism, the Jansenism, and even the Gallicanism, into sharp collision with which Fénelon was thrown, can scarcely be regarded with the same feelings by an Anglican Churchman, and by an adherent of the Vatican.

The principal difficulty in the way of correctly estimating Fénelon's character arises from its extraordinary many-sidedness. Michelet has emphatically hit this feature by calling him a 'multiple man.' He was a compound of opposite qualities; his versatility had so wide a range, that it is far from easy to discern throughout the same personality under its very diverse forms. The great noble and the apostle of fraternity met in him; an aristocrat to the backbone, always conscious of the rights of his privileged class, he meditated upon freedom in the antechambers of despotism, and became the prophet of social amelioration, the forerunner of the tribunes of the Revolution. His was at once the most Hellenic and the most evangelical mind of his time; at one moment he strikes us as being of all modern men the nearest in mould to an antique sage; at another we see in him nothing but the Christian enthusiast, absorbed in the contemplation of spiritual mysteries. As an impassioned guide in the pursuit of transcendental perfection to the devout souls which had placed themselves with unbounded submission in his hands, his central and all-pervading lesson was 'detachment from the world;' yet we cannot help perceiving that the keenness of his own interest in mundane affairs was never blunted, and that to his latest breath his heart was stirred by an ambition for political power, which was not the less ambition because of its entire freedom from the taint of sordid self-interest. Submission to the infallible voice of the Church, whensoever that voice was pleased to speak, was the corner-stone of his creed; yet the instinct of liberty was stronger in him than the instinct of discipline, and among the great writers of that Augustan age he was the one in whom the spirit of private judgment most successfully asserted itself against the claims of tradition and authority. And in whichever of his many aspects circumstances happened from time to time to present him, whether as the shrewd man of the world, or the chimerical and unpractical idealist—whether as the stately ecclesiastic championing his Church, or the mystic enthusiast incurring his Church's condemnation—whether as the devotional writer discoursing in ecstatic strain of an unapproachable perfection, or the elegant scholar enamoured of the graces of Pagan literature; it was always the genuine man that showed himself in authentic development, free alike from the

the disguises of policy and the pretences of affectation. From one phase to another he passed without apparent effort, and in each he moved with such spontaneity, naturalness, and ease, as to make it seem for the moment to be the truest exhibition of his personality and bent of mind.

It is this peculiar manifoldness which has embarrassed the judgment of posterity concerning Fénelon. Even while he lived, to his most intimate friends his life presented a succession of surprises, and since his death curiously different estimates of him have been hazarded. To many it has seemed as if it was not possible for him to have been sincere all round; yet to decide which was the real face, and which the mask, has not been found easy, and the attempt to discriminate has led to very divergent results. It has been his fate to become in turn the idol of philosophical democrats, the oracle of tutors and governesses, the delightful classic of the young, the bosom-friend of souls aspiring after religious perfection. Notwithstanding his formal condemnation by Rome, of all the great Churchmen of his time his memory remains the dearest to devout members of his own communion: in spite of his contemptuous abhorrence of the Reformed doctrine, Protestants vie with Romanists in veneration for his character, and admiration of his spiritual teaching. On the other hand, he has been accused of hypocrisy, intolerance, and even secret scepticism; his high-bred courtesy has been stigmatized as the suppleness of one who wished to stand well with the dispensers of patronage; his zeal for the rights of the Papal See has been attributed to a calculating self-interest; it has even been hinted that his method of educating the little Duke of Burgundy was shaped by a long-sighted craftiness, which aimed at securing the supreme direction of affairs for himself, in the event of the young Prince's accession to the throne.

In the introductory portion of M. de Broglie's work will be found some interesting remarks upon this variety of judgments passed upon the great prelate, and it is a satisfaction to us to be able to quote a few passages, in an abridged form, in confirmation of what we have said. After speaking of the immense reputation which has encircled Fénelon's name, our author proceeds as follows:—

'Opinions respecting his moral character have undergone the strangest vicissitudes, and no precise, definitive judgment upon it has yet been arrived at. His renown, however great it may be, has remained ill-defined and, so to speak, nebulous, and this uncertainty has rendered the verdicts passed upon this great personage singularly superficial. For some he has been an unacknowledged saint; for others, a man of ambition, aiming only at his own credit and influ-

ence.

ence. The Jansenists have represented him as a fanatical defender of Ultramontane doctrines, with the object of concealing his own errors under an affected zeal. The philosophical school of the last century, faithful to its ordinary tactics, and desirous of drawing to itself the *éclat* of a reputation which gave it umbrage, transformed him into a sort of unavowed philosopher, whose tolerant indulgence ill concealed his real scepticism. Later on, when the first complete edition of Saint-Simon's *Memoirs* appeared, his admirable portraiture of Fénelon destroyed the philosophical legend to replace it by a new criticism, a singular medley of truth and error, in which the author unconsciously displays at the same time all the resources of his talent, and all the confused passions of his heart. From these diverse appreciations presented in turn to the public there has grown up a vague impression about Fénelon, which each one fashions in accordance with his natural inclination. For the greater number he has become a double-faced personage, half mystical, half ambitious, as chimerical in politics as transcendental in religion. And since the two chief events of his life were the famous controversy in the dangerous subtleties of which he well-nigh lost himself, and his education of the Duke of Burgundy of which the fruit was destroyed by death, it has seemed as if his life was on the whole a barren one, and the admirable literary qualities of his style were his principal titles to fame.

There is one point, however, upon which the biographers and critics of Fénelon are unanimous, and that is, the almost infinite charm of his personality. The fates which presided over his birth may be said, in pagan phrase, to have dowered him with a supreme gift of fascination. A grace beyond the reach of art shone forth from his every gesture, accent, and glance. Of his appearance and manner, as he moved among the throng of courtiers at Versailles, two singularly vivid descriptions written by keen-sighted observers have come down to us, attesting beyond dispute the extraordinary attraction which he exerted over every one who came into contact with him; we refer to the often quoted biographical notices from the pens of the caustic Saint-Simon, and the grave old Chancellor D'Aguesseau. By these Fénelon is placed before the mind's eye almost as distinctly as he appeared to the circle which hung on his lips;—fire and genius streaming like a torrent from his eyes; his mobile features uniting all that is weighty and serious with all that is sprightly and gracious, at once showing the scholar, the ecclesiastic, and the courtly noble; his whole deportment breathing refinement, modesty, amiability, intellectual eminence, and over all the perfection of high breeding. It was difficult, we are told, to take one's eyes off his countenance, and impossible to forget it. The most brilliant talker in the most brilliant saloons of Europe, he passed 'from grave to gay, from lively

lively to severe,' with consummate ease and simplicity, never affecting any superiority over others, and always putting them at their ease by his exquisite taste and geniality. Such was his spontaneity and readiness, that it seemed as if he knew everything by intuition, and had invented, rather than acquired, the various branches of human knowledge. Such his power of inspiring confidence and affection, that those who came within the sphere of his influence could scarcely tear themselves from his presence, and could neither mistrust him nor help coming back to him. 'Unlike every one else,' is Saint-Simon's phrase for him; 'wholly inimitable' is D'Aguesseau's.

Nor was it only while basking in Court favour, in the prime of life, that this description was true of him; what he was then he continued to the end. In vain the King's unconquerable prejudice kept him exiled from the great world during the last seventeen years of his not very prolonged career (he died in his sixty-fourth year), and forbade him to quit his frontier-diocese. The world went after him, and almost in spite of himself his name so greatly attracted the admiration of Europe that, to use M. Matter's expression, Cambrai grew to be in general estimation the first episcopal see of Christendom. Crowds of distinguished persons sought him out, or entered into correspondence with him. During the war of the Spanish Succession his palace was thronged with military officers, travelling ecclesiastics, and visitors drawn by curiosity or esteem; and no one, not even of the freethinkers and libertines, in whom the temper of the approaching Regency was already foreshadowed, could resist the singular fascination of his presence. Of the manner of his life during the earlier part of his episcopate we have a minute account, like a photograph, from the hand of the small-minded, prosaic Le Dieu, who, as Bossuet's secretary, had naturally been that great Bishop's confidant and partisan during the famous controversy between the two prelates. Fénelon, in his generous way, had often asked the Abbé to visit him at Cambrai, and after Bossuet's death, in 1704, the invitation was accepted. It is easy to detect in the Abbé's narrative of his visit the mingled feelings of curiosity and nervousness with which he entered the Archbishop's palace, his peering eyes eager to note everything, but his heart half-failing him lest the bitter memories of the past should throw a cloud over his reception. But, like every one else, he came away fascinated, saying to himself how different from other prelates whom he had known was this great ecclesiastic, who, notwithstanding his high rank and the official splendour of his household, as a duke and prince of the Empire, lived amongst his chaplains, secre-

taries,

taries, and almoners, with a noble simplicity and dignified courtesy, which set every one at his ease, and won for him a love and devotion as uncommon as they were beautiful. One other testimony to the same effect is worth recalling, both because of its quaintness and of the quarter from which it comes. Among the visitors to Marlborough's head-quarters in the Netherlands a few years later was the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, of Spanish notoriety, in whom the hero, the sceptic, and the profligate, may be said to have been combined in equal proportions. Being thus within reach of Cambrai, he could not resist the temptation to make the Archbishop's acquaintance. Small indeed could have been the sympathy between the saintly mystic and such a man as he; yet against the potency of the charm he was no more proof than the rest, and from his visit he returned, saying of his host, 'He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else. He is a delicious creature; but I was forced to get away from him as fast as I possibly could, else he would have made me pious!'

To Fénelon's nearest intimates part of his unique charm arose from his extraordinary genius for friendship. No one ever had more experience of that 'mysterious cement of the soul,' or more amply fulfilled the precept, 'Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.' He gave them himself, and they repaid him in kind. To love Fénelon was a part of their religion. In Saint-Simon's remarkable description of their invincible attachment to him under all his fortunes there may perhaps be a covert sneer, but there is far more of truth; through all his exile and disgrace, he says, they fondly clung to him as the Jews cling to Jerusalem, and sighed and hoped for his return as that unhappy race waits and sighs for its Messiah. 'True friends,' wrote Fénelon himself in the last year of his life, when death had robbed him of most of his treasured intimacies, 'true friends make our greatest happiness and our keenest sorrow. One is tempted to wish that all good friends could arrange to die together. It costs much to be capable of real friendship, but those who are sensible of it would be ashamed to be otherwise, and would rather suffer than be insensible.' And again, a few months later, when the shadows were fast closing around him, in a letter written with some of his old playfulness to a very dear relative, the remembrance of his losses wrung from him the pathetic words, 'It is only friendship that now keeps me alive, and it is friendship which will kill me.' A true prophecy; the successive deaths of his oldest and most valued friends, and of his beloved pupil, the Dauphin,



in whom his hopes for France were all bound up, had struck him mortally, and he was slowly dying of the shock. Yet not from any lack of the faith which can pluck the sting from death, and inspire a bright hope of reunion beyond the grave. Only three days before the seizure which rapidly proved fatal, he wrote these beautiful words to console a widowed heart with this hope:—‘We shall soon find again those whom indeed we have not lost. We are nearing them every day by rapid steps. A moment more, and there will be no more reason for our tears. It is we who are dying; those whom we love live and will die no more.’ But the faith which taught him resignation and hope could not prevent the breaking of his heart. Willing as the spirit was, the flesh was weak.

It will probably strike the reader that in Fénelon’s temperament there was a considerable admixture of the qualities which are peculiarly feminine. This feature has not escaped the notice of recent students of his character. Thus Lamartine, in his poetical way, after calling him ‘beautiful as a Raphael’s St. John leaning on the bosom of Christ,’ adds that he had ‘the imagination of a woman for dreaming of heaven, and the soul of a woman for loving the earth.’ Michelet, with his physiological instinct, traces this side of Fénelon’s nature to his mother, ‘who being so much younger than his father, had a greater share in his birth, and endowed him with those felicitous contradictions which please in a woman and make her an enigma.’ His portraits tell the same tale, by the expression of effusive sensibility which predominates over the stronger lines of the countenance. The characteristic is thrown out into relief and made all the more palpable, by its contrast with the thoroughly masculine temperament of his great rival. Bossuet and Fénelon may be said to have incarnated respectively the male and female sides of the religion of their age; the one its solidity and practical vigour, its logical coherence, and political tendency; the other its imaginative aspiration, its tenderness, and spiritual enthusiasm. While the one inspired respect and fear, the other crept into the heart and took captive its love. Hence the popular voice has rightly distinguished them as the eagle and the swan. To appreciate Fénelon justly, it is of prime importance, we are convinced, to keep constantly in mind this strain of the woman’s temperament in his mental constitution. It was this that made him the most tender genius that France has ever produced; and enabled him to suffuse the ‘*Télémaque*’ with such a delicate and persuasive charm, as to constrain M. Nisard, a very competent but by no means flattering critic, to pronounce it of all works in the

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French language 'le plus aimable.' It was this which to multitudes has so endeared the memory of Fénelon, that in pronouncing his name their voice insensibly assumes a softer tone. But it is also to this that may in a large measure be traced those weaknesses and errors, which an impartial criticism is compelled to recognize in him. It narrowed the sphere of his influence, made him the idol of small circles, of cliques respectable but feeble, and predisposed him to be subjugated by unbalanced ideas which grew into eccentricities of thought. It laid him open to the attractions of an unreal and enervating mysticism, which impaired the sobriety of his religion, and weakened that sense of individuality which is the basis of ethical responsibility. It made him an idealist in politics, a theoretic re-organizer of society upon impracticable lines; apt to be governed by first impressions and one-sided fancies; always prone to over-refine and over-regulate, as if he knew everything by intuition, and could set everything right by impressing his own ideas upon it. 'The finest but most chimerical genius in my kingdom,' was the judgment of Louis XIV. upon him, after a long serious conversation; and the saying aptly expresses both the brilliancy and the defect of Fénelon's mind.

Besides the feminine element in his constitution, there was another, derived from the other side of his parentage, which deserves notice since it had a good deal to do with the shaping of his conduct in some of the most important turns of his career. From his paternal ancestors, versed in public affairs, he inherited a considerable infusion of what may be called the diplomatic temperament. By virtue of this his tendency was to be supple, insinuating, desirous of pleasing, apt to become 'all things to all men.' Not that Bossuet's angry denunciation of him in the heat of controversy as a hypocrite can for a moment be accepted as just; it is impossible to believe that Fénelon's spirit was ever darkened by conscious insincerity. But he had a wonderful faculty for adapting himself to his surroundings; for creeping noiselessly and without effort into people's confidence, captivating and influencing them even while apparently yielding to them; for concealing firmness of purpose under a show of pliability, and attaining his ends in ways which to cynical observers might easily seem to be serpentine and, to use Michelet's word, 'onduleux.' It is not improbable that this characteristic was early developed by the circumstances of his boyhood; for since the numerous grown-up sons and daughters who were the fruit of his father's first marriage took umbrage at the second, the precocious and sensitive child had

every reason to practise his little arts of ingratiation, to obtain forgiveness for having obtruded his existence upon them. For succeeding in the larger world to which his destiny led him, no talent was better suited than this mixture of diplomatic address with his effusive sweetness and grace; and it seemed to justify the hope of his admiring friends to see him stand one day at the right hand of the French throne, as the King's trusted adviser and personified conscience, through whose counsels the ancient monarchy would be regenerated, and under whose administration the turbulence and guilt of the Past would be forgotten in a new era of virtue and peace. The remark may be added, that it was the final disappointment of this long cherished hope, when it appeared to be on the eve of its realization, that from a worldly point of view formed the catastrophe in which the tragedy of his life was consummated.

We have dwelt at some length on these diverse constituents of Fénelon's character, because of our conviction that they furnish the key to much that we shall find surprising, perhaps even contradictory, as we examine his actions and writings. To go through the story of his life, indeed, is not our purpose; its chief incidents are too familiar to need repetition, its under-plot too complicated for these pages. What we wish to exhibit is the man himself, for it is in his remarkable personality that the interest is concentrated. To accomplish this we shall endeavour to present him in several of his more prominent aspects, just prefixing a few biographical particulars to serve as a framework for our discussions.

François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon was a cadet of one of the most illustrious families of Southern France, and was born in August, 1651, at the Château de Fénelon in Périgord. He was, as it has been said, the child of his father's old age, who had espoused in second nuptials a young and accomplished daughter of the noble but impoverished house of Saint-Arbré. Destined to the ecclesiastical estate, the lad after a few years of education at home and at the neighbouring College of Cahors was moved to Paris, and continued his studies at the College of Plessis till he was old enough to enter the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, to be trained under its superior, Father Tronson, for the ministry. It was there that, before the completion of his sixteenth year, his enthusiastic temperament first showed itself in a vehement resolve to follow some of the elder students in becoming a missionary to Canada, then under French rule; a project which was with difficulty rendered abortive by the firmness and good sense of his uncle the Bishop of Sarlat. No sooner had he received priest's orders than another fit of

enthusiasm

enthusiasm took possession of him, and he was fired by a romantic longing to carry the Gospel to the classic shores of Greece and Syria, where he hoped to become an instrument in the hand of Providence to overthrow Islam, and heal the schism between the Churches of the East and West. Of this scheme too nothing came, and the commencement of his ministry was after all a prosaic one, in the parish attached to Saint-Sulpice; whence Archbishop Harlay took him, when only twenty-seven years old, to place him at the head of the 'Nouvelles Catholiques,' a semi-conventual institution which was being vigorously worked as one of the engines of the Government for the extirpation of French Protestantism. Here the young Abbé successfully discharged the very delicate duties of his office for the next ten or eleven years, with the interruption of about a year and a half which was occupied by an official mission to the Huguenot districts of Poitou and Saintonge, to gather into the true Church the obstinate souls whom the dragoons of Louvois had failed to convert. By the end of this period his brilliant talents and high character had brought Fénelon so prominently before the public, that his appointment by the King to be tutor to the three sons of the Dauphin was hailed with universal satisfaction. Seven years later, being now forty-four years old, he was nominated by Louis XIV. to the ancient archiepiscopal see of Cambrai, on the first vacancy which occurred after the recent acquisition of the Flemish province by France in the war with Spain and Austria. The next four years were filled by the heated controversy on Quietism, which brought about his disgrace at Versailles, and his condemnation by Rome. In the middle of this storm he was abruptly deprived of his appointment as tutor to the young princes, and was ordered to retire as a disgraced man to his diocese; which he never again left, dying there in the commencement of 1715, eight months before the close of the aged monarch's reign.

Of the history thus sketched in the merest outline the turning-point was the elevation to the see of Cambrai. Over the precise cause of it some obscurity hangs. It was in appearance a signal mark of the royal favour; in reality it was the beginning of Fénelon's downfall. That the biographers should see in it nothing but the appropriate recompense of his eminently successful education of the young Duke of Burgundy is but natural; all the more so, since there was no rank in the Church to which Fénelon's birth, reputation, and services, did not entitle him to aspire. It is almost certain too that this was the idea of the King himself. But kings are often moved in such matters by influences which are out of sight, and the circum-

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stances incline us to suspect, with Michelet, that the appointment was really the result of an intrigue to get Fénelon out of the way. What those circumstances were it is worth while to notice, as they throw a strong light on his position in the Court circle.

At the moment when Fénelon received his nomination from the King's mouth, Harlay, the disreputable Archbishop of Paris, was incapacitated by a fatal disease, and was certain to die within a few months. No one was more likely to be his successor than Fénelon, whom the public voice was already marking out for the great prize of the French Church. He was the saint of the Court, as well as its most brilliant and popular genius. Of the powerful coterie, distinguished for its piety, which clustered round the three great Dukes, Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Mortemar, who had married the three daughters of Colbert, he was the revered oracle and guide. The Jesuits, no mean allies, were favourable to him, because of his siding with them in ecclesiastical politics. He still stood well, if not quite so well as a few years before, with Madame de Maintenon, who had admitted him to her closest confidence, besought him to tell her of her faults, and all but made him her regular confessor. The King himself could not but admit the high merits of the tutor, who by his singular skill and devotedness had wrought such a marvellous transformation upon the 'enfant terrible' committed to his charge. Were Fénelon then still a simple Abbé, waiting for his well-earned promotion, when the see of Paris fell vacant, the desire of his friends to procure his elevation to it would most probably have been fulfilled, and he would have been established irremovably in a position to exercise a commanding influence over public affairs. Hence, if it was the interest of any party to render such an event impossible, they had no time to lose in removing him by some means from the list of possible candidates.

That such a party existed is tolerably clear, and it is highly probable that Bossuet belonged to it. It would include the more pronounced adherents of the Gallican liberties, as well as the many who had a leaning to Jansenism and distrusted the Jesuits. Besides these, it would embrace all whose interest it was to continue the warlike policy of Louvois, and blind the King to its disastrous effects on the national well-being. For it was no secret that Fénelon, in his warm sympathy for the masses who were already 'perishing of misery to the sound of Te Deums,' detested that policy, and would have gladly seen it reversed, even at the cost of restoring the territories unjustly acquired by the French arms. How keenly he felt upon this subject

subject appears from the curious document, in the shape of an anonymous letter to the King, which long afterwards was discovered in Fénelon's handwriting, and bears evidence of having been drawn up but a few months before his promotion; never sent indeed, nor intended to be sent, to its address, as some of the biographers have innocently supposed, but simply sketched out for Madame de Maintenon's private use, as a summary of the case which might be made out against the King's foreign policy. In this imaginary letter the haughty monarch is roundly told that he had been taught from his youth to follow false and base maxims of government, and to think of nothing but his own luxury and glory; that through listening to the evil advice of bad Ministers he had been for twenty years guilty of prosecuting unjust wars, which had turned France into a vast hospital of famishing wretches; and that the Divine arm was already raised to strike him down for his sins, and only paused because his enemies [the Protestants] were also the enemies of God. That such a letter, filling twenty-four quarto pages, should have been seriously meant to reach the King's hands, is incredible; its receipt would have been the signal for setting the police on the writer's track, and he would have soon found himself immured for life in the cells of the Bastille. Its real value is, that it throws a strong light on the undercurrent of influences at Versailles, and helps us to understand why many persons about the Court should have dreaded the rise of Fénelon to a permanent position of influence.

Bossuet too, now a great power in the ecclesiastical world, had his own reasons for wishing Fénelon out of the way. Not only were the two men so antipathetic to each other, and marked out by nature to be rivals, as to dispose the elder in the mere instinct of self-preservation to throw obstacles in the path of his brilliant disciple, whose genius he confessed to be great enough to frighten one ('il en a jusqu'à faire trembler'), and whose success with the little Dauphin made his own failure with the great Dauphin the more conspicuous; besides this latent cause of antagonism, there was a special reason for dislike in the tone which Fénelon's religion had assumed. Some years before, he had been introduced as a director into Madame de Maintenon's famous foundation of St. Cyr, and had initiated there a system of teaching among the sisterhood and their crowd of high-born pupils which savoured strongly of the well-known tenets of the mystics. As M. Lavallée says, in his interesting history of the Institution, 'Fénelon trained St. Cyr in Quietism.' So effectually were the seeds of the doctrine sown there, that when Madame Guyon was brought by the

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Foundress to St. Cyr, she was received with an enthusiasm which bordered on worship. 'As often,' writes De la Baumelle in his *Memoirs*, 'as Madame Guyon went to St. Cyr, she was listened to as an oracle, and accompanied on her return as a saint. The ladies who were not already devotees became so, and those who were became more so.' All this very much alarmed the austere Godet des Marais, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, who as confessor extraordinary at St. Cyr, as well as confessor to Madame de Maintenon herself, had ample opportunities of observing what was going on. He accordingly warned his influential penitent, and she Bossuet, of the mischief which was brewing; and thus the primary impulse was given to the great rupture which soon took place.

In this state of things, the vacancy of the see of Cambrai came as a god-send to the persons who, on various grounds, had reason to dread Fénelon's influence. Only let the King be induced to offer it to him, and their object was secured. It was too splendid a piece of preferment for him to refuse, without affronting the King and ruining his own worldly prospects; yet the acceptance of it would be equivalent to banishment from the political world. It must be remembered that the diocese of Cambrai stood in a peculiar position, being no part of the ancient Gallican Church, but foreign to France alike in its traditions and its language. It was still a fief of the Empire, and although half of it now belonged to France by recent conquest, the other half remained under Spanish rule. While then his appointment to it made Fénelon a great territorial lord and a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, it practically removed him out of the current of French life, and reduced him to be a distant spectator of the affairs in which his friends had hoped to see him a chief actor. Hence it was that he and they always looked upon Cambrai as a place of exile. His nomination fell upon them all like a blow, and he wrote of it to a friend, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit. I am entering on a state of perpetual servitude in a strange land.' Exemplary as was his whole conduct as a bishop, his heart never ceased to haunt the halls of Versailles, as the home of his affections, and the scene where he had dreamed of one day directing the helm of the State.

Of the earlier part of Fénelon's career, to which we must now return, one of the most instructive portions, as regards his character, is that which was occupied by his connection with the harsh measures of the Government for the extirpation of French Protestantism. A legend has grown up and obtained wide currency, to the effect that to him alone of all Catholic

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France those measures were abhorrent, and that amidst the persecuting crowd he stood out as the one advocate of toleration. For this conception of him there is, so far as we can discover, no ground except a single anecdote of dubious authenticity which relates that, before accepting the official mission to convert the Huguenots of Poitou, he stipulated with the King for the withdrawal of the dragoons who had been harrying the province with their infamous cruelties. With what vehemence this legend was challenged a few years ago by a French Protestant, M. Douen, in a volume entitled '*L'intolérance de Fénelon*,' some of our readers may perhaps recollect. '*Vous m'avez gâté mon Fénelon*,' was the complaint of a fair reader to the author, on perusing the first edition of his work. As is commonly the case, the truth lies somewhere between the popular legend and the angry contradiction of the controversialist. Fénelon certainly had not the temperament of an inquisitor; the use of physical violence as a means of conversion was repugnant to his feelings, and not altogether satisfactory to his judgment. But of the sacred rights of the individual conscience he had no more conception than Louvois himself; toleration in the modern sense of the word was no part of his creed. As a French prelate in commenting on M. Douen's work boldly said,—'To call Fénelon tolerant in this sense would be to libel him.'

In fact, Fénelon's principle of submission to external authority set him in uncompromising hostility to Protestantism in every shape. It was identical with that affirmed in Pope Leo's recent letter to the French Catholics, where it is laid down that 'to the Holy See supremely, and under its superintendence to the other pastors appointed to rule the Church, belongs by right the ministry of teaching; and the part of the faithful laity is limited to the single duty of accepting obediently the doctrine delivered to them.' To this principle Fénelon emphatically adhered all his life. In his earliest publication, the celebrated treatise '*De l'Éducation des Filles*,' his advice respecting the instruction of the young in religion is avowedly based on the necessity of unquestioning submission to the decisions of the Church. Of his nearly contemporary polemical work, '*Du Ministère des Pasteurs*,' the purpose was to prove against the Protestants the exclusive and infallible authority of the Roman priesthood, outside which there can be no valid sacraments, no real pastors, no Church at all. In the painful crisis of his own life he acted on precisely the same principle. For four years he had been contending on behalf of his mystic book, '*Les Maximes des Saints*,' with indefatigable energy and inex-

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haustible fertility of resource ; but the moment a condemnation of it had been extorted from the Vatican, he bowed his head in unfeigned submission, condemned the book himself, never afterwards spoke or wrote a word in its defence, and imposed a like silence on his friends. It was the same principle which inspired his long conflict with Jansenism, and made him in his last years give an enthusiastic welcome to the ‘Unigenitus,’ one of the worst Bulls ever issued by Rome, and say in regard to it, ‘Oh, how happy are we when we listen to the Church with the docility of a little child!’ Once more, it was by the same principle that the following impassioned apostrophe was animated, which closed his latest address to his diocese :—

‘O Roman Church ! O holy city ! O dear and common country of all true Christians ! In Jesus Christ there is neither Greek nor Scythian nor Barbarian nor Jew nor Gentile ; all are but one people in thy bosom, all are fellow-citizens of Rome, every Catholic is Roman. O mother, whoever is the child of God is thy child also ; after so many ages thou art still prolific ! O spouse, thou unceasingly bearest children to thy Bridegroom in all parts of the world ! O Church, from whence St. Peter will for ever strengthen his brethren, may my right hand forget itself if I ever forget thee ! May my tongue dry up and be for ever dumb, if to my latest breath thou art not the principal object of my joy and my praise !’

It was going but a step further to invoke the secular power to enforce submission to the decrees of the Church, and that step Fénelon did not hesitate to take. In his ‘*Télémaque*,’ under the cover of a classic fable, he defined the monarch’s duty in regard to religion as that of crushing disputes, and coercing those who resist ecclesiastical authority. Far from being shocked at the execrable violence done to Madame Guyon for her opinions, he wrote, ‘I am content that she should remain in prison, and we should never see or hear of her again.’ He even vehemently maintained that, if her doctrines were really what Bossuet declared them to be, the secular power would have a right to proceed to extremities, and burn her at the stake. Of such views it was a logical consequence, that he should regard Protestantism as a wicked and hateful revolt against religion, and should give a hearty support to the policy of forcible repression. And this is exactly what he did. ‘The reformed doctrines,’ he wrote, ‘have produced nothing but scandal, trouble, controversy, scepticism, indifference to religion under pretence of toleration.’ In the heroic martyr-spirit with which many of the unfortunate Huguenots endured the cruelties inflicted by the dragonnades, he was unable to see anything but ‘a horrible excess of obstinacy.’ With these sentiments he could not refuse to associate himself

himself with the persecuting Government, by accepting and holding for many years the office of Superior in the 'Nouvelles Catholiques.'

This institution, which was under the care of a sisterhood without permanent vows, and had two large establishments in Paris and Charenton, was virtually a prison to which were consigned hundreds of young girls, torn from the upper Protestant families, to be turned by moral pressure into Catholics. Thousands of such tender victims, of every age up to womanhood, had already been violently abducted from their homes, and subjected to the most shameful treatment to force them into abjuring their religion. Immured in fortresses and prisons, thrown into houses of correction for the vilest of their sex, handed over to infuriated priests and pitiless nuns to be starved and whipped into submission, many had yielded, many had died under their tormentors' hands, some had gone mad, some had shown an almost incredible steadfastness. But the cry of horror which swelled up from the indignant heart of Europe penetrated at length the ears to which mercy had in vain appealed. Madame de Maintenon might say in her cold-blooded way, 'The dragoons have been very good missionaries; God employs all kinds of means;' but the King grew uneasy, and resolved to make the experiment of masking in velvet the iron hand of persecution. He set Fénelon at the head of the 'Nouvelles Catholiques,' and filled its spacious chambers with girls swept in from the Protestant districts. Here no physical violence was used. It is true that when conversions were slow, the hint came from Versailles that after a fortnight's grace recourse would be had to harsher measures. But within the Institution itself all was gentleness and persuasion. The weeping girls, languishing for their mothers' embraces, pale with suffering and terror, found themselves caressed and fondled by high-born ladies, and the witchery of Fénelon's grace and tenderness completed the spell. For this work the cast of his mind eminently fitted him. A rigid, controversial Superior would probably have provoked resistance, and induced the poor victims to cling all the more obstinately to the faith they had imbibed from their mothers' lips, and for which their fathers and brothers were suffering. But Fénelon's religion was precisely of the sort to creep into their desolate souls. No hard dogmas or irritating demands; but delicate sentiment, mystic devotion, the self-surrender dear to the female soul, the ecstasy of absorption in the Divine love. These wounded and bleeding hearts needed an anodyne of that kind; and administered with persuasive unction

unction by a Superior endowed with every fascinating charm of person and mind, it was very largely successful.

What we wish particularly to point out is that Fénelon, by accepting this share in the enterprise to exterminate Protestantism, committed himself to the policy of persecution. If conversion by actual violence and torture was not to his taste, he showed that he had no objection to the moral compulsion by which conscience may be stupefied or overborne, and the soul tricked or cajoled out of its faith. His subsequent mission to Poitou puts the fact in even a stronger light. From his official reports to the Marquis de Seignelay,—the Secretary of State, and brother to the three sister-duchesses his intimate friends,—most of which have only recently come to light, we learn his idea of the method of conversion best suited to the circumstances. The frontiers were to be carefully guarded to prevent the escape of the Huguenots. Their leaders were to be seized and deported to distant Catholic districts, where they could be held as hostages and would find no opportunity for further mischief. It would be expedient to suspend the outrages and military executions, but the misguided people must be made to feel that a strong hand was always uplifted to strike them if they refused to be converted. Protestant worship and education were to be prohibited, and Protestant books confiscated. Feigned letters, as if from their own people in Holland, were to be circulated, spreading evil reports about their pastors who had fled. Their means of subsistence were to be curtailed by putting obstacles in the way of trade, that when pressed by hunger they might be more accessible to bribery by the emissaries of the Church. Under these conditions the work should be pressed on; and if possible by Jesuit agents, as being more insinuating and persuasive than others. Such was Fénelon's ideal of a successful apostleship for the conversion of the Huguenots to the true faith, and it disposes absolutely and forever of the legend of his enlightened toleration. To his credit it may be added that he grew heartily sick of the business, and playfully threatened that if he were not recalled he should be driven to suppress the *Ave*, or to break out into some flagrant heresy.

A far more pleasing side of Fénelon's character was displayed by his next employment, which filled the eight brightest years of his life,—his tutorship of the royal children, or rather of the eldest of them, the young Duke of Burgundy, the prospective heir to the French throne, on whom his chief attention was bestowed. It was unique of its kind, both in respect of its method

method and its effects. As to its method, Fénelon may be truly said to have given himself to his pupil, and nourished him with his own soul. As to its effects, it transformed the pupil's whole nature, and bound him to his master in an invincible dependence. The lad's original untowardness and perversity may have been somewhat exaggerated, for the sake of effect, in Saint-Simon's celebrated description of him; but there can be no doubt that he came, at eight years old, into Fénelon's hands a thoroughly spoilt child, passionate to frenzy, proud, contemptuous, bitter of tongue, engaging when the caprice took him, but half a demon at his worst. He came out of Fénelon's hands with a cultivated intellect and chastened heart, scrupulous in conscience, timid in action, reserved in temper, inclined to lean upon others and to walk in leading-strings, less a man in fact than a grown-up, saintly child. The training, by which this remarkable transformation was accomplished, was in everything the reverse of that which Bossuet had pursued with the heavy, ill-conditioned father. Nothing here was allowed to be irksome, nothing oppressive; all was lively, varied, interesting, adapted to a child's tastes, clothed with romance and grace. Fénelon made himself the friend rather than the preceptor; his light, delicate touch enlivened the dulllest studies, and subdued the most refractory passions. Those charming literary productions by which Fénelon has been immortalized in the world of letters, and of which new editions are to this day continually issuing from the press, were all composed for the benefit of his young pupil, that instruction, correction and reproof, might be administered to him in the most pleasing and insinuating disguises, as his faults gave occasion, or his mind grew in capacity of reception; the 'Fables' for the improvement of his disposition, the 'Dialogues of the Dead' for his mental development, the 'Télémaque' to train him for the throne. We cannot describe the whole process better than by saying that Fénelon enveloped the child in his own spirit, poured himself by every avenue into the tender mind in proportion to its expansion, and thus made of his pupil a duplicate of himself in poorer material,—an image that scarcely lived by any life of its own, but was dependent on the pulsations of its framer's heart.

The experiment was a hazardous one, as the result proved; but what we wish first to point out is the vivid illustration which it presents of the feminine element in Fénelon's temperament. The passionate enthusiasm with which he took his pupil to his heart, and kept him there to the last, was that of a mother rather than a father. The distrust which he evinced

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of nature, of independence even in trifles, and his consequent endeavour to control every movement, regulate every thought, and keep the growing youth under unceasing superintendence lest liberty of action should leave room for error, and mar the faultlessness of character which it was the aim of this system of education to produce; all this too betrays the woman's narrower and more timid conception of human life. It is not thus that men are made manly. So Fénelon himself discovered when it was too late. The Prince early married a bright and charming daughter of the house of Savoy, and lived to his thirtieth year; in three campaigns, of course with the aid of veteran captains, he commanded in chief the French armies; for the last ten months of his life, owing to his father's death, he stood on the steps of the throne, and was officially associated with the affairs of the Government. But somehow he never ceased to be a pupil, needing some one to lean upon and look up to for stimulus and direction. His mind lacked grasp, decision, firmness, the power of initiation; in a word, manliness. He had been overtutored, it would seem; guarded, restrained, supervised, till the spring of his nature was enfeebled, and its mechanism afflicted with an incurable languor. A 'Christian philosopher,' Voltaire calls him, not unjustly; but France, reduced to the brink of ruin by the pressure on its denuded frontier of the victorious armies of Marlborough and Eugene, needed something more than a prince who shut himself up to study and pray. It is curious to read the correspondence between him and his old tutor, during the Flemish campaigns; Fénelon lecturing him for his childishness, his shy seclusion and indolence, his petty scruples and ill-timed austerities, just as if the Generalissimo of the French forces had been still his little pupil; and the Prince returning humble thanks for the admonitions, mingling confessions with excuses, and begging Fénelon's prayers that he might become a better Christian, and be delivered from the faults which sprang from original sin and from his own heart. Beautiful from one point of view as these letters are, for the veneration and docility which they exhibit on one side, and the affectionate solicitude on the other, they do not the less contain a warning, that too eager haste to manufacture a saint may possibly result in turning out something less than a man.

The next portion of Fénelon's life which demands our attention was occupied by his great duel with Bossuet. Here too the key to the part played by the former in that long controversy is to be found in the union of those two hereditary elements of his character which we have already pointed out. By

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its feminine quality of tender and sentimental enthusiasm his mind was prepared to embrace and revel in all the subtleties of mystic doctrine; while to his diplomatic temperament must be ascribed the address, the suppleness, the tortuous versatility, with which he confronted his formidable opponent in the successive stages of the conflict. The story is too well known to need repetition here, even if our space would permit; every one is aware that, after displaying a prodigality of resources, Fénelon lost his cause at Rome through the political pressure exerted by Louis XIV. on the Vatican. All that we can undertake here is to offer a few remarks on the position for which the Archbishop so vehemently contended.

From an early period a mystic version of religion had been more or less current in the Christian Church, and may perhaps be traced to the Alexandrian Fathers. In the fourteenth century a new impulse had been given in this direction by the Flemish Rusbroc, Vicar of St. Gudule at Brussels, and by his better known German follower, Tauler the Dominican. At a later period St. Theresa, and her coadjutor St. John of the Cross, had revived the doctrine in Spain, and were soon followed by St. Francis de Sales at Geneva, whose writings especially made it current in France. So far it had never formally come under the censure of the Church; on the contrary, it had latterly carried with it the savour of peculiar sanctity, and had been encircled with the halo of canonization. Of this peculiar strain of religious thought the root-idea was the direct communication of the soul with God, apart from the action of the reason or the medium of the truth. In its nearest approaches to God, the soul, lifted up to the region of pure contemplation, was supposed to lie in His immediate presence in a passive state of receptivity, without any exercise of thought, or any sentiment of desire or hope, while the Divine beauty and glory streamed into it, flooded, and entranced it. In this condition, which was the goal of mystic perfection, no distinct ideas might occupy the soul's attention, no acts of prayer, confession, or thanksgiving, disturb its quietude: its contemplative attitude was to be absolutely passive and negative; to use the technical phrase, it must be absorbed in 'an amorous gazing upon God.' Here alone the devout soul found its ultimate repose; here it experienced its spiritual nuptials, and entered into essential union with the infinite Perfection.

That a doctrine of this kind, if enthusiastically held and logically developed, is liable to abuse must be evident. For the aim of following Christ in practical righteousness of life it substitutes the aim of losing one's self in God; and thus, as

M. Cousin

M. Cousin has remarked, it tends to put to sleep moral activity, to extinguish intelligence, and virtually to abolish the individual self. And this development it presently received. Whilst Fénelon in the earlier half of his life was eagerly drinking in mystic notions from the writers of this school, and Madame Guyon was touring in the French provinces as the gushing prophetess of passive contemplation of the Deity, the bolder Molinos, a Spanish priest settled at Rome, promulgated a more thorough-going doctrine of Quietism, which at last provoked the thunders of the Vatican, and led to his incarceration for the rest of his life in the dungeons of the Inquisition. According to this full-blown form of mysticism, perfection was to be sought through spiritual suicide; the faculties of the soul were to be voluntarily paralysed, that God alone might act in it whatsoever He pleased. When this state of self-abnegation or 'quietude' was reached, sacraments and other means of grace became useless, and in fact impracticable, since the soul had no longer a capacity to perform the acts which they required; even the vilest sins of the flesh ceased to be sins, since the soul, lying passive in the Divine embrace, could not have part in them nor be touched by them. Such was the Molinism against which the Papal Bull, '*Coelestis Pastor*,' was fulminated in 1688; and although it seems to be little, if anything, more than the ultimate consequence of the mystic principle, the mysticism which was making rapid strides in France at the same time must be acquitted of all complicity with its practical sanction of immorality. Dreamy and wild as this often was, it stopped far short of that extreme doctrine of Molinos with which it has been often confounded.

What took the firmest grasp on Fénelon's enthusiastic and tender mind was the idea of 'pure love;' the doctrine that our aim ought to be to love God with an absolute disinterestedness, for Himself alone, apart from all consideration of what He has done or may do for us, of what He is or may be to us. That such an abstract purity of love could not be permanently maintained by any one, and that many had been saints who had never attained to it at all, he freely allowed; his point was that it was the goal to be always kept in view, the end to which all spiritual culture tended, and in which alone religion found its complete development. The idea doubtless is a beautiful one, and calculated to exert a powerful fascination over souls which ardently dream of an unearthly elevation in their religion; the difficulty is to reconcile it with the possibilities of human nature. It might heroically aim at making man sublime, but what, if in doing so, it crushed him out of all semblance of humanity?

humanity? On the rock of this difficulty Fénelon made shipwreck. The attempt to define the absolute disinterestedness, which on his view was necessary to make love perfect, led him into extravagance and even absurdity. He was driven to say that, in order to love God with 'pure love,' we must expel from the mind all distinct ideas about Him. We must neither allow ourselves to think of His attributes and perfections, nor of His gracious purposes, nor of His goodness to ourselves personally, nor of the blessedness of having Him for our portion; for the moment such thoughts arise within us, a taint of selfishness inevitably creeps in with them, and our own hopes and desires come into play. Hence we must sternly shut out of view God's entire relation to ourselves; we must admit nothing but the abstract idea of His existence; we must bring ourselves to lie before Him in complete indifference as to what He may be pleased to do with us, whether to save us or destroy us eternally. 'In the state of pure love,' says Fénelon, 'the contemplation of God is negative; it differs entirely from meditation upon Him; it does not fasten on any distinct idea of Him, but passes beyond all that is comprehensible, and fastens only on the abstract idea of existence.' Again,—'If God willed to annihilate the souls of the righteous at the moment of death, or to keep them for ever deprived of the vision of Himself, or to plunge them everlastingly into the torments of Hell, souls which are in the state of pure love would none the less love and serve Him.' 'Such love,' he writes elsewhere, 'is the end of all perfection; in this state the soul is transformed, and united essentially to God without any intervening medium, essence joined to essence, so that God and the soul become one spirit.' What such teaching comes to seems to be this—that to love God with a perfect love we must cease to feel any personal interest in Him, or to care at all about Him. And so the matter is plainly put in a very pertinent quotation, made by Bossuet from the medieval theologian Hugo de St. Victor:—'We love God, say these, but we do not desire Him. As much as to say, We love Him, but we do not care about Him. But what is it to love Him if it be not to wish to possess Him? What is it to love, if it be not to desire—to wish to have, possess, and enjoy?'

Perhaps enough has been said to convince the reader that Fénelon's doctrine of 'pure love,' however beautiful as an idea, is inconsistent with the limitations of human nature, and unknown to the Gospel of Christ. To our mind it is one of those impracticable subtleties, those idealizing over-refinements, which are apt to entrench themselves within an enthusiastic



longing for perfection, and thence bid defiance to the disciplined reason. To strip one's self of all the attributes of humanity, of thought and will and affection, and thereby reduce the soul to a solitude, a dry desert, that God may reign and act there alone,—such is the method of perfection taught by this mysticism. It suppresses the man, that God may be all. And thus it ends by curiously allying itself with Pantheistic Deism. Even when Fénelon had somewhat outlived his mystical ardour, he said to his convert Ramsay, 'Christianity adds nothing to your pure Deism, except the sacrifice of the spirit, and the Catholicism which perfects that sacrifice.' Earlier he might have written the following passage of Emerson's:—'Not thanks nor prayer seem quite the highest or truest name for our communication with the Infinite, but glad and conspiring reception. It is God in us which checks the language of petition by grander thoughts.'

Fénelon's episcopate remains to be glanced at, to round off our conception of his career. It is here that he shines with the serenest light, and best justifies the description of him as the most perfect model of the gentler form of virtue which modern ages have produced. The ever-increasing love and reverence which encircled him were the deserved fruit of the varied graces of his mind and character. Of the flock committed to his spiritual charge he was a true pastor, overflowing with sympathy, untiring in his labours to teach and console. The disinterestedness which had reconciled him to living at Court with straitened means, rather than ask favours for himself or his relatives, and had induced him on his appointment to Cambrai to resign the single abbey which had been the King's tardy gift to him, notwithstanding the outcry of the great ecclesiastical pluralists who dreaded such a dangerous precedent—the same personal disinterestedness animated his whole subsequent conduct, and found expression in his last Will, where he gave as a reason for leaving nothing to the family which he dearly loved, that money arising from the Church ought not to be diverted to private uses. Practically indeed his relatives lost nothing, since the Archbishop left neither money nor debts, having exhausted his income in beneficence. His gracious intercourse with the poor of his diocese has passed into a lovely legend, which pictures him as seated on the grass among the peasants, like St. Louis under the oak at Vincennes, or sharing the humble meal round the cotter's fireside; or even as starting off alone on foot in the night to seek and drive in the cow of some inconsolable fugitive, who in flying before the marauders of the hostile army had been forced to leave behind the animal on which his family depended for subsistence. The position  
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of the great diocese of Cambrai, as the chief theatre of the war which was so disastrous for France, afforded Fénelon an occasion for displaying the highest qualities of patriotism and charity. A few particulars gleaned from M. de Broglie's narrative will exhibit the prince-bishop as the good angel of his ravaged and suffering flock, as well as the devoted subject of the King who had put his loyalty to so severe a strain:—

'From the commencement of his episcopate Fénelon had been accustomed to spend in works of benevolence and piety the whole of his revenues beyond the sum needed for the suitable maintenance of his household. But when the war came to his doors, his charity flowed in more abundant streams. For his rustic clergy who were completely ruined, he paid out of his own purse the heavy taxes which the necessities of the Government required. Though a heavy loser himself, he emptied his granaries to feed the starving troops. After the battle of Malplaquet, when Cambrai was crowded with fugitives, he threw open his palace to shelter them. Every corner in it was occupied, corridors, staircases, rooms great and small. The courts and gardens were filled with the beasts which the terrified owners had contrived to drive off with them in their flight. Then came the turn of the military officers. Whether in health or wounded or sick, whether French or prisoners of war, he received them without exception, and as many as a hundred and fifty might be found at a time at his table. "God will help us," he said. "Providence has infinite resources on which I confidently rely. Only let us give all that we have; it is my duty and my pleasure." Nor did he spare his person more than his purse. He was to be seen everywhere, making the round of the hospitals, and administering instruction and consolation beside the pallets of the sick and the dying.'

A remarkable proof of the veneration inspired by Fénelon appeared in the care taken by the enemy's generals to shield him as far as possible from the injuries of war. When his duties took him into parts of his diocese occupied by them, they voluntarily detailed a guard of their own soldiers to escort him. From the forced contributions levied by them on the country his lands and magazines were exempted; and on one occasion, to save his corn from seizure, it was actually convoyed under a flag of truce to Cambrai, then the French head-quarters, and delivered over to him in full tale. 'It is incredible,' wrote Saint-Simon, 'to what a height Fénelon's name and reputation were raised by his conduct.' Indeed it may be said that in all Europe there was but one heart closed against him,—the heart of his own King, whom in spite of disgrace and exile he loyally served to the last. There was no insincerity in his dying message to his sovereign, dictated after he had received the extreme unction:

‘Tell the King that never for a single moment of my life have I ceased to regard his person with the liveliest gratitude, the most ingenuous zeal, the profoundest respect and most inviolable attachment.’

Why Louis XIV. should have been so inveterate in his aversion for one whose virtues and genius had made him the most illustrious of living Frenchmen, has often been a subject of speculation. There can be little doubt, we imagine, that the ‘*Télémaque*’ was the fatal cause. The estrangement arising out of the controversy over Quietism might have been got over, especially since the Pope never withdrew his esteem from him, but bestowed on him signal marks of confidence, and with the Vatican he stood to the end on the best of terms as a valued adherent and adviser. But in the ‘*Télémaque*’ the King saw an unpardonable insult. ‘I knew already,’ exclaimed the irritated monarch, ‘that M. de Cambrai has a weak judgment, but the “*Télémaque*” shows me that he has also a bad heart.’ Yet nothing can be clearer than Fénelon’s innocence in the matter. He never gave the book to the world, nor intended that it should see the light in his own or the King’s lifetime. Originally written piecemeal, as a series of lessons in the art of government for the young heir to the throne, it was afterwards retouched and amplified so as to make a continuous narrative, and entrusted to a transcriber to copy out fair before it was laid aside. Struck by the extraordinary interest of the work, the man perfidiously made a second copy of it, and from this a surreptitious edition was printed in Holland, in May 1699, just two months after Fénelon’s condemnation at Rome. The book thus given to the public ran like wild-fire. Before the year was out, more than a score of editions had been called for, and it was rapidly translated into every language in Christendom. A new word, ‘*Télémacomanie*,’ was invented to express the fanatical admiration excited by it. It made the author’s fame European, but it ruined him finally with his sovereign.

And no wonder, when the circumstances are taken into consideration. Louis XIV. was the incarnation of royal pride. He posed before the world as a Jupiter upon Olympus, an exceptional being, amenable to no law but his own will, entitled by indefeasible prerogative to subordinate all persons and all interests to his own ambition and glory. And in the ‘*Télémaque*’ he suddenly found himself gibbeted before an amused and delighted world. Not in the scurrilous invectives of some obscure pamphleteer; to that he was sufficiently inured to despise it. But in the most charming of fables, in the bewitching strains of romance, in the flow of a tender and

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gracious wisdom which found its way to every heart. And all this by one of his own household, by the teacher to whom he had entrusted the heir of his throne, and whom he had condescended to raise to one of the highest dignities of his kingdom. In the enchanting pages where maidens saw the ideal hero of their dreams, and oppressed nations the golden age of their aspirations, and scholars the revival of the ancient classic simplicity and grace; he saw himself depicted as the *bête noire*, the type of royal folly and selfishness, whose faults of temper and conduct and policy were displayed under transparent disguises as so many warnings to his grandson. It might be Adrastus, or Pygmalion, or Idomeneus, or Sesostris, that was painted in sombre colours; but in them all the demigod of Versailles detected his own portrait, and knew that the whole world detected it too, and shouted with sardonic laughter. What could be more provoking! Yet, as we have remarked, Fénelon was innocent of any intention to satirize him. 'I wrote the book,' he says, 'at a time when I was charmed with the kindness shown me by the King, and I should have been not only the most ungrateful, but the most foolish of men, had I intended to draw in it satirical and insolent portraits. The mere thought of such a design horrifies me.' The satire was not in the fable, but in the facts. That the cap so exactly fitted the King's head was the fault of the King's own vices and wrong-doing.

To return for a moment to Fénelon's episcopate; the unceasing activity of his pen was one of its most marked features. His most popular works, indeed, were of earlier date: the 'Fables,' 'Télémaque,' and 'Dialogues des Morts,' composed for his royal pupil; the bright and instructive 'Éducation des Filles,' for practical use in the Beauvilliers' family; the first part of the treatise 'De l'existence de Dieu,' a not unworthy forerunner of Paley's 'Natural Theology;' and the 'Dialogues sur l'Eloquence,' of which a modern French critic, M. Villemain, has said that 'no treatise on oratory in our language contains more sound, ingenious, or novel ideas, or shows a severer impartiality in its criticisms.' But besides retouching or completing these works in his later years, Fénelon's pen was never idle. No man probably ever wrote with greater ease and fluency. As in conversing and preaching, so in committing his ideas to paper, his words seemed to flow in a spontaneous stream without effort or pause. And his composition was not of the kind which makes the reading as hard as the production was easy. The style was invariably lucid and elegant; never inflated, pretentious, or forced, but abounding in delicate turns and happy

happy phrases. Perhaps it is seen at its best in his extensive correspondence. Here his touch is the lightest, his utterances the least studied; yet scarcely a letter fails to present some expression, some sentence, which arrests the attention by its neatness, playful grace, or simple unaffected wisdom. Three or four little specimens may help to illustrate this statement. Writing thankfully of the strength given to him for his work, he says, 'Dieu donne la robe selon le froid.' For his favourite nephew on entering the army he lays down the maxim, 'Il faut mépriser le monde, et connaître néanmoins le besoin de le ménager.' On the need of trials he writes, 'Je suis persuadé que la croix quotidienne est le principal pain quotidien.' Concerning self-surrender he says, 'Il n'y a qu'à laisser faire Dieu. C'est profondément couper dans le vif de ne retenir rien de ce qu'il ôte, sans vouloir retrancher ce qu'il n'ôte pas.' From one of his many playfully affectionate letters to the gay *bon-vivant*, the Chevalier Destouches, who had strangely crept into his heart, the following may be cited: 'On vous aime céans avec passion; c'est une maladie contagieuse qui gagne de plus en plus, et dont je ne veux guérir personne, moi qui en suis plus tourmenté que les autres.'

Not less remarkable than Fénelon's copiousness and ease was the versatility of his mind, the variety and vivacity of his intellectual tastes. M. de Broglie portrays this well, when he describes him as passing as if in play—*en se jouant*—from one subject to another, now quitting metaphysics to write a theological treatise, now laying aside theology to compose hymns or stories for little children. Seated at his desk alone after the public duties of the day, he would pour out his thoughts, *currente calamo*, on State affairs, or ancient literature, or the spiritual life, or would dash off letters to his friends, or instructions for his men of business, always alert and always in the vein, preserving to the last his youthful freshness of mind, unconquerable by anxiety, sorrow and toil. If he grew into the matured saint scarcely touching the earth, he was still the ripe scholar with the Pagan classics at his fingers' ends, the ingenious critic tripping lightly over the fields of poetry and rhetoric, the eager politician fertile in schemes to avert the perils to which his country was exposed. A singular humility too crowned his great endowments. Of this an extremely curious illustration has accidentally survived in the very last letter which he ever wrote. He had been urged in several anonymous, and surely impertinent, letters to consult for his own edification a peasant woman who had acquired a repute for mystic sanctity. Instead of taking no notice of the letters, he courteously

teously addressed to her an invitation to write to him whatever she had on her mind to say, promising to open his own heart to her, and to listen with reverence and gratitude to her teaching. 'I will receive,' he concludes, 'with simplicity, and even I dare to say with lowliness of mind, all that you deem according to God and proceeding from His Spirit. Although I am in pastoral authority, as regards myself I wish to be the lowest and the least of the children of God.'

Our space is exhausted sooner than our subject, but we have probably said enough to show Fénelon as he really was, with his excellences and his defects. It will have been seen that, to judge him fairly, it is necessary to distinguish between his dominant aims, and the forms in which his intellectual bent and constitutional temperament led him to embody them. He was essentially an idealist. Nothing could be nobler than his passionate enthusiasm for humanity. 'I love my family more than myself,' he once said; 'my country more than my family, but the whole human race even more than my country.' To purge religion from every taint of selfishness, and to teach governments that they were made for the people, and not the people for them, was his constant aspiration and endeavour. But in practical wisdom he was deficient, partly because of his inexperience in affairs, and partly because of the uncritical impulsiveness of his disposition. His methods lacked breadth, solidity, masculine grasp, and judgment. When he came to details, he was apt to become unpractical, over-subtle, chimerical. The religion which he sketched out in his condemned book, the '*Maxims of the Saints on the Interior Life*,' is scarcely too sharply criticized by M. Nisard, when he calls it 'fit only for the top of the pillar of St. Simon Stylites.' Nor does Lamartine go beyond the mark, when he characterizes the system of government advocated in the '*Télémaque*' as 'virtuous maxims, but deplorable applications.' Fénelon had never learnt the lesson expressed in Goldsmith's familiar lines,—

'How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.'

He knew nothing of the practical shrewdness of the saying attributed to Frederick the Great,—'If I had a kingdom to punish, I would give it over to be governed by philosophers.' Fénelon's recipe for the amelioration of society was the extinction of personal choice, and the compulsory regulation of everything by legislation. In his model state of Salentum, individual liberty was allowed no play. Trade, agriculture, professions, marriages, the distribution of the soil, the cultivation of the arts,—all were

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to be minutely ordered by the central government; the population was to be sorted in seven classes, distinguished by the cut and colour of their dress and the size of their dwellings; articles of luxury were to be declared contraband, and every departure from austere simplicity was to be severely punished. 'Shut me up where you like,' exclaimed Voltaire, 'if you catch me going there for happiness!' Yet beneath these ineptitudes of form and detail lay the prolific germs of progress toward a higher social and political condition. The letter might kill, but the spirit gave life. To Europe groaning under despotism it came as a new gospel, that nations form a brotherhood, and that kings are only the first of their servants. What worthier of inscription in golden letters than the words,—'It is not for himself that the gods make a man king, but only that he may be the people's man: to them he owes all his time, his toil, and his love, and he is worthy of royalty in so far only as he forgets himself, to sacrifice himself for the public good.' If to a Louis XIV. such doctrine appeared the most odious of heresies, a grateful posterity will always vindicate him who was its preacher and confessor, by ranking him among the benefactors and saints of our race, and according him the homage due to one of the most perfect types of human purity, sweetness, and grace.

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ART. III.—1. *The Channel Islands*. By F. Ansted and R. G. Latham. 8vo. London, 1862.

2. *Les Iles de la Manche*. Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. Paris, 1882.

THE yachting men, who cruise among the islands of the Norman Archipelago in the late summer, have probably scant knowledge of the monuments of ancient Aryan life that they are passing in their holiday voyages. Bold, rocky coasts, interspersed with smiling little bays; crowded old towns, each fringed with modest modern villas, and peopled by quiet, comfortable-looking inhabitants, among whom refugees from the storm and stress of French and English life will be occasionally discernible; that is all that Jersey and Guernsey will present to the casual observer. Landing at S. Helier or S. Peter Port, he will find narrow streets, sometimes as steep as those of Genoa, and mostly paved with granite. The uproar is sometimes prodigious; he might fancy himself being run over on Ludgate Hill; till, turning his head in speechless alarm, he finds that all the tumult has been caused by the rattle of the boulders under a baker's truck. The shops, though with poor frontages, are generally large and well supplied; untaxed tobacco and cheap liqueurs greet him in the windows of some; wearing apparel, articles of local jewelry, excellent fruit and dairy produce, appear in others. Many of the trade notices, all the official advertisements and proclamations, are in French as well as English: here an *Eglise Evangélique* bespeaks the presence of Huguenots: there a black flight of Jesuits, descending from the groves round an extinct hotel, indicates the existence of a Catholic establishment. In the town church the Sunday service of the Anglican rite is celebrated in French, with the aid of a time-honoured version of the 'Book of Common Prayer.' The people in the streets pass him speaking a language that is neither English nor French. In public documents the Royal escutcheon, as one generally knows it, is replaced by a single blazon—the three lions, or leopards *passants regardants*.\* In Jersey, opposite the Court House, stands a gilt statue of a Hanoverian king in Roman costume,† behind the back of which, painted on a wall, is observable the legend 'Here Pierson fell.'

Should all these things come under the notice of an enquiring mind, the traveller will doubtless find his desire for information met by reference to a number of books, from the slightest of

\* The Guernsey shield has a laurel leaf as difference.

† It was erected in 1751, and 'in honour of George II.'



'Guides' to the most solemn histories. In the one class, the *Manuscripts of Mr. le Geyt*, or the *History of Canon Falle*, he will meet with such fodder as delighted Dr. Dryasdust, too often used for conclusions that are irrelevant or incorrect: in the other class, fragmentary chips of the like nature are imbedded in still sorrier matter about views and spots for picnics, and cabbages ten feet high. Going deeper and further afield, he may derive information from a variety of works, more or less workmanlike, including the book by Professor Ansted and Dr. Latham, a rather ambitious 'History' by Jurat le Quesne, an eloquent rhapsody by the son of Victor Hugo, entitled '*La Normandie Inconnue*,' and a somewhat pretentious volume by M. le Cerf. Lastly, there is a serial, to be more fully referred to presently, by M. de la Croix, which, though running to three volumes, shows no signs of approaching completion as yet.

Not one, however, of these works—and the best have been cited—is quite a satisfactory explanation of the many strange phenomena of which mention has been made above, or of many others which a longer residence discloses. Professor Ansted, indeed, has said all that was necessary as to the physical peculiarities of the islands, geology, botany, and so forth. But the remaining treatises are either præ-scientific or, at best, sham-scientific; and the book of the Channel Islands is still to be written. How far it might be worth the while of any competent writer to undertake the task, the reader of these pages may, perhaps, find himself in a position to judge.\*

The first question would be, What is the past and present political position of those islands, and how has that affected the character and conduct of the people? The test of language does not afford an adequate reply. To hear an educated islander speak English, you would say, 'An Englishman!' But next moment he has occasion to speak French, and then he might be taken for a Parisian—only with none of the Parisian's Cockney accent. His appearance, perhaps, is not in exact accordance with either supposition. The islanders, male and female, are well built, not usually above the average height, nor of very fair hair or blonde complexion, though their eyes are sometimes blue. Their features are clearly cut, and one sees that they are what is commonly known as 'clean-bred.' If one has the misfortune to go to law with an islander, one finds him resolute and

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\* A handy little manual was published by Messrs. Whittaker in 1894, to which some reference will be made hereafter. Most of the information is out of date, but it is a good model, both of form and treatment. At the other extreme may be noted Victor Hugo's '*L'Archipel de la Manche*' (Paris, 1883); a brochure full of charm, though, alas! also of the most wanton irregularity and of the most reckless inaccuracy.

shrewd, and the litigation bristles with exciting uncertainties. But in ordinary life he is courteous and uncompetitive; as free from the *fougue* of the ordinary Frenchman, as from the phlegm of the average John Bull. Loyal to the Crown, trained to the use of arms, descended from a race of smugglers and privateers, he pays no taxes, and recognizes but few Acts of Parliament. It is of little moment to the ordinary natives whether Whig or Tory is in office; and a few daily and weekly little local papers supply most of their journalistic wants. In their intercourse with visitors they are (as has been said) often able to speak, at will, either French or English; among themselves they use a third language, which a hasty hearer might feel inclined to call 'bad French.' It is, however, nothing of the sort, but one of the four old dialects of the 'Langue d'oil,' the Romance tongue of the *trouvères*. One of the most famous of that body, Wace, author of the 'Roman de Rou,' was a native of Jersey, and his poem is written in the dialect of that island. It might be fancied that the verses chanted by Taillefer when he fell on Senlac were extracts from that poem: but in point of fact Wace was at that time a 'babe unborn,' though his father was one of the followers of the Conqueror. The *Roman* is almost the only literary monument of the dialect that has come down to us: Channel-Norman had long ceased to be a written language until the present century, when it found its *vates sacer* in the late M. Georges Métivier, who has been called 'the Guernsey Burns.' Since Métivier began to write, some further 'Patois Poems' have been published, containing specimens of poems by other writers (besides him) in the somewhat varying idioms of the two chief islands. The language, however incompletely, helps us towards the truth. The Channel Islands are not a portion of the realm of Great Britain.\* Geographically, they are rather a part of France, from whose coasts they are believed to have been only parted by an inundation of comparatively recent date.†

But, politically, they are independent of either country. To France they are absolutely hostile, in spite of the proximity of situation and partial community of speech. As far as respects Great Britain, they are under the same Crown, but not under the same laws; a part of the mother-country, of which the rest has

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\* 'Though they are parcel of the dominion of the crown of England, yet they are not, and never were, parcel of the Realm of England.'—Lord Coke; *op. Pleas*, p. 77.

† See the arguments of Manet, '*L'état . . . de la Baie de Mont S. Michel, etc.*' S. Malo, 1829. The last great subsidence in these parts is said to have occurred within historic times.

adopted another alliance and gravitated to a nearer centre; they are all that remains of the old Frank duchy which conquered England. In the strict sense of the word, 'French' they have never been. They were once a part of the Empire of the West, and afterwards part of Normandy. But of the Capetian France, whose capital was at Paris, the Channel Islands have never been a portion. This is well stated by Bishop Stubbs. The Norman peasantry, at the time of the cession by Charles the Simple, was Celtic in extraction but Frank in law and custom, and spoke a language (of Teutonized Romance) created by its antecedent history. The Northmen adopted these things: 'What little legal system subsisted was derived from the Frank institutions as they were when Normandy separated.' They are now a *peculium* of the Crown, not of Great Britain, but of England: as Normandy itself was in the reign of Henry II.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the islands had a passing share in the political oscillations of the larger country; and a strange share it was. Guernsey sympathized with the Parliament, while Jersey was, for the most part, Royalist; so that she became for six months the abode of Charles II. and the sole remnant of his actual dominions. But when he recovered his complete sovereignty in Great Britain and Ireland, he drew no distinction between the two islands of Guernsey and Jersey. Each of those tiny regions retained its domestic independence; and from that day to this, the islands have remained outside the sphere of the British Constitution, and have been governed, in the simple old fashion, under the ultimate control of the King-in-Council.

The origin of such a Lilliput lying in the open Channel is as singular as anything in their present situation. In the dawn of European history a vast marshy forest is thought to have extended from S. Michael's Mount to Cape La Hogue. The oyster-dredger of Jersey still brings to the surface fragments of trees that have been lying ever since the submersion on the shallow bottom of the rock-strewn sea. In a temporary low-tide of abnormal character during the last century, the streets of an old town are said to have been visible in the strait between Coutances in Normandy and the Castle of Mont Orgueil on the eastern coast of Jersey. Monoliths stand below high-water mark on the shore of Guernsey and on the shore of Morbihan.\* In early historic days the Druids,

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\* M. Victor Hugo said that there are still in Normandy families entitled to the seignieury of the submerged parishes between the coast of the Côtentin and Jersey.—'L'Archipel de la Manche,' p. 35. This requires confirmation; there is no trace of the existence of seigneurial rights at the time of the submersion.

those mysterious Brahmins of the West, had strong settlements in Armorica; and in one of the islands alone the remains of about one hundred cromlechs or dolmens have been noted, besides numerous menhirs, rocking-stones, and such-like monuments. Neolithic remains have been found in various spots, some twenty feet below the soil: in some places later deposits, Phœnician and Roman, have been found in the same place, but ten feet higher. The dolmens appear to have been *campi santi* (like Westminster Abbey), primarily for worship and subsequently for sepulture. By whomsoever built, they have evidently been used as places of sepulture by many succeeding races of men. By-and-bye came the Romans, whose coins have been found in considerable numbers; and the Druids met with a similar fate to that which befel their brethren in Anglesey. Their persons were exposed to massacre, and their temples and altars to desecration and destruction. A period of Gaulish Christianity is the next that is noted, influenced by those Irish missionaries whose devotion throws such a bright, if partial, light on the selfish barbarism of the Dark Ages. When the Franks succeeded the Gauls and Romans as masters, the separation of the islands from one another and from the mainland had not (it is believed) become complete. The last subsidence, in Jersey, is held to have taken place in the eighth century, previous to which the space between Elizabeth Castle and S. Helier consisted of meadow-land. It is even said that the Bishop of Coutances (to whose see the islands appertained down to the sixteenth century) used to cross over upon a plank that bridged the Channel between Jersey and the mainland. German institutions, here, as in most of Northern France, took the place of the Celto-Roman system, in like manner as in the Saxon occupation of Britain. Under the Merovingian dynasty the islands were, for a time, handed over to the nascent Church of Brittany. S. Samson, the apostle of the islands, was Bishop of Dol, about 550 A.D. But it is probable that the islands were German before they were Christian, and that their first Christianity was sporadic, rather than epidemic. To this day there remain traces of chapels and oratories older than the existing parish churches.

The existence of German manners and institutions is naturally less conspicuous in these islands than it is in Great Britain, where the Normans became ere long absorbed in the general population. So much is this the case, that most of the books begin the history of Jersey and Guernsey with the epoch of the Normans, and attribute the bulk of the system now obtaining in the islands to the Conqueror's last representative,

King

King John. That ill-starred and ill-conducted monarch, we are told, in gratitude for the attachment of the islanders when their kindred on the mainland abandoned him, conferred on the islanders a charter. So says Falle, long the chief authority, and still quoted. Such, too, in the earlier part of his chapter on the subject, appears to be the statement of Jurat le Quesne, though it is fair to add that he subsequently modifies the statement, and admits that the original charter of John Lackland is nowhere to be found. But the first complete and convincing denial is to be found in the unfinished and too polemical work of M. de la Croix. This writer has gone upon a path of his own, on which he has found evidence of the contemporaneous arrangements of the Franks of the præ-Norman time. By turning to the records of the mainland, he has shown what must have been the origin of a system which, even in the times of our first Norman Kings, was said to have prevailed 'from a time of which no memory exists.'

Once upon that path, we soon perceive that (however much obliterated they may have been by forms of feudalism that have been subsequently superimposed upon them) the old communal institutions of the Aryan race are the foundation of the existing political structure. Aided by the comparative method of enquiry, we find that though law in the Channel Islands may, nay must, have been affected by the Norman settlement, yet social and political institutions remained much as they had been before.\*

Nor is this at all surprising. Mr. Freeman (i. 171) has shown that Rollo, on becoming ruler of the Neustrian Province, at once set about adopting the French religion, speech, and manners; and that there was no extirpation or expulsion of the Franco-Gallic inhabitants. Rollo did not get possession of the islands, which were not added to the Duchy of Normandy till 932, when his son acquired possession of them along with the Côtentin (to which, indeed, they continued ecclesiastically attached until the reign of Queen Elizabeth). By the time of Rollo's son, the Normans had become still more Frank. The priests and magistrates, and the self-governing municipalities of the *Communes*, had been, almost certainly, respected.† And this will account for the fact (already mentioned) that, in all the early Anglo-Norman documents, the constitutional and administrative arrangements are spoken of as having existed from time immemorial; they are, further, described in terms which

\* See, on this subject, Freeman's remarks on the peasant revolt about A.D. 997. ('Norman Conquest,' vol. i.)

† See Stubbs's 'Constitutional History,' vol. i.

show them to have been not very dissimilar to those which still exist in the islands. Thus, under Henry III., we find a commission addressed to Richard de Gray, as Governor, in which—though there is no hint of any Charter from King John—Gray is bidden to observe and administer the self-same laws and customs as the islands were wont to follow in the time of ‘Henry, the King’s grandfather’\* (Henry II.). This seems enough to dispose of the supposed doings of John. But more remains. In the second year of Edward II., the people of the islands informed certain Commissioners, deputed to hold inquest into their rights, that they had never been governed either by English or Norman law; but by various customs that had prevailed from time immemorial—where ‘customs’ evidently stand for what is usually known as ‘common law.’ In the seventeenth year of the same calamitous reign fresh Commissioners, being sent to hold further enquiry into the nature of the island institutions, reported to the like effect. Most of the arrangements since ascribed to John were claimed as having prevailed ‘from a time of which no memory exists;’ and these claims were ultimately affirmed by the Commissioners.

Among the institutions thus recognized are to be traced the main features of the system at present existing in the Channel Islands. All that we know of the Frankish history of the mainland indicates the manner in which that state of things was founded. The embryo of the official hierarchy of the islands is of the primitive Aryan type as found in ancient Europe. The *patria potestas* and the joint family have passed away, though not without leaving traces. The *Commune* is still present in the form of the parish. At the other end of the scale we find in the old Frank system a royal officer, sometimes called Duke, sometimes Count—both Roman titles—and a local representative or delegate called Viscount or Bailiff. There was also a special deputy on special occasions, known as ‘missus dominicus,’ by whom the authority of the Count became in many places ultimately superseded. There were, between these two extremes, a couple of classes of popular officials, the parish officers representing groups of families, and the magistrates of the chief towns. The first class were named (from the number of houses which they represented) *dizainiers*,

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\* He became Duke of Normandy by succession to his mother, the Empress, who was Duchess in right of her father, the so-called ‘Salic law’ not applying to the duchy. Henry succeeded her in the dukedom before he became King of England.

*centainiers*,

*centainiers*, &c.\* The second class (in German *schöffen*) were called in French *échevins*, or *jurats*.

Of the former class the functions were executive; of the second, judicial; the whole collectively made up the legislative assembly. This primitive type still survives in the two larger islands, where there is also a third class of officials called 'Constables,' the present Mayors of the parishes. These are now, as they have been for many centuries, members of the legislative 'States.' But there is reason to believe that their presence there is no part of the original constitution. They were occasionally consulted, as representatives of the parish assemblies, but the original legislative body or 'Common Council' was complete without them. They thus remind us of the old English knights-of-the-shire.

This is not the place for a minute examination of the whole subject. It will suffice to say that most of the officials above enumerated are said to be named in the charters and capitularies of the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties, and are distinctly recognized, in writs of early French and English kings, by French designations. Many such rescripts, addressed to non-Norman parts of their dominions, are cited by Mr. le Quesne in Note VI. of his Appendix. What it chiefly behoves us to notice here is that, whereas this peculiar combination of royal and municipal institutions—local administration under a federal tie—has given way to other complications in the progress of society both in England and in France, it still flourishes in name, form, and function upon the two larger islands. Alderney and Sark are both subordinate to Guernsey; and in that island—as we shall presently see—the separation of executive, judicial, and legislative power, is less complete than it is in Jersey. We are driven to conjecture by the unfortunate fact, that the public records of Jersey do not date earlier than 1520, and those of Guernsey are very scanty. But there are early references to the Royal Court and States, one as early as 1497.†

The system which thus, in the midst of modern civilization, is found maintaining the rudiments of primitive society, may be broadly described as follows:—

First, there is the SOVEREIGN, the apex of the feudal system, no doubt, but at the same time the keystone of local liberties. The Crown is now represented, in Jersey and Guernsey alike,

\* In Guernsey there are *douzainiers*, in Jersey *vingtainiers*; and in the latter island the parishes are divided into *vingtaines*, though the word has lost its exact application.

† Le Quesne, p. 100.

by a Lieutenant-Governor. But this officer is not precisely analogous to the Governor of a colony or Dependency. Rather does he represent the *missus dominicus* of old. He is, primarily, the commander of the forces; he is also the guardian of the prerogative, and has much general influence. But he has no initiative, he has no executive power in civil matters, and his legislative functions are confined to a veto on certain projects of law.

Second in rank, though supreme in many attributes of power, comes the ROYAL COURT—so-called, but in the main a popular body. It is presided over by a Bailiff, appointed by the Crown, but not entitled to a vote in the deliberations. It is his business to explain the existing law, and he frequently initiates new legislation. In judicial business he sums up: and, where the votes of the members are equally divided, he may give a casting vote. The members of the Court are called ‘Jurats,’ or ‘Jurés-justiciers,’ but they are judges, not jurors, and are elected for life. In various numbers they exercise various kinds of jurisdiction, and all form part of the legislative body, as they do of the Appellate Court. The Court of First Instance, known as ‘*Le Nombre Inférieur*,’ consists of the Bailiff and two Jurats; the ‘*Nombre Supérieur*’ must consist of at least seven Jurats besides the Bailiff, who presides. There is a final appeal to Her Majesty in Council.

Third, must be noticed the VICOMTE, or Sheriff; a ministerial officer representing the ‘Count’ of ancient (præ-Norman) days.

Fourth comes, in Jersey, the general legislative assembly; of a broader and more popular character than in Guernsey, where law-making is practically in the hands of the Court. In Jersey—and originally, it is thought, in Guernsey too—the assembly in old time consisted of the above-named members of the Royal Court, with the addition of the Rectors and Constables of the twelve parishes. But since 1771 in Jersey the number has been raised to fifty by the addition of purely elective deputies, eleven of whom for the rural parishes and three for the capital have been joined to the original STATES; so that the body now consists of magnates temporal and spiritual (part nominated by the Crown and part elected for life) united with popular representatives, and all sitting together in one common chamber.

It is very remarkable that a democratic element should thus have been introduced into what was once the Cavalier island, while the Whigs of Guernsey have at the same time rendered their system more oligarchical. Noting this, for whatever it may be worth, we see that the islands are at once Republican and



and Conservative. There have been—and still are—in both of them the imposing pageants of a feudal monarchy. But these things have been more a decoration than a burden. Feudalism indeed—in all its branches—has lain lightly on the primitive institutions, which it has scarcely disturbed in their domestic operation. Hence there has been an absence of a servile caste, that abiding canker of larger societies. From about 481 to 932 A.D., the old Aryan system of the Western Franks subsisted in force; and when the feudal system spread to the islands it was grafted upon the older stock, in the form of reciprocal service and protection, doing what was required by the times, yet bringing but little organic change. Thus united, the two systems have, on the whole, worked together, for the welfare of these miniature nations, down to our times. The posts of Lieutenant-Governor and Bailiff, indeed, are not so much a part of the feudal system as of the centralizing tendency by which Kings of the Teutonic races have generally tempered the abuses of that system.

Mention having been made of 'parishes,' as a feature of the social framework, it may be well to observe that there is no reason to suppose that their boundaries were originally laid down for ecclesiastical purposes. It has been said that the Christianity of the islands was at first content with scattered chapels, of which there were about twenty, besides some half-dozen religious houses. This would not imply any parochial organization. The Normans sapped the vitality of the religious houses by making them subordinate to those of the mainland. It was then, in all probability, that the parish-churches began to be built, none being older than the early part of the twelfth century. Stubbs says (of the English parish) that it is the ecclesiastical form of the historical township, or body of allodial proprietors, advanced beyond the stage of land-community but retaining vestiges of that organization.\* In the islands certainly the parishes are to be regarded as representing the primitive communes, or townships, which were the original constituent groups of the Teutonic society before it became generally Christian. The parishes are not, however, coincident in area with the feudal manors, as was so largely the case in Norman England; and this is another indication that the islands, though united to Normandy at the annexation of the Côtentin, were not exactly 'conquered.' For instance, the fief, or *seigneurie*, of Rozel forms but a portion of the parish of S. Martin, as does the *seigneurie* of La Trinité of the parish of

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\* C. H. I. 96.

the same name. The *seigneurie* of Samarès is situated in the parish of S. Clement; and the like is to be seen in the manors of Guernsey. One of these—the fief of Saumarez—gives its title to an English peer, though it has passed into the hands of another family of seigneurs. Part of the manor of S. Ouen, in Jersey, is in the parish of S. Ouen, part in that of S. Peter. The conclusion may be admitted that the *communes* were never subjugated, but that certain landholders, holding *allods* in certain parishes, assigned themselves, individually, to neighbouring military chiefs, from motives of mutual convenience. There are now five *fiefs en haubert*, or of ‘knight’s service’ in Jersey; S. Ouen, Rozel, Samarès, Trinity, and Melèches. The seigneurs are entitled to be called ‘M. de S. Ouen,’ &c. These fiefs cannot be sold without the consent of the Crown.

There are no ‘hundreds’ now to be found, though the officers which once represented them (*centeniers*) still exist in Jersey, while in Guernsey the corresponding municipal officers are called *douzeniers*. All the titles of this class point to a time when groups of families in a township were associated for purposes of self-government: and if the groups no longer exist; it is not because they have been superseded by the feudal system, but because they are no longer required. Neither is there any great amount of communal action, beyond the convening of the parish-meeting (or ‘vestry’ as it would be called with us) for rating and such-like purposes. This is, doubtless, the reproduction of an old communal assembly, in a somewhat shrunken form.

One trace, however, of a more distinctly archaic nature is still to be noted, though it is one which the point of view taken in the books on the islands has generally thrown into the shade. This is the *grande charrue*—or *quérué*, as the word is locally sounded.\* When a farmer proposes to break up land requiring a great depth of furrow, he is entitled to summon the residents of his neighbourhood to his aid; and those summoned are expected to contribute cattle, and even manual labour. It is believed that, in every rural parish down to times comparatively recent, there was a communal plough of unusual size and weight kept for use on such occasions. It is difficult to see anything here but the sign of a custom coming down from a time when the population was sparse and the land not universally held in severalty (as is now the case), but, to some considerable extent, common to the whole *commune*. In the bright little work,† by

\* *Qu* takes the place of *ch* in many Norman words; e.g. *queene* for *chêne*, ‘an oak.’

† ‘The Channel Islands,’ by Henry D. Inglis. London, 1834.

this time to a great extent obsolete—which has been already cited as a useful model, we have positive statements on this important matter. Mr. Inglis says that the *grande quérue* drew an eighteen-inch furrow, and required, at least, two bullocks and eight horses to work it. He adds that it was ‘never possessed by an individual;’ and we may add, from personal enquiry, that there is an elderly gentleman now living in Jersey who remembers to have seen such a plough, in use, in a parish in which he had an estate. But even half a century ago it was reported by Inglis as ‘going out of vogue,’ and as a thing which ‘would shortly be seen no more.’ The prediction—so far as the maintenance of a communal plough is concerned—has been verified. But the system of joint-stock labour and cattle still exists among the smaller farmers.

Another trace of the primitive Aryan conceptions of society is to be observed in the still existing distinction between the alienatory power of a father as to acquired land, and the same power as to land that is ancestral. The former is far more at the father’s disposition than the latter, which would hardly be the case but for the original idea of the joint corporate family. This is a most remarkable instance of the grafting of one system on another. Acquired house-property must go to the eldest son, unless the father sells it before his death.

On the other hand, there are undoubted traces of a somewhat oppressive feudalism, though not, necessarily, pointing to complete subjugation. Sir Henry Maine, in his remarkable books on early institutions, has shown the complex origin of modern feudalism, and how, arising out of principles originally Roman, it grew into its matured form with the maturing growth of European society. The allodial proprietors, once spread over Western Europe, very generally sought the protection of the military aristocrats. Each of these was a tenant-in-chief, or State-beneficiary, and an analogous tie connected him with those who came under his protection. In consideration of immunity, by the chief’s instrumentality, from lawless attacks and depredations, the landowner was fain to agree to yield service, each to his protector. In the countries swayed by the Normans, the protector for his part received protection from the supreme chief, and paid him service in return. It was a union of Roman patronage with the hereditary allegiance of the clan, and the Teutonic kingship; only, for the one obligation there was used the word ‘*homage*,’ for the other ‘*adveu*.’ The chief-tenant (baron or knight) did *homage* to the Duke for his fief, and took the Duke for his Sovereign. The subordinate proprietors in their turn made *adveu* to the chief-tenant, who

was

was called their Suzerain.\* In such a state of things, services, reliefs, heriots, &c., would be as beneficial as possible to the stronger party, especially among an eminently practical people like the Normans. It was not that the sub-tenant—the original proprietor—of the land by any means divested himself of his ownership, or ceased to exercise the rights belonging to it by virtue of law or usage. But he had to make it worth the while of his lord to protect him; he had become (in Roman phrase) hereditary client to an hereditary patron: the words ‘vassal’ and ‘suzerain’ having been substituted when the Franco-Roman empire of Laon gave way to the French kingdom which had its centre at Paris. The adoption of the feudal system by the Normans of Neustria is dated by Mr. Freeman in A.D. 990. Among the services which then arose among them, was one that still lingers in the islands as the ‘droit de succession d’une année.’ The owner of land held under *adveu* can dispose of it if he is without issue, subject to legal limitations.† Yet, if he dies childless, or without lawful issue, the Seigneur can take the property—nominally, until the title of the heir-at-law has been established—practically, for a year and a day. A similar right prevailed elsewhere, under the feudal system, known as ‘Primer Seisin.’ Some curious instances of this right—which to modern English minds must seem most oppressive—have occurred in times comparatively recent. There is a case reported‡ as having been decided by the Privy Council in June, 1837, where it is recited that a suit of this sort between the Crown and the lord of the manor of Grainville (in the parish of S. Saviour, Jersey) had been decided by the ‘Superior Court’ of the island in November, 1832.

‘On the death of his late Majesty, King George the Fourth, without heirs of his body, the lord of the fiefs of Grainville and Petit Rozel commenced the usual proceedings for obtaining possession of the Belmont estate,§ as in the ordinary case of a tenant dying without heirs of his body surviving. . . . The Superior Court, on the 21st Nov. 1832, discharged the [Crown] from the action “with costs”; thereby, in effect, deciding that the lord of the fiefs was not entitled to such possession of the Belmont estate, the Court being of opinion that by the law of the island the King never dies, and that the estate was held by His Majesty’ [William IV.] ‘in succession.’

\* It would not be needful to point out the true meaning of this word, were it not so frequently abused in modern practice. In Littre, ‘Suzerain’ is defined as ‘Qui possède un fief dont d’autres fiefs relevent.’

† It is to be noted, however, that the power of testamentary disposition has only applied to real property since 1851.

‡ 1 Moore’s P. C. R. 439.

§ The official residence of the Lieut.-Governor.

In other words, the Jersey Court—whose judgment is cited by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as authoritative—did not deny that the Crown was the Seigneur's vassal, and subject to all the ordinary liabilities of a feudal tenure: the suit was dismissed on a totally different ground. It was held that the Crown could not be liable to the *droit de succession* because, in Jersey as in England, the Crown is what in English law is known as a Corporation Sole; and therefore no vacancy could arise on which the right could be enforced. But out of that decision another manorial right instantly emerged. For it was asserted by the Seigneur that the effect was to throw the property into mortmain, whereby his rights were quenched, and so he became entitled to compensation. Upon this claim the Seigneur brought his suit; and, the decision being in his favour in the Jersey Courts, the Crown appealed to the Privy Council (in the name of the Lieut.-Governor, General Thornton). This appeal was the origin of the case of *Thornton v. Robin*, in which occurred the recital above quoted.

The Judicial Committee upheld the decision of the local Courts, finding that the estate was undoubtedly held in mortmain. The owners of manorial rights, under Norman law, it was held, are entitled to fines or reliefs on the death or forfeiture for crime of those holding under them. This was a part of the *Grand Coutumier* which was Norman law before the separation from the mainland duchy, and therefore applicable to the Channel Islands. It must especially affect a case like the present, where the new tenant was one who never died, and could do no wrong; the fines must needs be lost in such a state of things, and compensation must needs be made for the loss of them.

Claims of this sort are therefore legal and valuable. In accordance with modern ideas, the feudal rights are now redeemable in Jersey, and in practice are constantly redeemed. But they are valued at no less than five per cent. of the selling value of the property, thus partly justifying the somewhat pedantic saying of Selden, that 'it is likely that the ill-customs of former times did extort . . . such sums of money as they pleased; and it seems that they had brought it to an arbitrary power to take what they could get, and yet all against the law.' The *Grand Coutumier*, or Norman code, is thought, indeed, not to have been reduced to writing until after the islands had become English;\* but it is certain, even in that case, that the feudal customs

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\* The Commissioners of 1847 have shown that it is of later date than the reign of S. Louis.

which it embodies must have come into operation at a much earlier period, so as to mingle themselves with the common law of the country, and even, *pro tanto*, to supersede its scope and action. Another sign of the extortionate character of Norman administration is the 'hearth-tax,' which was long levied from the islanders, priests and 'freemen' being exempt. In a word, it will probably be found that 'Norman law' is a phrase with two meanings; one, the old Frankish law of the Merovingian and Carolingian Empires, current in the Province of Neustria before the cession in the tenth century; the other, the feudal law introduced after that period, not into Normandy alone, but into the whole of Central and Western Europe.

In one respect, at least, the feudal system of the islands has an advantage over the results of the same system in England. Though there is nothing in the character of the islands to prevent game from flourishing (so that woodcock, snipe, hares, rabbits, and red-legged partridges, are still to be found by the diligent sportsman), there are no 'game-laws.' The number of small enclosed fields, coupled with the tenacity of the popular character, apparently tended to defeat the action of the feudal system here. A theory apparently prevails, to the effect that a Seigneur is at liberty to shoot over the farms within the limits of his manor. But it is believed that no Seigneur would venture to enforce such a claim in practice; and the actual rule is, that every landholder has the right to shoot over his own holding, but must not pursue the *feræ naturæ* beyond those limits, even if they should be birds reared by himself. This is, of course, no game law, but merely a law of trespass.

The consequence of the general scrupulosity with which the immemorial customs of the people have been respected, from the days of the Conquest downwards, in spite of certain irksome claims of the Seigneurs, has been very wholesome. Left to the enjoyment of their own habits and of ancestral law—modified from time to time by their own simple legislatures—the folk of Jersey and the folk of Guernsey have maintained an active tradition of loyalty.\* It is true that this attachment has, as a rule, been paid rather to the Crown than to the Parliamentary Government; and the temporary siding of the Guernseymen with the Parliament during the Civil War is only an apparent exception due to temporary causes. But the fact remains, that between their two mighty neighbours they have always drawn the same distinction. England is the country of their choice; France, whose language they speak, is the land of their

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\* See the testimony of the Royal Commissioners of 1847 and 1860.

abhorrence. It is strange, but true; and the history of the islands teems with illustrations. For many centuries the French tried to annex them; but in no single instance did the islanders as a body waver in their attitude of the most uncompromising resistance. Though differing with us in matters concerning their independence—though, when there were two Governments in England, each island dared to take a line of its own—(so that Guernsey besieged the Royal Governor for years, while Jersey stoutly withstood the forces of Cromwell), the people have shown the same feeling from remote generations. They have bowed to the clearly expressed will of the Crown of England; they have stood prepared to resist all attacks on the part of their continental neighbours.

At what exact time these attempts began may not be quite clear. There is a tradition that, on the first transfer of the duchy to France (1203–4 A.D.) Philip Augustus made attacks upon Jersey, which were repulsed by the inhabitants. The first historical record, however, of such events goes no higher than the age of Edward III., in whose reign the islands were undoubtedly exposed to serious and continual efforts from France or in French interests. A private document—first brought to light, we believe, by Mr. Bertrand Payne—sets forth that in 1338, after a brief popular commotion, the island of Guernsey fell into French hands. If so, the occupation must have been of importance, for the French were certainly there so late as 1344, when they were finally expelled. The leader of the people on that occasion was named Jean de la Marche du bas, and he was aided by volunteers from Jersey. That island was, in her turn, assailed. In Sir Robert Cotton's 'Abridgement' is found an Address from Parliament of those days, calling upon the King 'to keep the sea, to provide for the navy, and to defend the islands of Jersey and Guernsey.' In the Treaty of Bretigny—by which English claims to Normandy were formally abandoned—specific exception was made of these islands. But, as the warlike King grew old, and his heroic son was sinking into a premature grave, the French everywhere assumed the attitude of aggression. Their wise King, seconded by Bertrand du Guesclin, wrested from the English, one by one, nearly all their continental conquests. The combined fleets of France and Castille renewed the war at sea. A new descent was made on the coast of Guernsey, headed (according to Froissart) by a Welsh prince named Evan. This occurred in 1372–3; and Sir Edmund Rose, the English commander, was driven into Castle Cornet: but in the end the attempt failed. Meanwhile Bertrand du Guesclin laid siege to the fortress of Gorey on the east coast of Jersey, now known as Mont Orgueil.

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The siege was conducted with all the resources of war, as then understood. But the castle held out until relieved by the appearance of an English naval squadron. Thus the Islands had the honour of being the only portion of the King's possessions which successfully opposed the greatest French general of the Middle Ages.

This troublesome age of hostility was succeeded by a long period of peace; and it was not until the unhappy reign of Henry VI. that it was broken. During the earlier reverses of the Lancastrian party, the energetic Queen Margaret of Anjou found it expedient to seek refuge with her kinsman the King of France. To induce him to send help to her husband's cause in England, she offered to cede the Channel Islands. But there was a sort of international public opinion in those days, mainly represented by the Pope. Louis XI. was too astute a politician to put himself openly in the wrong by accepting such an offer; yet the bribe was tempting. He accordingly allowed a sort of 'semi-official' expedition to be organized by the Séneschal of Normandy, Pierre de Dreux-Brezé, Count of Maulévrier, who repaired to England, at the same time sending a detachment to take possession of Jersey. The castle of Gorey—which had by that time acquired its present name, 'Mont Orgueil'—was then the seat of Government; and by preconcerted arrangement that Castle admitted a French garrison in the year 1462. The Seneschal presently crossed over from England, and took up his quarters at Mont Orgueil. Here, for the next few years, he ruled over the six eastern parishes of Jersey. But the remaining portion of the island held out, under the leadership of the Seigneur of S. Ouen, Philip de Carteret; and, so soon as the Yorkist claimant had secured the English throne, under the title of Edward IV., the Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Harleston was sent to Carteret's assistance. Stationing his ships at Guernsey, Harleston repaired privately to Jersey, and held a conference with the patriotic Seigneur at S. Ouen. This resulted in a plan for the expulsion of the French, which proved completely successful. While the fleet, under Harleston, blockaded the Eastern shores, the militia, commanded by Carteret, invested the Castle of Gorey on the landward side. The French made an obstinate defence, marked by vigorous sorties, in one of which the Seigneur of Rozel was slain. But it was to no purpose. Deprived of supplies, and despairing of help from the politic Louis, the garrison had to beat the *chamade* in the month of September, 1468.

The great military event of the next century was the taking of the levies out of the power of the Seigneurs, and casting them  
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into the form of a public militia. This is known to have been begun by Henry VII. That wise and wary statesman had visited Jersey while still a private adventurer; and when he became King, he was led to interfere by his local experience no less than by the general principles of his policy. By the beginning of the seventeenth century the militia in its new character had become almost as numerous as it has ever been; and a return—to be specified presently—was made in the reign of James I. It is given by Le Quesne, and shows that each of the twelve Jersey parishes furnished a company. In the war of the Great Rebellion, while the King's governor in Guernsey, with a small garrison, was cooped up in Castle Cornet, the men of the sister island proved both loyal and active. Under a descendant of the patriotic lord of S. Ouen, who delivered the island from Maulévrier, the Jersey militia had the hardihood to resist Cromwell. In 1651, however, they were conquered by a small division under Major-General Haines, supported by Admiral Blake with the fleet. It has been supposed that during this struggle the King's party contemplated ceding the islands to France, as Margaret of Anjou had done in the civil war of two centuries before. It has even been averred that Harry Jermyn, Queen Henrietta-Maria's favourite—who was hereditary Governor—had agreed to receive 200,000 pistoles as his share of the purchase-money. But the story is unproved; neither Charles II. nor his virtuous councillor, Hyde, has been in any credible way implicated in any such transaction; and there can be little doubt that both islands would have heartily co-operated with Cromwell to prevent the transaction, could it have been attempted.

In the last century a certain Prince of Nassau\* made an unsuccessful attempt to land a force on the west coast of Jersey. A year later a friend of his, a M. Macquart—styling himself 'Baron de Rullecourt'—resolved on renewing the effort. This is the expedition whose defeat is commemorated in the inaccurate but spirited painting by Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, well known to visitors at the National Gallery. This affair, which has made a profound impression on the popular mind in Jersey,† was in the last year of the American war, when the French Government had—in a manner that poor Louis XVI. came to repent—contributed vigorously to the embarrassments of England in the struggle with her Transatlantic colonies. Dumouriez was in command at Cherbourg;

\* Not the reigning prince, but a member of the family who served in the French army.

† A centenary publication appeared in 1881, containing a quantity of evidence on the subject.

but he was not charged with any part of the undertaking, of which he openly expressed his disapprobation. As in the mediæval affair of Maulévrier, the project was 'semi-official.' Rullecourt—a colonel on the French staff—was allowed to collect a body of 1200 men of the Royal Army under the guise of volunteers, to prepare boats and stores, and to embark at Granville in December 1780. He was provided with a passport from the Prince of Salm-Kyrburg, in which he is called 'le Sieur Phillippe Charles Félix Macquart, Chevalier Baron de Rullecourt, Colonel au corps des volontaires de Nassau.' That he was acting with the connivance of the French Government can hardly be doubted, though the conduct of that Government was marked by the most abject imbecility. Though a ruined adventurer, he was well provided with funds, arms, ammunition; the men belonged to the Royal forces; and the first of his despatches—apparently addressed to Nassau—expressly states, not only that the Court took an interest in the expedition, but that the correspondent—whoever he was—had received orders to refuse nothing that might be asked for. If Rullecourt succeeded, he was to be Governor of Jersey, with the brevet of General. The expedition was at first successful. The Governor was taken prisoner in his house; \* several other persons in authority were also captured, and the prisoners were marched to the Court House in the market-place, now known as 'the Royal Square.' But Major Pierson, who was next in military rank, rallied the troops, and finally overpowered and disarmed the French soldiers. This was the last attempt that France made to grasp the little wasps' nests. It is very remarkable that so great a soldier as Bonaparte, though seeing in the islands both stepping-stones of invasion and coigns of vantage for privateering, never thought it worth his while to undertake their conquest. One is reminded of the ballad, quoted by Sir Walter Scott, in regard to another great conqueror:—

'Alexander, King of Macedon,

Conquered all the world but Scotland alone;

When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,

To see a little nation courageous and bold.'

The harbour of S. Helier, Jersey, is now of easy access at high water, while in any tide ships can enter that of S. Peter Port in Guernsey. But both are commanded by heights fortified on the principles of modern science. Properly supported by the people, a small naval squadron and a moderate garrison

\* Still standing, as 'La Motte House,' at the top of the street of the same name.

would render the defence of the islands a matter of common vigilance, so few are the landing-places and so short the distances from place to place. What the spirit of the people is, and how firm their resolve to maintain the English connection, has been shown in modern times, though not against the French. In the last year but one of the eighteenth century, when Ireland was still aching with the memories of '98, and the negotiations for the Union were still unfinished, a battalion was sent into garrison in Guernsey, consisting entirely, or almost entirely, of Celtic Irish. One night they rose, imprisoned their officers, and went into open mutiny under leaders of their choice. The island militia assembled in the morning; with guns and small arms they surrounded the malcontents and summoned them to surrender. So imposing and determined was their attitude, and so overpowering their superiority in all respects, that by 4 o'clock in the afternoon the mutineers were convinced of the helplessness of resistance, and were persuaded to release their officers and lay down their arms.

Candour demands the admission, that a serious imputation was made against Guernsey loyalty, some years later, by a most distinguished officer. In Lord Aberdare's 'Life of Sir William Napier' will be found a full account of that gallant and gifted veteran's unhappy term of office as Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey. The historian of the Peninsular War was a strong-willed soldier, in whom constitutional vehemence of character was exasperated by ill-health. Such a man was readily brought into collision with a set of sensitive islanders, jealous of their local customs and privileges. The most significant commentary on the whole matter is that the Lieutenant-Governor was ultimately recalled,\* along with the additional troops that he had deemed necessary for his protection. No serious case of friction between the people of either island and the Crown has been since recorded.

On two recent occasions the island militia have taken part with the troops in turning out to defend the island against dangers—real or imagined—from Fenian visitations. The latest display of their Anglophile propensities was less serious, though even more spontaneous. A clever and eccentric Scots Professor, not very many months ago, delivered a lecture to a mixed audience at S. Helier, in the course of which he spoke to the people of their dependent position. Among their compensatory blessings, he told them, was this:—that, if ever they were threatened with neglect or oppression by the English,

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\* A.D. 1847.

they could always throw themselves into the arms of France. But loud and general expressions of disapproval rose from all parts of the hall, and warned the distinguished lecturer that he was treading on dangerous ground. The Jersey people were perhaps not conscious of the threatened evil: the remedy, clearly, was not to their taste.

The militia of the islands may thus be regarded as a frontier-force; and it has evidently, throughout all changes, maintained a very considerable vitality. Originally formed out of the feudal levies, it became a public institution from the time of Henry VII., that closing-point of medieval history. The militia passed under the control of the Royal Governors, just as the civil administration passed from the Courts of the Seigneurs into the jurisdiction of the Royal Court. In the reign of James I. (1617) the strength of the Jersey force was returned at 2675 men, officered by the rural gentry, and partly supplied with the rude fire-arms of the period. It received something like its present form and organization in the reign of Charles II. It is now completely established, as a small unmounted army, consisting—in Jersey and Guernsey—of two regiments of artillery, six regiments of rifles, with small details of artillery for Sark and Alderney. The total of the four islands may amount to 4000 effectives, with a similar number of reserve-forces, formed of those who have served their full time with the colours. These last-named are exempt from ordinary exercise, but are liable to be called out on emergency, up to the age of 60. The total Jersey reserve, for example, was 2204 men at the end of the year 1884, of whom 287 were trained gunners. It is probable that, in case of invasion, nearly 1800 of these men could be at once added to the effective ranks, which they would about double. Over three thousand of such men, of hereditary bravery and fighting for hearth and home, would form a valuable support to regular troops, acting against an enemy who might attempt the descent upon an island with only half-a-dozen accessible landing-places. In fact, each island—so long as the spirit of the people remains what it is—may be fairly called an impregnable outwork.

In this connection it may be added that, about the time of Rullecourt's enterprise, a French officer—probably no other than Dumouriez, though he is cited anonymously by *Le Quesne*—thus described the character of the islanders:—

‘They form a body of very well-disciplined militia, which would be prepared to repulse an enemy, even when landed. Their attachment to the English Government is very strong, and proportioned to their interest.’

Sentiments of loyalty, supported by a sense of interest, constitute an excellent moral defence for a small community; and the sentiments and interest of 1781 have had much to strengthen them, as we have seen, since that date. Nevertheless—or perhaps one ought to say, accordingly—the islanders have undertaken a task which is onerous and peculiar to them above what devolves on other British subjects. Onerous at all times, the duty in time of war would be serious and unceasing. This is no case of holiday service or ordinary playing at soldiers; though purely honorary, it is by no means optional, like the service of the Volunteers. Spurred by inherited instincts, the people of the Channel Islands—amounting to less than 90,000 souls—have recognized the greatest duty of the citizen, and have given a full tithe of themselves for their country's defence. The officers are native gentlemen, commissioned by the Lieutenant-Governor as representative of the Crown; and they serve without pay (like the men), and provide their own dress and accoutrements. During the winter the recruits and men, who have been away from the islands, are exercised in detail at the various arsenals. In summer they assemble for field-days and reviews. Though not under martial law, their conduct as soldiers is subject to the jurisdiction of the Royal Court, to which they are specially amenable for breaches of discipline, and offences of a military nature.

The members of the Court also serve gratuitously, with the exception of the Bailiff, the Sheriff, and the law-officers—each of them receiving a salary, though one which to English ears sounds extremely small. The constables—important municipal officers of the nature of mayors—are also unpaid. All these gratuitous military and civil employments are unique, and produce an amount of public spirit and economy for which these tiny republics are honourably distinguished. The price of their services is, in fact, to be found in the immunities and privileges that they enjoy. At one time the islands and their coasts were protected against war by the public law of Europe. The people have still all the rights of British subjects, with complete immunity from imperial taxation. Their local administration is provided for by an import duty on wines and liquors, of which the importation averages about 4½ gallons a head per annum. A further item of revenue arises from the fees on licences to deal in wine, &c. There is also a low rating on island-property for local purposes, such as the police and lighting of the public thoroughfares. Life is thus rendered as easy as the requirements of modern civilization will admit; and it is free from the intense competition and hurry which are so wearing

wearing to ordinary denizens of Great Britain. And the calm of this little-ruffled existence is deepened by the mild climate and the minimizing of secondary wants. Here, the scenery of Wild Wales is bathed in the atmosphere of the Riviera;\* the mean temperature is nearly 60° Fahr.; and the soil often bears two crops in the year; frost and snow are rare; and semi-tropical plants flourish in open gardens. It is a kindly nook, such as Flaccus fancied for his old age's retreat:—

‘ Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet  
Juppiter brumas.’

The fertility of the soil, probably not developed to its full capacity, is almost double that of England. The island farmers, however, pay but little attention to the growth of cereals, which (in peace time) come to them in abundance from foreign countries. Besides extensive market-gardens, their tilled land is chiefly divided between potatoes—of which nearly 30,000 lbs. have been got from a single acre—and hay, or fancy grasses. In the neighbourhood of towns, land rents as high as 16*l.* an acre. The cows, for which the islands are famous, feed on the best pastures, tethered by the horns; and on this system it is reckoned that 1½ acres of land will suffice to yield sufficient pasturage for a good milker.

In regard to details, there is a difference between one island and another. The Jersey cow is smaller than the cow of Guernsey or Alderney. The climate of Guernsey is cooler and less dry than that of Jersey; and it is more favourable to flowers, whether wild or cultivated.† The nursery-gardens of Guernsey are widely celebrated; camellias and oleanders bloom in the gardens of the gentry; and the cottages of the peasantry are covered with creeping plants, roses, and geraniums. In both the larger islands violets and fuchsias flower all through the winter. The habits of the people are frugal and provident; a keen love of money is the national fault. Pauperism is almost unknown among the natives; and so, it may be said, is crime; and this is truly remarkable when it is remembered that the population is by far the densest in the world, being considerably over one thousand souls to the square mile. Guernsey is thought, both socially and politically, to be more aristocratic than Jersey; and the Jurats in the former are appointed by an electoral college, instead of being elected

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\* The great poet already cited says: ‘ Les îles de la Manche sont les îles d’Hyères de l’Angleterre. Telle paroisse . . . passe pour une petite Nice.’—Victor Hugo, 63.

† Jersey slopes to the south. The slope of Guernsey is in the opposite direction.

by universal suffrage, as in Jersey; the Royal Court in the smaller island has legislative power; almost independent, practically, of the States. The constitution of Jersey was once similar; but it was altered in 1771, since which date there has been in that island a regular assembly, consisting—as above said—of official members sitting along with deputies elected by the people. Many reforms have been suggested in times subsequent to 1771; and doubtless, in respect of details, there are changes which would be advantageous, and which will be introduced gradually, and with the consent of the people. But the spirit of the Report of 1860 cannot be too anxiously preserved, namely to make no change for the sake of change, or such as to derogate from the self-reliance and self-government by which the people are so honourably distinguished.

To the geologist, the botanist, and the conchologist, the entire group presents a wide and varied field of interest, of which the details will be found in the writings of Ansted and G. H. Lewes. But their special value is for the politician and the student of history. To these they present living microcosms of primitive Aryan life, slowly adapting themselves to slowly changing environments. Looking back at the earlier records, it surprises us to find what endurance there has been in the various institutions and habits of the people, so solidly and providently did the rude forefather build. The municipal life, which formed the history of Athens and Sparta, of Venice and Florence, has been here singularly united to the expanding instincts of a mighty empire, under whose federal protection the integer of local administration has continued to coincide with the integer of local interest.

With an honourable history in the past, and a present character for good conduct, contentment, and prosperity,\* these modern Hesperides are a credit no less to their own small but vigorous communities, than to the great country of which they have so strangely shared the fortunes.

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\* The commercial tonnage of the islands has trebled in the last seventy years, or since the great war with France.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.* By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division. In 2 vols. London, 1885.
2. *Echoes from Old Calcutta; being chiefly Reminiscences of the days of Warren Hastings, Francis, and Impey.* By H. E. Busteed. Calcutta, 1882.
3. *Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey: compiled from authentic Documents in refutation of the calumnies of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay.* By Elijah Barwell Impey. London, 1846.
4. *Howell's State Trials.* Vol. XX.

**T**HE lines in which Lord Macaulay has drawn the character of Sir Elijah Impey are strong and deep. In that famous essay, that thrills us with all the magic of a romance, the Chief Justice of Bengal is the foil to the Governor-General. Hastings bears the strong imperious soul, and, when he errs, errs nobly and proudly. When Impey sins, it is from the mere love of meanness and corruption. Hastings looks 'like a great man, and not like a bad man.' Impey is ever the creature and the tool. To heighten the picture, to aggravate the contrast, every resource of Macaulay's matchless rhetoric is employed, every note in his subtle gamut of invective set ringing. In very boyhood Impey is hunted out, and we are shown him already venal and subservient, 'hired' by Hastings 'with a tart or a ball' to play the worst part in their 'boyish pranks.' When Impey lands in India, it is with the words that had Hastings 'searched through all the Inns of Court he could not have found an equally serviceable tool.' Next he is the judge that will 'not hear of mercy or delay,' the judge who refuses to respite a prisoner that he may 'gratify the Governor-General;' he who, 'sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose.' 'No other such judge has dishonoured the English ermine since Jeffreys drank himself to death in the Tower.' To call Hastings in fault if he bribed him is, 'to charge the payer of the ransom with corrupting the virtue of the corsair.' For on one occasion the corsair, the captive, and the ransomer, was 'not an unfair illustration of the relative positions of Impey, Hastings, and the people of India.' His love of what is loathsome and corrupt makes him hurry across India to find congenial work. 'It was not easy for him to intrude himself into a business so entirely alien from all his official duties. But there was something inexpressibly alluring, we must suppose,

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in the peculiar rankness of the infamy which was then to be got at Lucknow.' To the end there is not one redeeming ray cast on the features of this monster of injustice and corruption, who lies down under this weight of crime, 'rich, quiet, and infamous.' It is with the contemptuous words that 'the time was approaching when he was to be stripped of that robe which has never since the Revolution been disgraced so foully as by him,' that Macaulay flings him off to the condemnation of the world. Such are the terms that have made Sir Elijah Impey a figure almost as familiar to English-speaking people as the warriors of the Iliad or the characters of Shakspeare.

The charge in the main rests on one event—the trial of Nuncomar. In the famous phrase of Burke, which has since echoed in a thousand different forms, 'Mr. Hastings murdered Nuncomar by the hand of Sir Elijah Impey.' 'Judicial murder,'—such is the crime imputed. Of a crime more hideous a man cannot well be accused, and, if true, no words can be too strong to condemn him. But if these charges are not true, not lightly can we blame him who, without duly weighing the proofs on which they rested, clothed them with the enchantments of his art, and lent them wings to fly where the faint voice of denial and disproof will sound but an empty and unheeded echo.

It is our contention that the charges are not true, and that Sir James Stephen has in the work before us proved conclusively that Impey, instead of being a second Jeffreys, was a man not other than just and fair-minded, and that in particular at the trial of Nuncomar he conducted himself with all that impartiality that is to be looked for in a judge. Sir James Stephen, in the Preface to the book at the head of this article, tells us, that a consideration of the historical importance of the administration of criminal justice led him to examine, 'with a lawyer's eye, some of the more remarkable of the trials in which our history abounds.' As a result of this examination he was at first inclined to take up the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. Finding, however, that to do this as a whole was a task almost too great to undertake, he decided to make an experiment by investigating the Story of Nuncomar; for that was a subject which, lying within comparatively narrow limits, might be accomplished within a reasonable time. We may venture to hope that the interest, which the present work can hardly fail to excite, will be an inducement to its author to resume his suspended plan for treating the Trial of Hastings. Such a work by Sir James Stephen would be a priceless contribution to English and Indian history. Nothing can be said too

highly

highly in praise of the completeness with which he has carried out his present task. His attitude throughout is judicial. It is as if the trial of Nuncomar had come before him for rehearing. With the most careful attention to the minute details of evidence in accusation and defence, he has digested the materials before him. For such a work the ground had not even been prepared. The defence of Impey, published by his son, is a work beyond comparison, confused, tedious, and irrelevant; and, but for their pathetic earnestness, the clumsy attacks on Macaulay do more to excite ridicule than to carry conviction to the reader.

Sir James Stephen, then, in making his defence exhaustive, has had no easy task. If any of his readers should complain that they miss in his work that perfect symmetry, that absence of redundancy which the highest literary standard may require, they have only to turn to the materials themselves to discover, that in this case such symmetry of form would have been inconsistent with that judicial accuracy, with which Sir James Stephen has determined to charge the jury of historical students. No one, who compares his account of the evidence at the trial with the report itself, can fail to be struck by the close and faithful manner in which each doubt or difficulty is commented on or explained. It is seldom indeed that an historical subject, requiring imperatively as this does exact and judicial treatment, has secured an exponent essentially accomplished in these very requirements. In the present case it would be difficult to exaggerate the advantage which the future historian of India will derive from this work, or to over-estimate the peculiar interest which attaches to the record of a cause, thus interpreted step by step and day by day, by a judge so highly distinguished as Sir James Stephen in the theory and practice of our criminal law. Many pleasanter tasks might doubtless have been chosen to occupy the leisure of one who belongs to not the least hard-worked body of men in England; and no small honour, then, is due to the writer who has considered it a public trust to vindicate the memory of an innocent judge on whom a world-wide obloquy had fallen. Admitting the great abilities and extensive knowledge of Lord Macaulay, it is a subject of the gravest regret that he did not investigate the charges, on which he so vehemently declaimed. Had he investigated them, we hope he could never have written as he has done. Yet his fault in this matter cannot easily be exaggerated. It is true that the sources of information to which he would naturally have had recourse were poisoned; but this does not absolve him of responsibility. Mill, in particular, was here a most dangerous guide, and

one, we fear, who could not claim the excuse of being misled; for the materials on which to found a truer view must have been before him, and nothing but that rooted love of detraction, which defaces his history on every page, could have blinded him to the merits of the case. With him it is always the same. No student of Indian history who has followed the misrepresentations of Wellesley, and even of the blameless Cornwallis, will be surprised that he did not do justice to Impey, or will wonder that, after full investigation, Sir James Stephen charges him with falsehood, bad faith, and inaccuracy. The world, in fact, has been completely deceived by James Mill's way of writing, and has been unable to conceive that anything so dull could be untrue. Yet such is the case. As Sir James Stephen says, 'his excessive dryness and severity of style produce an impression of accuracy and labour, which a study of original authorities does not by any means confirm.' Macaulay too was no doubt influenced by the furious rhetoric of Sir Gilbert Elliot—Impey's accuser before the Commons—and by the magnificent denunciations of Burke.

We now proceed to show that the view adopted by Lord Macaulay was essentially wrong. An examination of the evidence given at the trial of Nuncomar, the man whom Impey is accused of judicially murdering, must be preceded by some account of the chief actors in the events that took place before the trial, and by a slight narrative of the events themselves. Of Nuncomar it is difficult to form any very clear conception. We know that he was tall and graceful in person, and of a constitution of extraordinary strength and vigour. As a Brahmin, he preserved the purity of his caste with even more than the perfection of ritual required of his order. The Mahomedan chronicler,\* who recorded the dying throes of the Mogul Empire, speaks of him thus: 'He was a man of wicked disposition and a haughty temper, envious to a high degree, and on bad terms with the greater part of mankind, although he had conferred favours on two or three, and was firm in his attachments.' Lord Clive had accused him of forgery and treachery, and his name was at one time a constant subject of contumely among the directors in Leadenhall Street. But though it seems in vain to seek for any marked personal traits—unless it be the fortitude with which he met his death—the actual events of his life are clear enough. The political disintegration, which took place throughout Bengal before the complete establishment of English rule, brought into view

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\* See note on p. 100.

two men of remarkable gifts—Mahomed Rheza Khan, the representative of the Musulman; Nuncomar, of the Hindoo interests. We cannot here stop to relate, how first one and then the other of these great opposing figures were made use of by the English Governors. Clive, when he left Bengal for the last time, had established the power of the Mahomedan, and had expressed emphatically his dislike and distrust of Nuncomar. Hastings had bitter personal feelings against the Hindoo, and, from private as well as from public motives, would have preferred to have withheld employment from him permanently. This, however, was not to be. Whether, as Lord Macaulay suggests, the crafty Hindoo was actually able to bring a secret influence to bear even in Leadenhall Street, or whether policy alone dictated the step, it is difficult to say; but at any rate the fact remains, that the Secret Committee, who controlled the affairs of the Company in London, determined to pull down Mahomed Rheza Khan from his offices, and, if need be, to make use of Nuncomar as the instrument of his destruction. To this course Hastings consented. The great Mahomedan officer fell, and with him the last remnant of native authority in Bengal. Nuncomar was not, as the Secret Committee had suggested, personally rewarded, but ‘the office of treasurer of the household was bestowed’ on his son: an appointment which, while it prevented Nuncomar from saying his services had gone unrewarded, placed no power in his hands. Nuncomar’s ambition had been to fill the post which his help had been used to abolish, and the destruction of his rival thus gave but a fresh impulse to the hatred he felt for Hastings. He awaited only the opportunity to take his revenge on the Governor-General.

We need not repeat in detail the events of the latter part of the year 1774. It is well known, that at the close of that year was established in Bengal the new government, administrative and judicial, which had been called into existence by the Regulation Act. It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that in the eighteenth century there was no opportunity to make any fundamental change in the English Constitution. The Act, which established the rule of the Governor-General in Council and the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, gives us some notion of what the work of the constitution-makers of those times was likely to have been. In that age the first thought of a continental monarch, who was anxious to liberalize his government, was to introduce into his administration what was called the collegiate system—that is, to administer his country by boards, not by individual ministers. This system the rulers of the eighteenth century considered the panacea for all that

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was evil and oppressive in government. By this means, apparently, it was sought to remedy the oppressions of the English in India. Whereas before English power in Bengal had been wielded by the Governor with only a consultative Council, the whole force of government was now, by the Regulation Act of 1773, vested in the majority of the Council, in which the Governor-General was but the figure-head, unless the Council should be equally divided, when he possessed a casting vote. Another favourite principle of the English theorists was the absolute separation of the Judicature and the Administration. This no doubt in England was a wise and salutary arrangement, where the respective functions of the Judicature and the Executive were accurately defined. To introduce such a system into Bengal, where nothing was settled or defined, was simply to court confusion and anarchy. In Calcutta there was already a Court administering English law. This Court had been by no means free from complaints as to its administration; and, if not corrupt, its procedure was clumsy and inefficient. It was superseded by a full Court of Judicature, consisting of a Chief Justice and three Puisne Judges. The Court thus constituted was to be a 'Court of Oyer and Terminer, and gaol delivery in and for the town of Calcutta and factory of Fort William,' and was, on its criminal side, 'to enquire by the oaths of good and sufficient men of all treasons, murders, and other felonies, forgeries, perjuries, trespasses, and other crimes and misdemeanours, heretofore had, done or committed, or which shall hereafter be had, done or committed within the said town or factory.'

The vicissitudes of individuals have always been deemed a fitting subject for moralization and comment by the historian. Perhaps the vicissitudes of institutions open out a field for reflection no less strange and attractive. When the Angevin Henry perfected that system of Judicial Administration which his Norman namesake had begun, and sent his justices itinerant throughout England to meet in full county court the knights and freeholders of the shire, who could have imagined that the King's Justices would one day open that same commission in the Factory of Fort William by the Ganges, and that an institution, which still bore at every turn some trace of its primitive origins, should stand side by side with the still more venerable traditions of the Brahmin ritual? Nuncomar, when he pleaded that he put himself 'upon his God and his peers,' and then on 'his God and his country,' did not know that perhaps he was in touch with an inheritance from that Aryan stock of which he was in blood the purest representative, and

and that at any rate the words he had employed contained a reference to a form of trial which, though obsolete in England, still flourished in Bengal, and with which he was familiar—the trial by the Ordeal. But perhaps such speculations will be condemned as pedantic, and we shall be told that we ought rather to point out the want of lucidity in the English race, which alone could have allowed them to introduce into India the barbarous and cumbrous arrangements of a trial by jury.

The power that was given to the majority of the Council, and which was put in effect immediately on their landing in Bengal, was in reality given to Francis, for he alone was capable of the undertaking. Whether Francis was or was not Junius, or whether some secret conclave at Stowe made Francis ‘the conduit pipe’ through which the malignity of a defeated faction was poured upon its enemies, will never now be known by any physical proof; unless, indeed, that sumptuous copy of the ‘Letters,’ bound in white and gold, which, with all the solicitude of a book-lover, Junius requested Woodfall to have prepared for his secret delight should, marked with indications of its possessor, be restored to light from the shelves of some forgotten library. At any rate, the character of Francis did not yield in its malignity and vigour to the great unknown. His capacity for affairs was immense; yet so purely personal were his aims and his ambition, that he has left a name in history hardly commensurate with his great abilities. Bold, brutal, and determined, his attitude towards the world was always that of attack. He made hardly a show of feeling or high principle. He boasted that his personal animosity to Impey was such, that he was not fit to sit in judgment on him. As a young man, he was singularly handsome; and women were universally fascinated by his brilliant manners. Yet it was characteristic of the man that his successes did nothing to soften his feelings, but left him as rancorous a defamer of their sex as if he had been a dwarf or a cripple soured by contempt or neglect. As an old man, we are told, he would gloat over the wounds he might inflict, the women he might ruin, the families on which he might bring confusion, were he to publish the secrets of his diaries. Yet it would be easy to overdraw his character. Beyond this frank brutality, this lack of the finer feelings of humanity, his faults do not seem to have extended. He was no hypocrite, he made no false professions, and, if he gave no quarter, at least he expected none. He neither deceived himself nor others, and when we consider the struggle in which his early life was passed, it is hardly to be wondered at that his mind hardened as it did. He was not a monster of iniquity,  
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but he had learnt an evil lesson from the battle of life—the lesson that to show mercy and consideration for others was to indulge the height of weakness and folly.

It is not necessary to repeat here the opening of the quarrel between Hastings and the majority of the Council. Our readers will remember how, when the Council seemed to have gained a complete victory, and Hastings's power in Bengal was a name, Nuncomar came forward to charge the Governor-General with having sold offices and received bribes; how the Council voted the charges true; how Nuncomar seemed to have gained that power and position at which he had so long been aiming; and how in the moment of his triumph Nuncomar fell, not by the re-establishment of the influence of Hastings, not by any withdrawal of support from Francis and his fellows in the Council, but by the act of a private accuser. Nuncomar was arrested on the charge of forgery; and, after a case had been made out against him before two of the Judges, Mr. Justice Hyde and Mr. Justice Le Maistre, sitting as Justices of the Peace, he was committed to the common gaol. Nothing doubtless could have been more fortunate for Hastings. In a moment not only the fountain-head was dried up, but with it perished and shrank to nothing all the other torrents of accusation that Nuncomar's first triumph had set flowing. Because it was so fortunate for Hastings, Lord Macaulay assumes without question that it must be 'the opinion of every one, idiots and biographers excepted, that Hastings was the real mover in the business.' That it must be so he cites no suspicious circumstance; he gives no hint of proof; he is apparently content to consider the benefit that Hastings undoubtedly derived from Nuncomar's destruction a sufficient proof that he was the destroyer; and refuses to consider that Nuncomar may have had private enemies whose hatred, though it did not spring from such great issues, may yet have been none the less deadly and determined. The charge against Nuncomar was, that in 1770, six years before, he had forged a bond purporting to have been given him by a certain native banker, Bollakey Doss. When Bollakey Doss died, Nuncomar had tried to prove the bond against his estate. The whole question had come before the civil court of Calcutta in an action as to the distribution of the testator's estate. Here the charge of forgery against Nuncomar had first been made, and proceedings had gone so far, that Nuncomar (it is alleged by Impey in his defence) had actually been arrested and imprisoned on this very charge. But matters had stopped here. The Mayor's Court—and this was one of the great arguments used in favour of setting up the Supreme Court—was not always

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as independent as it should have been. Nuncomar was at that time making himself useful to the Government, and Hastings, according to Impey, ordered him to be released from prison. The accuracy of this statement is doubted by Sir James Stephen. With all due deference to the weight that attaches to his opinion, we are inclined to differ from him. Impey was an accurate man, and was far too careful to have weakened his very strong case by an assertion which might have been proved untrue. That the fact was not essential to his argument makes this all the stronger. All Impey had to prove was, that a criminal prosecution was determined on before the accusations against Hastings, and of this he had other proofs. Months before Nuncomar brought his charges, and before the Council or the Judges had reached Calcutta, the prosecutor had attempted to proceed criminally in the case. This, however, he could not do unless he could get possession of the bond itself, which was then among the papers connected with the civil suit, and impounded in the Mayor's Court. Accordingly the prosecutor's attorney, Mr. Driver, moved that he should have possession of the document in question. This was refused him, and he was therefore unable, so long as the bond was withheld, to institute any further proceedings. This was in March 1774.

Towards the end of October in the same year, the Supreme Court, which superseded the Mayor's Court, and was empowered to take over all its papers and records, landed in India. Mr. Farrer, afterwards Nuncomar's counsel, had arrived at Calcutta a day or two before the Judges. About a month after he had been there he was applied to by Mr. Driver, who instructed him to move the Supreme Court for the delivery of the papers, which had now passed into their custody. In January 1775 the motion was made, though, owing to a delay in obeying the order, and the necessity for a fresh motion, the papers were not actually delivered up till the end of April. On the 6th of May, a date which shows that, as soon as the bond had been secured, proceedings were commenced, Nuncomar was committed to take his trial.

These facts show conclusively that the charge made against Nuncomar was no stale accusation vamped up at the demand of Hastings, but one regularly and deliberately conceived by a private person long before the Governor-General had been accused by Nuncomar.

On the 8th of June his case came on for hearing at a Commission for Oyer and Terminer, which had been opened on the 3rd of the same month. The actual trial lasted seven days. During the seven days the Court never adjourned, sitting through  
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the Sunday, and on the last day not rising till 4 A.M. In the words of the reporter, 'The Court made no adjournment, but one of the Judges at least always remaining in the Court, or in a room adjoining and open to the Court. The jury retired to another adjoining room, under the charge of the sheriff's officers, to take refreshment and to sleep. The Court met the next day about eight in the morning, and proceeded on the cause; the like was done on the end of each day, and at other times in the trial when refreshment was necessary.' 'The Judges,' we are told by the author of the lively work on Old Calcutta, the title of which stands at the head of this article, 'wore their heavy wigs, and, tradition says, retired three or four times daily to change their linen.' In our days, to carry on a trial in Calcutta in June on such a system would seem impossible. What must it have been when there were no punkahs and no ice with which to alleviate the heat and discomfort of the Court, and before a Chief Justice who confesses to being subject 'once or twice a year to violent attacks of cholera morbus'?

Before examining in detail the evidence given at the trial, it will be necessary to consider the offence with which Impey has been charged, in order to see in what manner he could have committed it, and what indications we ought to be on the watch for, in his conduct at the trial. Impey is accused of the judicial murder of Nuncomar. Yet the trial did not take place before Impey alone. With the Chief Justice sat the three Puisne Judges, Hyde, Chambers, and Le Maistre. Their powers, unless they were equally divided, were as great as his, and he alone would have been powerless to murder Nuncomar. A Chief Justice is not a commander-in-chief, and the whole traditions of the English bench are against according him any such position. As it was, however, the whole Court concurred not only in the summing-up, but in the sentence and in the refusal of a respite. Impey then could be no more guilty than they; unless it can be shown that in some way he contrived to influence his brethren unfairly, to bear down their opposition, or to overawe them into acquiescence in the wicked act which they could have prevented had they differed from him. Yet no one has ever accused them. The whole blow is always directed to fall on Impey, and one of them is even admitted by Impey's accusers to have been a man of virtue and integrity. Let us, however, assume that they were all guilty, and that the whole Court, under Impey's evil influence, was determined to hang an innocent man. How would they proceed to effect their diabolical purpose?

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Since the trial was a trial by jury, their mere desire would not be enough. They must in some manner get the jury to return a verdict of guilty. If the jury had been packed, there would, of course, have been no difficulty in this, and no necessity for an eight days' trial. But none of Impey's accusers have ever ventured to say that the jury was packed, and for this reason—it was empanelled by a Sheriff in no way prejudiced against the prisoner, but rather prejudiced in his favour—Macrabie, the secretary, the brother-in-law, and the confidant, if such he ever had, of Francis. Besides this, the prisoner availed himself of the right to challenge the jury, and objected to no less than eighteen of those who came to be sworn; and among those who sat was Touchet, whose subsequent quarrel with the Supreme Court puts it out of the question, that he would have been frightened or cajoled by Impey. But though the jury is not packed, there are, no doubt, ways in which a partial Court could influence their decision. Such would be unfairly admitting evidence for the prosecution; unfairly refusing it for the defence; bullying the counsel of the prisoner and his witnesses throughout the trial; refusing to allow him in cross-examination to press disagreeable questions which would break down the case of the prosecution; assuming at each step the guilt of the prisoner himself and the perjury of his witnesses; and forcing on the notice of the jury circumstances as if proved, which, in fact, are mere accusations. Lastly, in the summing-up a partial Judge would have his greatest opportunity. From his notes he reminds the jury of the evidence; in his own language he can describe its character. His experience and his learning give weight to all he says, and should he assume from the judgment seat the artifices of the advocate, his arguments would seem irresistible. Prone as most men are to assume guilt when the charge seems consistent with any external notion of a prisoner's character, the judge would have no great difficulty in influencing the jury by expatiating on the enormity of the crime. He might dwell on the inherent difficulty of obtaining more direct evidence in such cases than that which they had heard. He might point out that the defence was of the kind always set up on such occasions, and which in his experience he had never known true. He could insist on the danger to society, if the jury let such a crime go unpunished by reason of some technical subtlety; and of the encouragement, which a verdict for the prisoner would give to other meditators of crime. Such a manner of summing up has never been heard in England since the Revolution. It is our contention, that we can prove without a shadow of doubt, that no such conduct has ever disgraced the

Courts of India, and that Impey—though, if the charge against him is true, he must have employed such means—no more than Holt or Mansfield, betrayed his trust or brought dishonour on his sacred office.\* Let us, however, in examining the conduct of the trial, be on the watch for all or any of these symptoms of partiality in the Chief Justice.

We need not here notice the indictment with its twenty counts, nor the preliminary objections of the prisoner's counsel, which came to nothing. The bond, which it was alleged had been forged, is a curious document. It begins with a picturesque recital of how 'a pearl necklace, a twisted kulghar, a twisted serpache, and four rings, two of which were rubies and two of diamonds,' were deposited on account of Nuncomar with the maker of the bond; how 'at the time of the defeat of the army of the Nabob the aforesaid jewels were plundered and carried away'; and how, since the maker of the bond 'could not produce the deposit when demanded,' nor could, on account of the bad state of his affairs, 'pay the value thereof,' he now promises to pay 48,021 sicca rupees when he shall have obtained certain sums due from the Company, and gives the bond 'for the above reasons.' This bond is attested by three witnesses—Mahab Roy, Silabut, and Commaul Mahomed. The evidence upon which the prosecution relied to prove the bond a forgery consisted of three parts. 'First, it was said that the attestation by Commaul was a forgery; secondly, that the attestation by Silabut was a forgery; thirdly, that there was evidence that Bollakey Doss never owed the money, and some evidence that he did not execute the deed; and fourthly, that the statements contained in the bond as to the consideration for it were false.' Commaul, in giving his evidence, denied that he had ever witnessed the deed, but explained that he had some years before sent his seal—for he did not deny the seal to be his—to Nuncomar, but that he could never get it back, though he had asked for it repeatedly. He then went on to tell how, when he first heard that a bond had been produced with his name to it, he went to Nuncomar and told him what he had heard. Nuncomar, he declared, replied: 'It is true; having confidence in you, I have fixed your seal, which was in my possession, to the bond of Bollakey Doss. Having sworn, you will give evidence of this before the Gentlemen of the Adawlat.' The witness continued: 'I answered, "How shall I be able to take a false oath?" He answered, "I had hopes in

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\* The report of the trial is, fortunately, very trustworthy, and, though in places incoherent and confused, there is never any reason to doubt its fairness. It is to be found reprinted in vol. xx. of Howell's 'State Trials.'

you." I answered, "Men will give up their lives for their masters, but not their religion; have no hopes of me." This statement that the prisoner had confessed his guilt was on the face of it, perhaps, unlikely; but the corroborative evidence of two other witnesses put it in a far more probable light than Commaul did himself. They showed that, at the time of the alleged confession, the suit in the Mayor's Court was going on, and it was necessary for Nuncomar, in order to make good the bond, to get the evidence of Commaul, which would almost certainly have been conclusive. Besides, they showed further that Nuncomar had a good excuse for making the proposal, as Commaul had come to ask him to be his surety, and that what the prisoner said came to this: 'Be evidence for me, and I will be your surety.' Mr. Farrer, counsel for the prisoner,\* naturally stamped this story of the confession as preposterous, and dwelt on the absurdity of supposing that Nuncomar would put his life thus into the hands of a man with whom he was not on terms of confidence, and remarked on 'the small degree of credit due to a confession made only once, and nobody present but the party and the witness, which are the words of Commaul's evidence.' How would a judge whose only prototype is Jeffreys have met these two views of the confession? Would he not have bawled down every word spoken against the truth of the confession, and have declared to the jury that they must hold it proved true, and that there was now no doubt but that the prisoner was guilty? How did Impey treat it in his summing-up? Commenting on Farrer's remarks, he says: 'It is highly proper you should take these things into consideration; you will consider on what terms they were at the time of these conversations. Confessions of this nature are undoubtedly suspicious, and to which, except there are matters to corroborate them, you should be very cautious in giving too much credit.'

The evidence as to Silabut's attestation was next gone into. Silabut was dead, but two witnesses were examined as to his handwriting. One of them, Rajah Nobkissen, was a native gentleman of position. His evidence was very strong, and the more conclusive, owing to his evident reluctance to say anything that would damage Nuncomar. When first asked whether the writing of the name on the bond was in Silabut's hand, he answered: 'The words are not of his handwriting; it is not his common writing. I have seen several papers of his hand-

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\* Mr. Farrer was the only able counsel then practising at Calcutta. He had been first engaged by the prosecutor, as we have already seen (see p. 89), to move for the delivery of the papers, but he was subsequently retained for the defence in the criminal trial.

writing.' When asked whether he can take upon himself to swear it is not his handwriting, he can only answer that Silabut has written things before him, and that 'this is not the kind of writing I have seen him write, but God knows whether it is his handwriting or not.' When asked to say what his opinion about it is, he becomes still more reluctant. 'The prisoner is a Brahmin, I am a Coit; it may hurt my religion; it is not a trifling matter; the life of a Brahmin is at stake.' He is pressed still further with the question, 'Do you or do you not think this the handwriting of Silabut? Remember you are upon oath to tell the truth and the whole truth.' 'I cannot tell what is upon my mind on this occasion about it.' 'Why not?' 'This concerns the life of a Brahmin. I don't choose to say what is in my mind about it.' How would Judge Jeffreys have commented upon such a witness's evidence? Impey's comment, after fairly stating the substance of the evidence, is this:—'I must again caution you against receiving any impression unfavourable to the prisoner from the hesitation and doubts or exclamations of this witness, or from any other circumstances except what he actually deposed to.'

There is no occasion to go into the remainder of the evidence for the prosecution. The evidence for the defence was directed to prove 'the whole transaction was genuine.' Witnesses were called to state that they had actually seen Bollakey Doss execute the bond, that the deed was really witnessed by the persons by whom it purported to be witnessed, and, further, documents were produced in Bollakey Doss's writing which admitted the bond and 'the circumstances of the jewels.' If the witnesses for the defence spoke the truth, this was evidently a complete refutation of the charge. After bringing evidence of a not very satisfactory kind to show, that the first name attesting the bond was that of a real person, the defence proceeded to state that the Commaul Mahomed, whose name was on the bond, was not the same man who had sworn he had never witnessed it, but quite a different person. The whole thing really turned on four witnesses, who circumstantially swore they had seen Bollakey Doss execute the bond. All four told the same story, with some trifling discrepancies. But it was not the discrepancies in their narration of an event which occurred ten years before, which called for explanation. In the words of Sir James Stephen, 'The suspicious part of the evidence of these witnesses was their extraordinary and unnatural agreement in a number of matters of minute detail which they could have no special reason for remembering.' Two of them agreed to an astonishing extent in the most petty details. Their evidence has been placed

placed side by side in a footnote in Sir James Stephen's book, and seen thus, the grave doubts which must rest on such statements can be easily understood. But this was not all; there was still clearer proof that the tale had been got by heart, for in cross-examination, one of them, when asked to restate something, said: 'If I begin at the beginning I can tell. I cannot begin in the middle;' and, on being told to begin again, repeated his previous evidence, word for word. There were other suspicious circumstances connected with these witnesses, but their full force can hardly be given except by quoting the whole evidence. All four were dependants of Nuncomar. In treating this incident in his summing-up, Impey does not, as he might so easily have done, comment scornfully on its doubtful character. He indeed, after noticing one of the doubtful points in their story, suggests a most ingenious explanation which few people would have thought of. Sir James Stephen remarks that it would not have occurred to him. In fact Impey does just what he ought to have done; he points out the peculiar nature of the evidence, mentions a possible explanation, and ends by telling the jury they must form their own conclusions as to its credibility.

We pass over the attempt of the defence to show, that the seal attached to the bond was genuine, which was supported with evidence of so ambiguous a nature that it weakened the case for the prisoner considerably. The evidence next called, that of Kissen Juan Doss, was the mainstay of the defence. But though it was strong in fact, it was strictly not admissible. A rigid application of the rules of evidence, 'would,' says Sir James Stephen, 'have shut out altogether the strongest part of Nuncomar's defence.' A Jeffreys determined on a verdict of guilty would not have listened to it for a moment. Even a perfectly just judge might have reasonably refused it. The witness's statements concerned the contents of a lost paper:—

'Many attempts,' Impey said, in summing-up, 'were made to establish it in evidence which failed of legal proof, but as I thought so well of Kissen Juan Doss' (he had changed this opinion later as we shall see presently) 'and as it would have been extremely hard, if such a paper had existed, the prisoner should be deprived of the benefit of it, I said (having first asked the consent of my brethren) that though it was not strictly evidence, I would leave it to you to give such weight to it as you thought it deserved. I still leave it to you, and if you believe that such a paper ever existed, it would be the highest injustice not to acquit the prisoner.'"

To quote Sir James Stephen again: 'Is it conceivable that a man who had entered into a compact to commit a judicial murder

murder would not have excluded the evidence, contenting himself with telling the jury that it was highly suspicious that the existence of such a document should be suggested, and the document itself should not be produced?' Judge Jeffreys would certainly have managed such a matter very differently. This paper, which Kissen Juan Doss declared he had been shown by one of Bollakey Doss's attorneys, purported to be a correct statement of the account concerning the jewels signed by Bollakey Doss himself, and admitting his liability for the debts secured by the bond said to be forged. Up to this point the Court seems, from the demeanour of the witness, to have given great credit to his statements. Unfortunately, however, for the prisoner, he, on the very last day of the trial, desired that this witness should be recalled, and asked whether he had explained the above-mentioned paper to Mohun Persaud, the prosecutor. The witness declared he had. Upon cross-examination, he added that Mohun Persaud took the paper in his own hand and read it. He was then asked why he had not mentioned this before, to which he replied, 'If nobody asked me about it, why should I tell the bad actions of Mohun Persaud?' He afterwards said he had forgotten the fact, then repeated he was afraid of Mohun Persaud, and when reminded that 'the being afraid of Mohun, and the not recollecting it, are two different things,' and 'that both of them cannot be true,' he could give no answer, but fell into the greatest confusion, and finally remained silent. No doubt Impey reflected strongly in his summing-up on this part of the evidence, but his remarks did not extend beyond pointing out the lack of credibility in this particular witness—did not prejudice whatever other points the prisoner might rely on. Nor do we believe that any one who turns to the 'State Trials,' and there reads the evidence, will come to any other conclusion than that the demeanour of this witness must have been such as to justify the remarks made by Impey. He points out to the jury the prevarications, the reservations, and the dubious and suspicious nature of his story, but yet concludes this part of his summing-up with expressions which were not well chosen if he was determined to get a verdict that would gratify the Governor-General.

'I am much hurt to be obliged to make these observations on the evidence of a man that I entertained so good an opinion of. I must desire you to recollect with regard to this observation, and every one that I submit to you, that you are to make no further use of them than as they coincide with your opinions and observations; and when they do not, you should reject them; for it is you, not I, that are to decide on the evidence.'

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We have now given a short account of the evidence ; but, before dealing with the summing-up as a whole, it would be as well to notice one or two small incidents during the course of the trial, which tend to show the kind of temper in which Impey conducted it. During the evidence of Nobkissen, the prisoner desired he might ask Nobkissen a question. The Court directed him to consult his counsel first. 'The question being overheard by Nobkissen,' says the reporter, 'he said, "Maharajah Nuncomar had better not ask me that question." Upon which, Nuncomar declined asking the question.' How easily could an unjust judge have taken advantage of this incident to inflame and prejudice the jury, and to hint that the witnesses were in collusion with the prisoner ! This is Impey's remark to the jury : 'You must receive no prejudice from this ; you must forget the conversation, and judge only by the evidence at the bar.' Again, when there was a question of whether a certain witness should be called by the defence, the Court warned the jury that if he was not called by them, they must receive no prejudice against the prisoner, as the witness was one to whose evidence the defence could have objected. Another instance of the Court's impartial conduct of the case is still more marked. There was a dispute between the counsel for the prisoner and the jury on some papers which had been handed up for their inspection :—

'The counsel for the prisoner spoke in a warm and improper manner to the jury. *Court.*—"This is a manner in which the jury ought not and shall not be spoken to. The prisoner ought not to suffer from the intemperance of his advocate. You, gentlemen of the jury, ought not to receive any prejudice to the prisoner on that account, nor from the papers themselves, which, not having been admitted in evidence, you should not have seen ; and having seen, whatever observation you have made, you should forget : it is from what is given in evidence only that you are to determine."

Besides this, Impey, at the outset of the trial, saved the counsel of the prisoner from making a very dangerous admission. In the summing-up, which, in the articles drawn up for the impeachment of Impey was described as being conducted 'with gross and scandalous partiality,' we would point out some few passages (space renders it impossible to give all) which appear inconsistent with such a phrase. After a few preliminary remarks, and after the Chief Justice had read over the whole of the evidence, he proceeds to say that though the prisoner's counsel could only be heard on points of law—for such was the practice of the criminal courts a hundred years ago—yet he had told them 'that if they would deliver me any



observations they wished to be made to the jury, I would submit them to you and give them their full force, by which means they will have the same advantage as they would in a civil case.' The Chief Justice then read and commented upon each observation of Farrer. The most weighty of these was this: 'The witnesses are dead, the transaction is stale and long since known to the prosecutor.' How easily a Jeffreys could have stormed against such a theory, which he might have inveighed against as pleading the Statute of Limitations to a crime! This is how Impey, with his 'gross and scandalous partiality,' treats the remark. 'These are objections of weight which you, gentlemen, ought carefully to attend to when you take the whole of the evidence in consideration, for the purposes of forming the verdict; and I have no doubt you will attend to them.' We have already quoted what Impey said as to the improbability of the confession which occurs in these comments. The Chief Justice next turned to the evidence itself, but, before beginning, again desired the jury, as he tells them he has frequently done during the trial, that they must not suffer their 'judgments to be biassed, or the prisoner in any way prejudiced, from anything that has passed, nor by any matter whatsoever which has not been given in evidence.' The comments on the defence put it, it seems to us, in a fair light. No judge could have passed by any story so suspicious without some warning, but throughout in these comments there is not a trace of partiality or even of conviction of guilt. To the only severe remark he made against the prisoner's evidence he at once applied a corrective in the shape of a warning to the jury, that they 'were only to accept his observations where they coincided with their own.' He told the jury at this point, as if further to emphasize this corrective, that it was to be observed 'that no person has been called to impeach the witnesses brought by the defendant.' Then follow Impey's own observations in favour of the prisoner, which we entirely agree with Sir James Stephen in thinking could not have been put 'more concisely, or in a way better calculated to impress the jury.' For instance: 'There is certainly a great improbability that a man of Maharajah Nuncomar's rank and fortune should be guilty of so mean an offence for so small a sum of money.' Since the sum was over 7000*l.*, this might even be called going too far in the prisoner's favour. In a well-balanced summing-up, the last sentences are the most important. It is at these the jury, when the case is complicated, overwhelmed in a sea of evidence, catch for guidance.

'You will consider on which side the weight of evidence lies, always remembering that in criminal, and more especially in capital cases,

cases, you must not weigh the evidence in golden scales; there ought to be a great difference of weight in the opposite scale before you find the prisoner guilty. In cases of property, the stake on each side is equal, and the least preponderance of evidence ought to turn the scale; but in a capital case, as there can be nothing of equal value to life, you should be thoroughly convinced that there does not remain a possibility of innocence before you give a verdict against the prisoner.'

Then, after some remarks declaring 'that the nature of the defence is such that if it is not believed it must prove fatal to the party,' which are perhaps applicable to England, but hardly to India, where, 'to bolster up a good case by perjury is not an uncommon thing,' come these final sentences:—

'You will again and again consider the character of the prosecutor and his witnesses, the distance of the prosecution from the time the offence is supposed to be committed, the proof and the nature of the confessions said to be made by the prisoner, his rank and fortune. These are all reasons to prevent your giving a hasty and precipitate belief to the charge brought against him; but if you believe the facts sworn against him to be true, they cannot alter the nature of the facts themselves. Your sense of justice and your own feelings will not allow you to convict the prisoner unless your consciences are fully satisfied beyond all doubt of his guilt. If they are not, you will bring that verdict which from the dictates of humanity you will be inclined to give; but, should your consciences be convinced of his being guilty, no consideration, I am sure, will prevail on you not to give a verdict according to your oaths.'

If Impey really had entered into a conspiracy with Hastings to murder Nuncomar, he certainly ought never to have been trusted again by his brother-conspirator. It was trifling with their cause to court in this way the possibility of an acquittal. With such a Jeffreys, Bishop Ken's diocese would never have reeked of blood. But perhaps the best comment is to follow Sir James Stephen's example, and append here a passage from the 'Articles of Impeachment,' where it is alleged that the Chief Justice 'became in effect the advocate of the prosecutor, and pronounced a charge when he summed up the evidence on the said trial with the most gross and scandalous partiality, &c., manifesting throughout the whole proceeding an evident wish and determined purpose to effect the ruin and death of the said Maharajah.' Lord Macaulay, we suppose, read these words and believed them true. That he can possibly have read the summing-up itself, we have too great a respect for his honesty to fancy for a moment possible. Had he read it, he must have seen that the whole matter rested with the jury, and that if he

wanted conspirators to fit his picture, it was there he must seek them. Even the natives, unfamiliar as they were with the notion of trials by jury, seem to have understood that it was they, not the judges, who found Nuncomar guilty. The Mahomedan chronicler,\* in that priceless comment on English rule from a still independent native source, never mentions the judges in his curious account of the trial. The jury is with him the important figure. After describing the charge against Nuncomar, he goes on :—

‘To enquire into so heinous an offence, and to discern the punishment due by law, it became necessary to have a grand jury. A grand jury signifies an assembly of twelve creditable Englishmen chosen by lot. . . . Their duty is to examine what is to be his punishment; but till they have found out this punishment they cannot be spoken to by any one, lest they might be influenced to swerve from the dictates of justice and equity. This grand jury was made up over and over, and twice changed (the court of justice at that time being full of people), until it was proved and determined that Nuncomar was guilty and deserved death, and that his kind of punishment was to be hanging.’

Before proceeding to the events which happened after the trial, we must just notice the question whether the prisoner's witnesses were treated unfairly or not. Sir James Stephen gives most careful attention to the whole matter. He comes to the conclusion, that they were not treated unfairly, and that Mr. Farrer, the counsel for the prisoner, considered so too, and that the reason why the Court asked them many searching questions was the one given, namely, the inefficiency of the prosecuting counsel, who were incapable of obtaining from the witnesses evidence it was essential the jury should have before them. It was curious to notice that, ‘except Sir Robert Chambers,’ the questions were put by ‘Sir Elijah Impey least of all.’ Sir James Stephen's summing-up of the whole matter, coming as it does from a Judge of singular fairness, must necessarily carry great weight with our readers :—

‘My own opinion is, that no man ever had, or could have, a fairer trial than Nuncomar, and that Impey in particular behaved with absolute fairness and as much indulgence as was compatible with his duty. In his defence at the bar of the House of Commons, he said,

\* The *Siyyar-al-Mataqherin* is a native history of the fall of the Mogul Empire, translated into English by a French refugee. Though not historically accurate, the reflections contained in it are of the greatest interest and value. We are glad to see Sir James Stephen expressing surprise—a feeling which we have long felt—that it has never been reprinted. If the Indian Government could be induced to collect a series of *Monumenta Historica* of the English rule in India, Hussein Khan's annals might appropriately serve as a beginning.

"Conscious as I am how much it was my intention to favour the prisoner in everything that was consistent with justice; wishing as I did that the facts might turn out favourable for an acquittal; it has appeared most wonderful to me that the execution of my purpose has so far differed from my intentions that any ingenuity could form an objection to my personal conduct as bearing hard upon the prisoner." My own earnest study of the trial has led me to the conviction, that every word of this is absolutely true and just. Indeed, the first matter which directed my attention to the subject was the glaring contrast between Impey's conduct as described in the *State Trials*, and his character as described by Lord Macaulay. There is not a word in his summing-up of which I should have been ashamed had I said it myself, and all my study of the case has not suggested to me a single observation in Nuncomar's favour which is not noticed by Impey. As to the verdict, I think there was ample evidence to support it.—'The Trial of Nuncomar,' i. p. 186.

The prisoner having been found guilty, the question of a respite next came under the consideration of the Judges. Upon this Lord Macaulay says:—

'That Impey ought to have respited Nuncomar, we hold to be perfectly clear. Whether the whole proceeding was not illegal is a question. But it is certain that, whatever may have been, according to technical rules of construction, the effect of the statute, it was most unjust to hang a Hindoo for forgery. The law which made forgery capital in England was passed without the smallest reference to the state of society in India. It was unknown to the natives of India.'

In these words, Lord Macaulay, with a confusion and irrelevance, astonishing in one who, even though it was his boast to be no lawyer, was at least a law-maker, introduces a point of great importance. In fact his words ask two questions: Was Nuncomar amenable to the statute 25 George II. c. 2, which punished forgery with death? If he was, yet ought not the Court under the circumstances to have used their powers of reprieve? Before attempting to answer these questions we must remind our readers that as to natives in the position of Nuncomar being within the criminal jurisdiction of the Supreme Court there was no doubt. The only doubt was, whether the Court was to administer the English criminal law, pure and simple. The Charter creating the Supreme Court had empowered the Court 'to administer criminal justice in such or the like manner and form, or as nearly as the circumstances of the place and persons will admit of, as in the Courts of Oyer and Terminer in that part of Great Britain called England.' A question was at the trial raised by one of the judges, Mr. Justice Chambers, whether, since the English law of forgery was adapted

to the particular commercial and social condition of England, and since the same reasons for such a law did not apply to Bengal, the clause of the Charter would not allow the indictment being laid, not under the statute which rendered the offence capital, but under an earlier statute of the reign of Elizabeth. Impey, on this, said, 'that he thought the indictment was *primâ facie* well laid on 25 George II.,' and he went on to say that he considered 'the town of Calcutta (which was, as far as it was necessary to go on this occasion) to be greatly commercial,' besides that, it could not be reckoned an uncultivated or uncivilized state of society, and 'that it might perhaps be rather deemed to be degenerating and redescending for want of wholesome laws.' This argument is characteristic of the eighteenth century, when to make an offence capital was always considered the best check on crime, and, though it may not appeal to us now, must at least be allowed consistent with the ideas then in vogue. But there is a far stronger reason why the law of George II. was in force at Calcutta. Ten years before, a native, and, like Nuncomar, a Hindu and a Brahmin, had been tried under it in that old Mayor's Court, which had always administered English criminal law, and whose jurisdiction the Supreme Court inherited. This Brahmin had been found guilty, and had been sentenced to death. He was not executed, however, and for this reason. The principal natives petitioned in his favour, on the ground that, till that trial, they had not understood the crime to be punishable with death, and their petition was granted 'in hopes that the condemnation will be sufficient to deter others from committing the like offence.' It is thus impossible to deny that the statute was published in Calcutta, or that it was unknown to the natives.

The question of the reprieve involves circumstances of a very extraordinary character. These are the facts. Though the Court received addresses from the Grand Jury, from the Free Merchants, Free Mariners, and other inhabitants of Calcutta, from the Armenians, and from the principal natives, congratulating the Court on their administration of justice, only one petition in the prisoner's favour, which his counsel prepared, but which he could only induce one of the jury to sign, was sent to the Supreme Court. It might have been expected that Francis and the majority of the Council, who were afterwards so loud in crying for vengeance on the head of Nuncomar's murderer, would have done something for him. Impey declared, that if the Council in its executive capacity had in proper form made an application to the Court asking them for a respite, they would certainly have granted it. Such an application was indeed prepared

prepared by Mr. Farrer, the counsel for the prisoner. With what reception did the proposal meet from the Council? These are Mr. Farrer's own words, given in evidence in his place in the House of Commons. The place and time referred to are a party at Lady Ann Monson's, on Tuesday, August 1st, four days before the execution of Nuncomar, where Clavering, Monson, and Francis were present.

'They being all assembled, I called Mr. Francis aside and explained the business to him first. He had no objection to it, but approved the measure. General Clavering and Mr. Monson were then called to us, and it was proposed by Mr. Francis and myself to them. The General, without hesitation, peremptorily refused, assigning as a reason that it was a private transaction of Nuncomar's own; that it had no relation whatever to the public concerns of the country, which alone he, the General, was sent out to transact, and that he would not make any application in favour of a man who had been found guilty of forgery; nor indeed did he think it would do any good. Mr. Monson concurred with him, and therefore the matter dropped and was no further stirred.'

'This contemptuous rejection,' says Sir James Stephen, 'by the majority of the Council of Nuncomar's petition to them, appears to me to go very far to prove that the accusations afterwards brought at the instigation of Francis against Impey were not honest. On the 1st of August, 1775, they had it in their power to save Nuncomar's life by simply voting in their capacity of a majority of the Council, to send to the judges, in the name of the Governor-General and Council, the letter which Farrer had drawn. If at that time they really did believe that he was an innocent man on the point of being judicially murdered, they made themselves, by their conduct, accomplices in the murder which they believed to be in the course of being committed.'—*The Story of Nuncomar*, i. p. 233.

Only so late as 1867 a very curious circumstance connected with the respite came to light. In Mr. Merivale's *Life of Francis* is printed a letter, addressed to him by Nuncomar, which is pathetic in its clamorous entreaties that 'he will interfere in his behalf with the justices.' Francis received this letter on the day before the party at Lady Ann Monson's. Now no one who has read the history of this time in detail will deny, that Clavering and Monson were puppets who danced whenever Francis bid them, and that, if he had willed it, the application would have been made. But at that moment he did not care to interfere: why, it may never be quite possible to discover, though the history of a transaction we must now relate throws some light upon it. This transaction has, in the work before us, for the first time been adequately treated. Shortly, it was this. Nine days after the execution, General Clavering presented to the

Council

Council Board a petition which he had received from Nuncomar, that is, he presented the petition for his life of a dead man, though he had received it before the execution. It contained, though not in language particularly strong, insinuations that 'Lord Impey and the other Justices' had become the 'aiders and abettors' of his enemies. This petition was entered on the books of the Council. Two days later, Hastings moved that it should be sent to the Judges. The majority of the Council, Francis, Monson, and Clavering, all opposed the motion; Francis saying that to take such a step was to give the petition 'more weight than it deserved,' and added, 'I consider the insinuations contained in it against them as wholly unsupported and of a libellous nature, and if I am not irregular in this place, I should move that orders should be given to the Sheriff to cause the original to be burned publicly by the hand of the common hangman.' Monson and Clavering objected on much the same grounds, and Francis added, by moving that the petition be expunged from the minutes of the Board. As Francis's will was law in the Council, both motions were of course passed and carried out. Such conduct was indeed extraordinary; but there is no great difficulty in finding an explanation. What was Francis's reason? No one of our readers who has been shocked or disgusted by the extraordinary boldness and effrontery of this remarkable man, whenever he was confronted with a difficult position, will fail to be diverted if they turn to Francis's own defence in Parliament of this act, and witness the shifts and excuses to which, for once, he had recourse for an explanation. What he said was shortly something like this. 'General Clavering made a blunder in presenting the petition. We saw that this act had put him into the power of the judges, who would have replied by "ruining him." I thought the danger to him serious then, and I think so still. We had no legal advice, and I agreed with what Monson said: "I know not what they can do, but since they have dipped their hands in blood, what is there they will not do?" I therefore, to save Clavering from out of their hands, suggested that the petition should be treated as it was.' This is an absurd and ridiculous falsehood. Francis was not such a simple creature as he would have us think. He had the Regulation Act at his fingers' ends, and he knew well enough that the members of the Council were amenable only in treason and felony to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and he, Clavering, and Monson, could have snapped their fingers at any action taken on the libel by the judges. Francis was neither a fool nor a coward. We quote from Sir James Stephen what we agree with him, to be the 'true account of the matter.'

'I believe

'I believe it to be simply this. The majority of the Council, and particularly Clavering, cared nothing for Nuncomar, and were glad that the Court should, by hanging him, put themselves into a position which might be represented in a hateful light: for this reason they allowed Nuncomar to be hanged without making the smallest effort to save him. When he was hanged, it occurred to Clavering that, by sending home his petition, he might cruelly injure the judges, and this led him to what Francis described as, "that rash, inconsiderate action of his." As soon as Hastings proposed to send a copy of the petition to the judges, that they might have an opportunity of vindicating themselves, Monson and Francis perceived that Clavering had made a false move. A definite accusation would have brought to a plain direct issue a matter which they wished to nurse up for the purposes of calumnious insinuation. . . . They thought that Clavering ought to have kept the paper to himself, as Francis kept for his whole life the letter which he had received from Nuncomar, and they made up their excuse about libel in order to repair their colleague's blunder, as well as they could, by getting the original paper destroyed. One proof of this is, that a month after they supposed that the paper was destroyed they wrote the minute of September 15, insinuating the very charge (against the judges) which they had in August declared to be "wholly unsupported." They used Nuncomar's execution as Caleb Balderston used the fire at Wolf's Crag, as an excuse for all deficiencies of evidence in their attacks on Hastings. In short, Clavering was malignant and rash. Francis and Monson were equally malignant, but sly and cool.'—*'The Story of Nuncomar,'* ii. p. 108.

We have not touched on Sir James Stephen's defence of Impey from the minor charges preferred against him. An independent study of the materials connected with the important charge enables us to come to an unhesitating conclusion of Sir James Stephen's fairness and accuracy in his treatment of the trial of Nuncomar. We believe that his treatment of the Patna Cause, of the alleged oppression exercised by the Court, and of the Lucknow Affidavits could be shown to be equally careful and judicious, did our space permit of an investigation of those matters. We must content ourselves with quoting his judgment upon the second of these matters.

'Lord Macaulay's account supplies a strong instance of the danger of breaking down the boundary between history and romance. It is, of course, admirably written—short, bright, striking, and entirely free from Indian names or other non-conductors of sympathy . . . It does not even mention the Sudder Diwani Adalat, or give a word of explanation as to the nature of the office to which Hastings appointed Impey. It is a gloomy picture of horrible oppression—causeless, purposeless, mysterious, and yet so tremendous, that it almost justified the course taken by Hastings of buying off, by an enormous  
bribe,



bribe, the infamous tyrant by whom it was carried on. The objection to it is, that it is absolutely false from end to end, and in almost every particular, as the following instances will show.'—*The Story of Nuncomar*, ii. p. 247.

Our space only allows us to quote one of these instances, referring to Sir James Stephen's book for other proofs of the justice of these severe remarks. Lord Macaulay had written :

'There were instances in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the gripe of the vile alguazils of Impey.'

Whereupon Sir James Stephen observes :

'The only matter to which this can refer is the case of the Cazi Sadhi. He was one of the defendants in the Patna Cause, and was taken in execution after bail had been given for him by the Company. He died on a boat on the Ganges, on his way to Calcutta, whilst under a guard of Sepoys. He may have been hardly dealt with, but to say that he was persecuted by extortioners without a cause is to allege that the judgment in the Patna Cause was wrong, and of this judgment Macaulay takes no notice at all. The Cazi was sued for gross oppression and corruption, which the Court upon an elaborate enquiry thought he had committed. Macaulay does not suggest that there was even a question on the subject. I am confident he knew nothing of the Patna Cause, except what he read in Mill, who misled him. At all events, the Sepoys who had charge of the boat, in which the Cazi died, were not the 'vile alguazils' of Impey, or officers of the Supreme Court at all. They were a guard put over him by the Dacca Council, which had given bail for him, and which was specially directed to treat him as kindly as might be, which it was anxious to do. Here we see one Cazi turned into an indefinite number of 'men of the most venerable dignity;' a man found guilty by legal process of corruptly oppressing a helpless widow, into men of most venerable dignity, persecuted by extortioners without a cause; and a guard of Sepoys, with which the Supreme Court had nothing to do, into "vile alguazils of Impey." This indefinite way of writing "there were instances" is singularly unfair and inaccurate.'—*The Story of Nuncomar*, ii. pp. 250, 251.

The charges founded on these events, as well as on other alleged wrongful acts, were made the subject of Articles of Impeachment against Impey which were debated in the House of Commons in the year 1787. Five years before, the Chief Justice of Bengal had been recalled to England by a vote of the House of Commons, to answer a charge against him in regard to his having accepted the Judgeship of the Company's Court of Appeal—the 'Sudder Diwani Adalat.'

'The charge relating to Nuncomar was regarded as so much the most important of them all, that Impey begged to be heard upon that

that first. His petition was granted, and he was heard upon it at the Bar of the House on the 4th of February, 1788. Evidence was taken upon this charge before a Committee on various days in the course of the same month. The question whether Impey should be impeached upon it was debated at full length on the 18th of April and the 7th and 9th of May, when the motion was rejected by seventy-three to fifty-five.—‘*The Story of Nuncomar*,’ ii. p. 7.

The ostensible prosecutor of the matter before the House of Commons was Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto; and inspiring and encouraging him were Burke, Fox, and the other Managers, who regarded the Impeachment of Impey as a side issue in the cause of ‘the great delinquent.’ Behind all these, however, and pulling the strings that moved them, was Philip Francis. But for his hatred and determination it is very unlikely that any one would have taken up seriously the attack on Impey. By the year 1787 the malignity of Francis was at meridian height. It is interesting to search for a cause, to trace the springs of action in the mind of this remarkable man, and to analyze the means by which he contrived to leave upon the reputation of his enemy the imputation of such hideous crimes.

We believe the attitude of Francis towards the trial of Nuncomar was a gradual development. For a long time he had no intention of charging Impey with ‘judicial murder.’ It was not till Impey had sat in judgment in the case of *Crim. Con.*, *Grand v. Francis* in 1779, and had joined in the infliction of very heavy damages, that Francis began to feel a personal hatred against the Chief Justice. It was not till a personal hatred gave him a strong motive that he cared to enter seriously on the charge. When he had this motive, however, he obeyed it eagerly, and in the old quarrel with the judges he found no lack of material, which his ingenuity and his malice might manufacture into evidence to support his accusations. Francis, when he had once taken up the fiery cross, was not a man to carry it half-heartedly. Pertinacity was apparent in his smallest acts. In his hatreds it was intensified to a degree scarcely human. His first and greatest success in the pursuit of the man he had marked out for vengeance was his inspiration of Burke with a hatred almost equal to his own. That mighty imagination once inflamed, that tide of splendid rhetoric once set flowing, and Francis had done the most that man could do towards placing his false and malicious charges in what seemed the light of truth. He had ensured for them something far stronger than the arguments of an advocate, however dexterous:—the burning ardour of a man inspired; of a man who, with all his faults, and they

they were many, at least strove to do right, and who, even when most mistaken, yet believed with all the fury and all the exaltation of a prophet that his words were as the words of righteousness. But in the mind of this extraordinary man one quality was wanting, and that, unhappily, the highest. In Burke the sense of indignation at wrong was fierce and vehement. His fiery hatred of oppression and misrule, his love of what was generous and high-minded, his worship, if sometimes almost idolatrous, for what was orderly, reverend and august, were alike honest and unfeigned; while his benevolence and his humanity did much to make amends for the violence that disgraced his personal behaviour. Yet justice, 'that finer knowledge' by which a man sees things, not as his senses may present them, but as they are, he did not possess. With him too often invective stood for argument, accusation for proof. Let a charge be only weighty enough, and there are many men to whom it seems like palliating the offence to doubt the offender. With these the determination to punish the accused varies not with the certainty of the proofs, but with the enormity of the crime imputed. Such too often was the attitude of Burke. His imagination once inflamed with a tale of wrong, the impression became indelible, and it was an insult to truth and justice if he were not allowed publicly to assume the guilt of those he was accusing. What sense of justice could a man have who could tell the House of Commons, when defending language more than ordinarily intemperate and offensive, that 'they ought to give me an entire credit for the veracity of every fact I affirm or deny?' Yet the fact he had affirmed, and required the House of Commons to uphold, was an assumption which embraced the guilt of two men; one of whom was on his trial, while the other had been declared innocent by that very House. What was the sense of justice, nay, of decency, in a man who, in conducting a prosecution, spoke of the accused as 'a captain-general of iniquity, thief, tyrant, robber, cheat, sharper, swindler,' and who could add to this—'Sir Walter Raleigh was called a spider of hell? This was foolish and indecent in Lord Coke. Had he been a manager on this trial, he would have been guilty of a neglect of duty had he not called the prisoner a spider of hell.' Yet this was how Burke spoke of Hastings. But Burke no more on such occasions remembered that he had warned politicians to 'endeavour so to be patriots as not to forget they were gentlemen,' than he did in that memorable scene when he cast from him for ever the friendship of Charles Fox. In such soil the accusations planted against Impey flourished abundantly. Yet beyond his magnificent declamations in his

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own generation they spread but little, for men still remembered Impey's triumphant defence before the Commons. When Mill published his *History*, they were indeed revived, and it was not his fault if in that arid soil their growth was not vigorous. It was not till Macaulay, with the enchantments of his style, gave them new life, that—his acquittal forgotten—Impey stood before the world the type of the unjust judge.

Ever since that time Impey's fate has been a sad one. The generous motives of a thousand hearts have been stirred to indignation at his name, his infamy has resounded wherever the English tongue is spoken. It is painful to think that the herald of this undeserved disgrace should have been Macaulay. To some extent, no doubt, we can accept Sir James Stephen's good-natured excuse that:—'slightly to adapt the famous remarks of De Quincey, in his essay on "Murder as a Fine Art," Impey has owed his moral ruin to a literary murder, of which Macaulay probably thought but little when he committed it.' Yet this will not altogether suffice for his defence. A book, so pathetic, so heart-rending, in the sincerity of its clumsy efforts to vindicate the fame of a father, and to strike back at the defamer, as is the younger Impey's *Memoir*, ought to have made Macaulay resolve to test and re-test his charges once more. It would have been a wrong to historic sincerity, and even to public morality, to have suppressed one word of blame had these charges again been proved true; but it was cruel before the evident affliction of the son not to have re-investigated them, and to have given Impey another chance of being cleared. We know now what the result of such re-investigation must have been. Impey must have been acquitted, and Lord Macaulay, instead of losing any of the lustre of his fame, would himself have enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of saving from reproach and infamy the fair name and reputation of an innocent and honourable man.

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- ART. V.—1. *The Political Memoranda of Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, now first printed from the originals in the British Museum.* Edited by Oscar Browning, M.A. Printed for the Camden Society, 1884.
2. *Selections from the Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., sometime Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. With Notices of his Life.* Edited by James Hutton. London, 1885.
3. *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society.* New Series, vol. ii. London, 1885.

IT is even now a matter of dispute between serious and responsible statesmen whether England is or is not a Continental Power. It is said that the 'silver streak' so effectually separates us from the mainland of Europe, that we may treat the intrigues and combinations of our neighbours with indifference, and work out our own destiny after our own manner. Undoubtedly the possession of an ocean frontier is a great advantage. So long as our fleet is in proper order, we have no need of a large standing army to watch the course of a petty river or an ill-defined barrier of arbitrary landmarks. But since the dawn of our annals England has been at all times profoundly affected by the course of foreign affairs. Our Constitution may have developed itself in unbroken continuity from its earliest germ, imported from an older England on the shores of the North Sea. But our general history cannot be rightly understood unless England is regarded as part of the European State system. Mommsen tells us in his *Roman History* that the conquest of Britain by Cæsar was rendered necessary by the impossibility of distinguishing our southern coast from the northern coast of Gaul. To say nothing of our relations with Scandinavia, our later Saxon Kings were intimately connected with the Norman Dukes. The Conquest made us for a time a part of France. The French wars were only put an end to by the wars of the Roses. Henry the Eighth stands by the side of Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, as one of the trinity of monarchs whose feuds and friendships decided the fate of Christendom. Elizabeth was the head of all the Protestants of Europe; Cromwell held the keys of Europe at his girdle; William the Third was more important as the chief of a European coalition than as King of England, and the same weighty heritage devolved upon the shoulders of the passive Anne. The history of the first two Hanoverian Kings cannot be written until the archives of Europe disclose their secrets. George the Third, born and bred a Briton, found his reign

reign disturbed by two great wars, in the first of which a domestic quarrel gradually assumed the dimensions of a world-wide conflict, while in the second the former King was forced into the position of Dutch William. The peaceful supremacy, which England enjoyed for nearly forty years after the Settlement of Vienna, was due to the efforts and sacrifices which she had made during the two preceding decades. Nor is it likely that the rule which has prevailed for two thousand years will be altered in our time. Whether we like it or not, we are still part of the complex European system, and, if we are to bear ourselves wisely, it behoves us to study the history of our foreign relations.

Not that these relations are easy to study. Domestic history may be written with tolerable accuracy from contemporary newspapers and Parliamentary debates, but foreign relations are shrouded in mystery. Some of the most important movements do not become public at all. A hundred years must generally elapse before the necessary documents become accessible. Nor is it sufficient to know the secrets of a single country. We cannot grasp the truth, until the relations of all the Powers engaged are present to our mind in a general view. Until Sybel wrote his history of the French Revolution, no one suspected to how great an extent the affairs of Poland had lamed the activity of the European coalition. Friedmann has thrown new light on the fate of Anne Boleyn; Noorden is indispensable for our knowledge of the reign of Queen Anne. We are approaching the time when we may be able to form a judgment as to the attitude of England in the most momentous crisis of her history, when in the collapse of Governments and the shock of Thrones she alone, of all the countries of Europe, preserved her Constitution and her independence.

The books which stand at the head of this article make some contribution to this knowledge, which may be accepted with gratitude in default of more abundant light. The last volume of the Camden Society reprints the memoranda of Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, from the originals in the British Museum. The Duke of Leeds was the first Foreign Minister of the younger Pitt. His memoranda range, with considerable breaks, from 1774 to 1796, that is, from the Duke's twenty-fourth year to within three years of his death. After 1780 they are set down day by day as the events occurred, and may therefore be accepted as fairly accurate. They deal perhaps too much with domestic incidents and with the conflicts of party, but they contain much that is interesting. There is a good account of the Shelburne Ministry, which intervened between the death  
of

of Lord Rockingham and the accession of the Coalition to power. The name of William Pitt constantly occurs. Perhaps in no memoirs of the time are we admitted with a fuller intimacy into the conversations of the Cabinet and the closet of the Sovereign. The form of the book makes no concessions to popularity; it is sternly, even repulsively historical. Lovers of gossip will find nothing to gratify them except the memoranda which refer to the Princess of Wales, which have been partly used by Mr. Fitzgerald. The notes are sufficient to elucidate the text. But the careful reader may discover a good deal to supplement his knowledge, while scattered papers drawn from other volumes in the British Museum throw considerable light on foreign affairs.

The second book is conceived upon a different plan. Sir James Bland Burges was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1789 to 1795, a momentous period in the history of the world. He left behind him a short autobiographical memoir and a mass of official correspondence. Selections from this correspondence, edited by a scholar of competent historical knowledge, would have been invaluable. Mr. Hutton is mistaken in supposing that the facts of this period are 'already known to students of modern history.' The most important of them are either not known at all, or are matters of ardent controversy. There is abundant proof in the book, that some of the commonest of them are not known to Mr. Hutton. But perhaps the editor is right in thinking that 'for ordinary readers, in quest of sensation and novelty,' such information 'would bear only a faint interest.' Not that those readers will find the book very exciting as it stands. Mr. Hutton has aimed at giving a picture of the man, and Sir James Bland Burges cannot by any effort be made an interesting character. His sole claim to distinction is, that for six eventful years he had access to secrets which many people now living would give their ears to know. When will serious historical study have reached such a standard in England, that unrivalled collections of public documents will be treated from some other point of view than that of a vain attempt to beguile the 'ordinary reader'? The supplemental volumes of the Wellington Correspondence are a model rarely imitated in this country. Lord Beaconsfield, the sworn enemy of dulness, who warned precocious children against inquiring too narrowly into the authorship of Junius, or the identification of the Iron Mask, gave to these bulky volumes his most unqualified praise. The three hundred letters of William Pitt, which are said once to have existed in the Auckland papers, would outweigh all the clever gossip of Mr.

Mr. Storer which is printed in the published correspondence. Mr. Hutton has indeed attempted to give liveliness to his pages by a less legitimate process. He pours the vials of his scorn on diplomatists to whom England owes the deepest obligations, and whose character was never assailed except by those who, being higher in station, were jealous of their abilities and power. At a time when no Cabinet was considered secure without its usual complement of dukes, and when a diplomat in certain Courts was obliged to be a man of rank and fashion, as well as of knowledge and affairs, our interests would have fared badly indeed, if we had not possessed public servants of such trained capacity as William and Morton Eden, Hugh Elliot, and John Hailes. For three of these Mr. Hutton has very hard words, which we may suppose to be the echo of the 'boldness and finish,' with which their characters are sketched by Mr. Burges. The fourth, the most brilliant of all, he does not mention. Yet Lord Auckland was the trusted friend of Pitt, who wished to marry his daughter. He was probably the only man in England, except Pitt himself, who could have negotiated the commercial treaty with France and the East Indian Convention. During a public career of nearly fifty years he was acquainted with every important secret of State. He was equally trusted by men so different as Lord Suffolk and Lord Loughborough, Pitt and Grenville, Vergennes and Van de Spiegel. He left behind him a collection of State papers, the best monument of his career, mutilated, alas! and impaired by the carelessness of posterity, not one line of which need call up a blush on the face of his warmest partisan. Lord Henley was well worthy of the brother who watched tenderly over his education, while the despatches of Hailes are a striking contrast to the frivolous puerilities of the Duke of Dorset. Hailes was one of the very few statesmen in Europe who foresaw the results to which the summoning of the States-General would inevitably lead. Still we are grateful to Mr. Hutton for giving us what he has thought fit to print. Perhaps at some future time the Burges papers will be made to yield more valuable metal. In the mean time let us sum up the solid results which these two volumes present to us.

An interesting page of Sir James Burges's recollections introduces us for the first time to the Duke of Leeds, then Marquis of Carmarthen, as well as to William Pitt and the historian Gibbon. Gibbon was then forty-three years old, Lord Carmarthen twenty-nine, and Pitt twenty-one. They were dining with Mr. Burges in his rooms in the Temple. Mr. Gibbon, then at the zenith of his fame, was in the habit of taking the



lead in the conversation in whatever company he might find himself:—

‘His conversation was not indeed what Dr. Johnson would have called *talk*. There was no interchange of ideas, for no one had a chance of replying. So fugitive, so variable was his mode of discoursing, which consisted of points, anecdotes, and epigrammatic thrusts, all more or less to the purpose, and all pleasantly said with a French air and manner which gave them great piquancy, but which were withal so desultory and unconnected that, though each separately was extremely amusing, the attention of his auditors sometimes flagged before his own resources were exhausted. Mr. Gibbon, nothing loath, took the conversation in his own hands, and very brilliant and pleasant he was during the dinner and for some time afterwards. He had just concluded, however, one of his best foreign anecdotes, in which he had introduced some of the fashionable levities of political doctrine then prevalent, and, with his customary tap on the lid of his snuff-box, was looking round to receive our tribute of applause, when a deep-toned but clear voice was heard from the bottom of the table, very calmly and civilly impugning the correctness of the narrative, and the propriety of the doctrines of which it had been made the vehicle. The historian, turning a disdainful glance towards the quarter whence the voice proceeded, saw, for the first time, a tall, thin, and rather ungainly-looking young man, who now sat quietly and silently eating some fruit. There was nothing very prepossessing or very formidable in his exterior, but, as the few words he had uttered appeared to have made a considerable impression on the company, Mr. Gibbon, I suppose, thought himself bound to maintain his honour, by suppressing such attempt to dispute his supremacy. He accordingly undertook the defence of the propositions in question, and a very animated debate took place between him and his youthful antagonist, Mr. Pitt, and for some time was conducted with great talent and brilliancy on both sides. At length the genius of the young man prevailed over that of his senior, who, finding himself driven into a corner from which there was no escape, made some excuse for rising from the table, and walked out of the room. I followed him, and, finding that he was looking for his hat, I tried to persuade him to return to his seat. “By no means,” said he; “that young gentleman is, I have no doubt, extremely ingenious and agreeable, but I must acknowledge that his style of conversation is not exactly what I am accustomed to, so you must positively excuse me.” And away he went in high dudgeon, notwithstanding that his friend had come to my assistance. When we returned into the dining-room we found Mr. Pitt proceeding very tranquilly with the illustration of the subject from which his opponent had fled, and which he discussed with such ability, strength of argument, and eloquence, that his hearers were filled with profound admiration.’

Francis Godolphin Osborne, fifth Duke of Leeds, was born on January 29, 1751. After receiving the ordinary education

of an English nobleman, he went, according to the custom of those days, on the grand tour. The narrative of his three years' travels, kept with scrupulous accuracy, is still extant. He saw Louis XV. and his family at Paris, walked about the garden of Ferney with Voltaire, spent a considerable time at Rome and Naples, and visited Kaunitz at Vienna. He learnt languages, dancing, music, and the high school of horsemanship, besides becoming acquainted with the political condition of Europe. He married shortly after his return a lady who afterwards left him to run away with Jack Byron, the father of the poet. Mr. Burges gives a graphic description of him as he appeared at the age of thirty:—

‘He appeared then to have united in himself a combination of endowments such as have rarely fallen to the lot of the most favoured individual. Descended from noble ancestry, heir to the dukedom of Leeds, in possession of an ample independent fortune, and looking forward to the not distant accession to one still more considerable, he had in these respects no excuse to envy any man. And not inferior were the advantages which nature had liberally bestowed upon him. His talents were brilliant and acute, his memory uncommonly retentive, his powers of conception so prompt that he was able at a glance to comprehend whatever was submitted to him, and to decide upon the line of action to be taken; while his ready wit, and his wonderful faculty of expression, whether by speech or by writing, in prose or in verse, charmed and dazzled all with whom he associated. These rare qualities had received the cultivation derivable from an education at Westminster School and at Oxford, followed by several years' residence at foreign Courts. In addition to all this, few men equalled him in personal beauty of face and figure. His countenance was most prepossessing, and seemed to indicate at once the quickness of his intellect and the suavity of his disposition. He had the gallant spirit of a noble gentleman with the manner and address of an accomplished courtier.’

Although Lord Carmarthen received strong marks of royal favour at the outset of his career, becoming a member of the King's household and chamberlain to the Queen, this did not prevent him from asserting his independence. In spite of a lecture from Lord North, the Marquis took an active part in the meeting which resulted in the Yorkshire petition, but felt obliged to resign his offices at Court. He told the King, that he could no longer give his support to Lord North, Lord George Germaine, and Lord Sandwich. The King said in his nervous manner: ‘I'm very sorry; I'm very sorry;’ but added, he was sure that Lord Carmarthen had acted from conviction, and therefore like a man of honour. Notwithstanding this, ten days later he was summarily dismissed from

the Lord Lieutenancy of the East Riding. 'My surprise,' he says, 'could scarcely have been greater had it been a warrant of commitment to the Tower.' Lord Pembroke and the Duke of Richmond were his companions in misfortune. His lot was then thrown in with the Opposition, and he took an active part in the attack upon Lord North, which led to his resignation. On the accession of the Rockingham Ministry to office, Lord Carmarthen was restored to his Lord Lieutenancy, and there was a talk of putting him into office, or giving him an embassy. These arrangements were put an end to by Lord Rockingham's death, after he had held office only three months.

Lord Shelburne's Ministry was strengthened by the accession of the youthful Pitt, and weakened by the refusal of Fox to serve under him. Although Fox and Shelburne may have differed as to the independence of America, yet there is no doubt that personal feeling was an important element in the quarrel. Fox would have served with Shelburne under a neutral ruler; he would not submit to a subordinate position. With strange inconsistency, he threw himself into the arms of Lord North, who, night after night for many years, had been the object of his assaults in the House of Commons. The coalition was brought about by the shifty and unscrupulous Lord Loughborough, and William Eden was privy to the arrangement. After a second defeat on the terms of peace with France, Lord Shelburne called his friends together at Shelburne House on Sunday, Feb. 23, and declared his determination to resign. Lord Carmarthen, who had received the high honour of being chosen as the first Ambassador to France after the renewal of intercourse with that country, was unwilling to serve under the new Ministry, and would only do so if the King's service imperatively required it. For more than a month the country remained without a Government. The King used every effort to persuade Pitt to take the seals, but with rare self-command he refused. On Feb. 26, on the King's renewed request, he promised to do what he could to obey his commands, and not till March 26 did he tell his Royal master that he saw no probability of a firm support or of a want of union in the coalition. At last on April 1, at half-past ten at night, Lord North was sent for to produce his Cabinet. 'Are these the persons,' said the King, 'whom you and the Duke of Portland wish to name?' 'To recommend, Sir,' answered Lord North. But the King insisted on his phrase, and added, with some malice, 'There are two other important places to be provided for, Ireland and France, for I can inform you that Lord Temple will not stay, and Lord Carmarthen will not go.'

On Dec. 17 Fox's East India Bill was defeated in the House

of Lords by a majority of nineteen votes. On the next day, at eleven o'clock at night, Nepean, Lord North's under-secretary, was sent for by the King to Buckingham House. The King was alone, and ordered the astonished underling to demand the seals from the two Secretaries of State, and to bring them to him at once. According to Mr. Burges, the two unsuspecting victims were supping at Lord North's, and discussing quietly what should be done after their defeat. Entering the supper-room, and refusing to sit down, after a few minutes of embarrassing silence, Nepean stated the object of his mission. Fox refused to believe it, and Nepean had to repeat his message. Lord North then said good-humouredly, 'If such be the case, Nepean, you will have very little trouble with me. My seals are in your custody; you have only to take them to the King.' Fraser, the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Department, was at the table, and had no difficulty in producing Mr. Fox's seals. Nepean took them to Buckingham House, and the King received them in silence. The next morning Pitt was appointed Prime Minister. Mr. Burges says that the post was first offered to Lord Temple, but for this there is no foundation. On the following evening, Saturday, March 20, Lord Carmarthen dined at Lord Temple's. The host and his nephew were very glum, and it was evident that something unpleasant had occurred. In fact, Lord Temple had determined to resign because Pitt would not insist upon the King making him a marquis or a duke. This resignation carried dismay into the hearts of the new Ministry, and caused Pitt the only sleepless night which Bishop Tomline remembers him to have spent. After a moment of indecision, Pitt was more resolute than ever to support his sovereign, who had told him in a letter, that he was like a drowning man glad to catch at every twig. Lord Gower was a member of the Administration from the first, and not, as Mr. Burges says, in succession to Lord Camden. On Tuesday Lord Carmarthen was offered and accepted the seals of the Foreign Secretaryship. His colleague was Lord Sydney, better known as Tommy Townshend, whom Burke sometimes persuaded 'to lend him a vote.' Mr. Burges tells an amusing story of him:—

'One day, when he did me the honour to take me in his carriage to the House of Lords, he suddenly remarked, "I can't imagine why they call me Lord Tommy. Can you tell me?" I answered as gravely as possible that I could not. "It's very strange," said he. "Lord Tommy! I should like to know why they call me that. But I'll ask Lord Carmarthen, he'll be most likely to know—don't you think so?" I told him I thought he could not do better, and I could

could say so honestly, for it happened that it was to Lord Carmarthen that he was indebted for the title that puzzled him.'

The first Cabinet Council of the new Ministers was held at Lord Carmarthen's on December 28. There was much to be done before Parliament met on Jan. 12. A new East India Bill must be drafted and introduced at the very beginning of the session. An Appropriation Act had to be framed, and the Mutiny Acts, which expired on March 25, must be renewed either in the present Parliament or in a new one. The Ministers were in a considerable minority in the House of Commons, but it was known that the country was with them and with the King. By superhuman efforts the India Bill was prepared in time, but the financial difficulties were so great that Pitt 'even hinted at giving the thing up.' Mr. Burges takes credit for two valuable pieces of advice given by him to the new Ministers. The first was the introduction to Pitt of the design of a sinking fund, which was to be provided for by a succession duty; and the second was the discovery that a Mutiny Bill could be introduced into the House of Lords, thus turning Fox's flank, and compelling him to give in. This second service was strangely forgotten by the Duke of Leeds, who merely remarks: 'So strong was the tide without doors against Mr. Fox and his majority, that they thought prudent to pass the Mutiny Bill in compliance with the wishes of the public.' On the morning of the very day that Parliament was prorogued, the Lord Chancellor's house was broken open and the Great Seal stolen. Some candlesticks, a sword, and some money, were taken at the same time; but it was felt that the theft had in all probability a political significance. However, a new seal was prepared by the following day, and on Thursday evening, March 25th, the proclamation for dissolving Parliament was signed and sealed. 'Thus,' says the Duke of Leeds, 'was an end put to one of the most extraordinary Parliaments that had ever existed, and which, from every motive of prudence and sound policy ought to have been dissolved much sooner.'

Lord Carmarthen assumed the seals of the Foreign Office at a momentous period. England had just emerged, with the loss of her American colonies, from a war which had embroiled her with nearly the whole of Europe. France, Spain, and Holland, had successively taken the field against her. Her finances were ruined, and her military prestige stood at a very different level from that which it had reached twenty years before, at the end of the Seven Years' War. We were without an ally in Europe. France, governed by Louis XVI. and Vergennes, was in favour of peace and free trade. Her unfortunate sovereign, who was to

to reap the ruin which had been sown by others, had no other wish but to develop the commerce, resuscitate the navy, and invigorate the colonies of his country, and to keep, if possible, some shreds of that Indian Empire which, before the epoch of Clive and Hastings, had seemed destined for the French. The alliance between France and Austria, the masterpiece of Kaunitz, formed in 1756 for the humiliation of Frederick the Great, still subsisted, but it was a drag upon the action of both countries rather than an assistance to their development. Joseph II., after sharing his mother's crown and power for fifteen years, had recently succeeded to independent sovereignty. He was, perhaps, the most dangerous influence in Europe. Full of good intentions, with a keen insight into the evils and deficiencies of his age, he failed in all his undertakings, and stirred up bitterness and rebellion, where he desired nothing but prosperity and good will. He dragged Maria Theresa, against her better judgment, into the 'Potato' War of the Bavarian succession. His own master since 1780, he issued countless edicts against the abuses of his time, against the nobles, the clergy, the system of orders, and the monasteries, which had no effect but to cause worse confusion. Religious toleration and the abolition of serfdom were the only solid results which he achieved. Learning nothing by experience, he quarrelled with the Dutch by abolishing the Barrier Treaty, opening the Scheldt, and laying claim to Maestricht. At the same time, he tried to effect the exchange of Belgium for Bavaria, and gave Prussia the opportunity of placing herself at the head of a league of German princes directed against the power of Austria. In all these projects Joseph was checked by France. She had no sympathy with his reckless stirring of sleeping dogs. His conduct towards Holland interfered with her most cherished plans, and she forced a reconciliation upon him by the Treaty of Versailles. Desirous to keep on good terms with Frederick the Great, she resented a course of action which would exasperate that sly old fox, while she had every reason to dread the plans of aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey which occupied the closing years of his reign.

Catharine II., who ruled Russia wisely for thirty-four years, was, next to Joseph, the power from whom England had most to fear. Although she had not taken sides against us in the American War, she had formed in the darkest part of it the confederacy of the Armed Neutrality, in which a number of maritime powers were banded to resist our supremacy at sea. Whatever care she might bestow on French philosophers and handsome guardsmen, her cool head always kept the solid interests of Russia in view; and the two Powers, at whose  
expense

expense it could be most conveniently increased, were Poland and Turkey. The first partition of Poland and the Peace of Kutschuk Kaynardji had fallen in times when our attention was occupied elsewhere. Frederick the Great, though he kept a watchful eye on every movement in Europe, was occupied in consolidating his government, and wished for no new war. A statesman, therefore, surveying the condition of Europe with the knowledge which we now possess, would have seen that France, with an outward appearance of majesty, was rotten to the core, and was hastening to the catastrophe which was in ten years to overwhelm her. He would have perceived that the peaceful development of French commerce and industry was the true interest of Europe, and the best means of conquering the tumultuous passions which were soon to carry havoc into every portion of the civilized world. He would have seen that the alliance between France and Austria, however much it might have departed from its original intention, was the best check upon the ambition of both, and was a safeguard to the peace of Europe.

The Marquis of Carmarthen, however, and possibly George III., were of a different opinion. In their eyes France was the hereditary enemy of England, and every intrigue and movement in Europe were to be attributed to French influence. They knocked humbly at the door of Russia, who refused to listen to their blandishments, they strained every nerve to excite the suspicions of Kaunitz; and his repeated assurances, that France had no hostile designs and was incapable of dangerous action, only confirmed their suspicion of mischief. When they failed to move the minister, they approached the sovereign himself, and Sir Robert Murray Keith was ordered to assure Joseph, that we not only had no objection to his opening the navigation of the Scheldt, but that there was no object of his ambition, however extravagant, which we should not be disposed to support, if he would only give up his unnatural alliance with the House of Bourbon. It is a comfort to learn that Pitt was not the author of this policy. Lord Carmarthen found, that he could not prevail upon the Cabinet to give that attention to foreign affairs which he thought necessary, and consequently afterwards gave them little trouble on the subject.

‘Mr. Pitt, however, for some time applied himself to the correspondence with great assiduity, and during a day I stayed with him at Wimbledon, we had a great deal of conversation on the general subject of European politics; this happened in May, and I was very happy to find our ideas were similar on the great object of separating if possible the House of Austria from France, as likewise  
a degree

a degree of desire to form some system on the Continent in order to counterbalance the House of Bourbon, though at the same time the strongest conviction of the necessity of avoiding, if possible, the entering into any engagements likely to embroil us in a new war.'

The true Pitt speaks out in the last clause. The objects he had most nearly at heart were peace, retrenchment, and reform. A solvent and united England would be a tower of strength in a bankrupt and distracted Europe.

The alliance which England sought in vain from Russia and Austria was to come from another quarter. Holland was at this time the second maritime power in Europe, and from the extent of her navy and her trade, as well as from her assertion and protection of liberty, was almost worthy to rank among the Great Powers. Dutch history, which indeed does not extend over two centuries and a half, exhibits a remarkable example of the strength and weakness of Federal Government. The seven provinces were united by the loosest bond of confederation known to political science. Holland, the largest province, set an example to the whole, but even peace and war were matters of municipal and not of imperial policy. When a foreign enemy in the shape of France threatened their independence, the provinces sought for strength and unity in the protection of a Stadtholder, who had command of the army and the fleet, and other privileges of a more disputed kind. When the pressure was removed, the instinct of separation reasserted itself, the Stadtholder's power was diminished, and each oligarchy of merchants governed itself with its Pensionary and Greffier, until a new danger revived the desire of a personal sovereign. As France was the Power most dreaded by Holland, so it was the interest of France to foster the separatist feeling and the power of the oligarchies, while since the time of William III. the Stadtholder had looked for the support of England. Thus we see in Holland an ebb and flow of weaker and stronger union, one movement depending on France, the other on England; one supported by the trading oligarchy, the other by the mass of the people. In the American war Holland had first been caught by the Armed Neutrality, and had then been driven into open hostility against England. At the settlement of Versailles she was the last of the belligerents to make peace, and the treaty which secured the cession of Negapatam to England was not concluded until Pitt was in office. A minister had to be sent to the newly regained friend, and a better choice could not have been made than James Harris, afterwards Lord Malmesbury. He came, like Eden, from the ranks of the Opposition, and, unlike Eden, returned to them again; but Mr. Burges, who has many hard



hard words for the turncoat Eden, has nothing to say against Harris.

When Harris arrived at the Hague about the end of 1784, he found the party of the Stadtholder in the lowest depths of despair. William V., who then held the office, was not the man to retrieve his position; and his best hope lay in the support of his noble-hearted wife, Frederica Wilhelmina, niece of Frederick the Great. It was nevertheless in Holland and under these conditions that the battle between English and French supremacy had to be fought. Holland had at that time a powerful navy and large naval experience. She had shewn a talent for colonization. The Dutch East India Company was the principal rival to the English Company. In alliance with Holland, France might hope to win back something of her commerce beyond seas, and to check the undisputed predominance of the British flag. It was the business of Harris to thwart these designs, to depose the Dutch patriots, as they were called, to restore the Stadtholder to his ancient rank, and to base his power on the security of English support. The steps by which Harris effected these objects are most interesting to trace. There was in the English Cabinet at this time a forward party, who were desirous to press the predominance of England on every opportunity, and a party who desired to avoid European complications, and who sought the aggrandizement of their country in economy and peace. Carmarthen and Pitt may be regarded as types of the two attitudes, and their diverging views led to a rupture in 1791. Still, strongly as Pitt desired peace, he knew that it was often best secured by energetic language backed by decided action, and many of his despatches might have been written by the imperious Chatham. Harris soon saw that to secure Holland it was useless to attempt the severance of Austria from France. Austria was too strongly opposed to the interests of Holland to join us in an alliance with that country, whilst France was of necessity the firm support of the patriots against whom our policy was directed. Russia was inaccessible; therefore the one Power that remained to us was Prussia, closely cemented with the Stadtholder by family ties, and under the influence of a long-standing jealousy with the House of Austria. Harris proposed a triple alliance between England, Holland, and Prussia, a plan which took three years to realize, but which, when completed, was an earnest of peace, and for some time gave the law to Europe. It is unaccountable that Mr. Hutton (p. 145) attributes this great service to Mr. Ewart, who had little or nothing to do with it; while he turns the Triple Alliance into a quadruple alliance between England, Holland, Prussia, and Turkey.

Turkey. Harris's views were laid before the Cabinet on May 10, 1785. They are contained in a masterly paper, reprinted among the Leeds MSS. (p. 111). It is represented that Austria and France are connected together, Russia is connected with Austria, Spain with France. The consequence of this league will fall especially on England and Prussia; these two courts, therefore, must concert measures for mutual security. We must increase and consolidate the confederacy of princes now taking shape in the Empire: we must separate Russia from the leaguers, preserve Denmark, neutralize Sweden, and, above all, reclaim Holland. The King of Prussia is better able to give us advice, intelligence, and assistance, than any prince in Europe. We must enter into definite negotiations with him, and settle precisely what amount of aid each Power is to afford to the other. France must on no account have the Low Countries, and England will do her best to prevent Austria from obtaining Bavaria.

The first result of this policy was, that the King of England joined the League of Princes as Elector of Hanover, a step which called out strong remonstrances from the Ambassadors of Austria and Russia, but which was gratefully acknowledged by Frederick the Great. Lord Cornwallis was sent on a special mission to Berlin, but Frederick refused to take any active step. He was too old to throw himself into an European war. He counselled his niece to make terms with the patriots and to seek the protection of France. The position of the Stadtholder became worse and worse. At the end of 1785 a treaty of alliance was signed between France and Holland. England protested against it, but was not prepared to go to war without the support of Prussia.

On August 17, 1786, Frederick the Great died. The new King was of an excitable and adventurous disposition. He wished for an alliance with England, and was not disposed to overlook any insult to his sister. Count Görz was sent to the Hague, and both parties in Holland began to arm. Harris pressed hard for the active intervention of England; but Pitt, who had just concluded the commercial treaty with France, was more desirous of peace than ever. With the connivance of Carmarthen, Harris wrote a letter to Pitt himself. He pointed out, that a most important struggle was taking place in Holland, that the subjection of Holland to France would isolate England in Europe and be a constant menace to our trade, whereas by alliance with Holland we could best hope to establish ourselves in Europe, and to form useful and permanent connections with other Powers. Pitt's answer was more favourable than the conspirators had dared to hope. Carmarthen wrote in exultation,

tion, 'Now we have raised his attention to the important object in question we must by all means endeavour to keep it up, and not suffer Holland to be sacrificed either to lawn or cambric.' The temper of the Cabinet, however, was very cautious. A letter of Carmarthen's to the King, on January 7, 1787, received a snubbing answer, probably at the instigation of Pitt. Months passed, and nothing was done. In May Harris came again to England, and succeeded in getting Pitt to agree to advance 20,000*l.* to the Stadtholder, either as a loan or otherwise. Their resolution was quickened by the intelligence, that the French were preparing a camp on the Belgian frontier, at Givet.

This state of tension was suddenly broken by an unexpected step on the part of the lion-hearted Princess. She left Nimuegen, to which she had retired, and joined her husband at the camp which had been formed at Amersfort. From this place she wrote to the Hague to say, that she was coming there to place herself at the head of the Stadtholder's party. On the evening of June 28 she was arrested by some free corps near Gouda, and kept for a day in confinement. She was then released and returned to Nimuegen. This insult offered to his sister was sufficient to decide the wavering character of the King of Prussia. He immediately prepared to march troops into Holland. At the same time Eden, who had just concluded the commercial treaty with France, was instructed to use the most energetic language at Paris. Pitt wrote to him, on Sept. 15, that the French must, as things stand, give up their predominant influence in Holland or fight for it. A Cabinet minute of Sept. 19\* states, that there is every reason to suppose that the French will oppose the Prussian troops, and orders the fleet to be armed, and the army to be increased. War between France and England was within an ace of breaking out. Indeed, some of the French Ministers desired it, as the best escape from domestic troubles. It was prevented by the firmness and decision of Pitt. On the very day of the Cabinet minute the Prussian army entered Holland in three columns. All resistance immediately collapsed. The free corps were broken up; the Stadtholder was restored to the Hague with all the authority which he had ever possessed. The result of this was to place Holland entirely in our hands. Montmorin, who had succeeded Vergennes as Foreign Minister at Versailles, signed a declaration promising to disarm, and declaring that the King had never intended to interfere in the affairs of the United Provinces. Treaties between England and Holland, and

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\* 'Leeds Papers,' p. 118.

England and Prussia, were signed in April, 1788, on the same day. Two months later an alliance was concluded with the King of Prussia at Loo, a diplomatic victory achieved by the energy and versatility of Harris, to the dismay of the French party at the Prussian court. In this manner was consolidated the Triple Alliance of 1788, a connection which gave England a predominant voice in the councils of Europe, and made her the arbiter of war and peace, until the settlement was swept away, with many others, in the rising flood of the French Revolution.

Before the conclusion of the Triple Alliance a negotiation had taken place with France, which exhibits Pitt's policy in the clearest light. Among the many marvels of Pitt's career—that he should have been Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, Prime Minister at twenty-four, that he should have been master of his Cabinet from the very outset, that he should have established a strong government in the teeth of a majority of the House of Commons, that with scarcely a single adequate supporter he should have defended himself against the eloquence of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan—none perhaps is greater than that he should have been one of the best informed and the most enlightened economists of his time, a true disciple of Adam Smith. The seven years of study at Cambridge must have been well spent. It was this instructed view of finance which enabled him to conclude the commercial treaty with France in 1786. Such a treaty had been among the arrangements of the Peace of Versailles. The French Government were strong free-traders; they believed that the wealth of a country lay in the products of its soil, and that, as different countries produced different things, it was advantageous for each that its special produce should be freely exchanged with those of all the others. France was anxious to find a market for her wines, oil, and silk; she had no objection to admit English hardware and cotton in return. She even believed, that with no return free access to the English market would be beneficial in itself. The ancestral jealousy of France was too strong to permit these views to find acceptance in England. The term fixed for the conclusion of the treaty expired at the end of 1785. The time was drawing to an end, and nothing had been done. The French had repeatedly demanded the execution of the treaty. A Mr. Crauford had been sent to Paris with the knowledge that nothing was expected of him. The French had put pressure on us by issuing edicts prohibiting the importation of English manufactures, by declaring that the Treaty of Utrecht, which established a certain degree of reciprocity between the two countries, should be

allowed

allowed to lapse, and finally by concluding an alliance with Holland. This last step roused Pitt to action. The two years which had elapsed since his accession to office had been spent in party conflicts, in legislation for India, in the attempts to retrieve our finances, and in the fruitless effort to establish free trade with Ireland. He wrote to Harris at this time: 'The general state of our revenue is improving daily. We are, I believe, in possession of a million surplus beyond our probable annual expenses, and shall, if the same course of prosperity continues, find ourselves very different in the eye of Europe from what we have been for some time.' He therefore, three weeks before the expiration of the allotted period, writes in the name of Carmarthen for an extension of the time. Vergennes replies by granting a delay of six months, which may be extended to twelve. It should be mentioned here that, at least in the earlier portion of Pitt's career, the most important despatches in all departments were composed by him, and were drafted in his handwriting. Even if his style is not always a sufficient proof of authorship in despatches signed by the Secretaries of State, by Carmarthen, Grenville, or Sydney, the original drafts, in his own unmistakable autograph, existing in the Record Office, do not admit of a doubt. A collection of these despatches, costly and laborious though the work might be, would be a most valuable contribution to the history of the time. Pitt, in his pregnant and feverish career, scarcely wrote a line which is not worth printing. Indeed, Carmarthen could no more have conducted a commercial negotiation with France than the Duke of Dorset. His mind was saturated with jealousy of that country. The grand tour had made him a *dilettante*, but had taught him no political economy. His private correspondence is full of innuendoes against Eden, not always of the most delicate character, and he and Harris laughed heartily at the notion that the French could ever be honest negotiators.

Eden set himself with vigour to the prosecution of his task. He spent all the morning at the Council Board, examining merchants and traders. He reached Paris at the end of March. The French were in favour of free trade; but, in order that this principle might be adopted to any useful extent, it was necessary to abrogate or to modify the Methuen Treaty with Portugal, which still existed. This treaty had been concluded by John Methuen in Portugal in 1701, as the price for securing the accession of Portugal to the Grand Alliance. Its results were probably mischievous to both countries. By stipulating that the wines of Portugal should always be admitted to England at a third less duty than the wines of any other nation, it drove out the clarets

clarets which were then commonly drunk, and drenched our ancestors with fiery port. How much of the obesity of the eighteenth-century Englishman is due to this arrangement, and how much of the enforced abstemiousness of our own days? In return for this, Portugal admitted our cottons and linens free of duty. Thus the manufactures of Portugal were crushed, we obtained for our products the petty markets of Lisbon and Oporto rather than the ample fields of France, while the sunny hillsides of the Duero were over-stocked with vines belonging, not to industrious peasant proprietors, but to over-wealthy seigneurs, who ground the peasants down. Vergennes pressed hard for the abrogation of this treaty; and Pitt, in a private letter to Eden, declares himself willing to grant it. But the pedants of the Cabinet, of whom Jenkinson was the chief, held back their too impulsive superiors. The more the French conceded, the more exacting were the terms we asked. Eden was in despair at the task imposed upon him. The French Ministers, however, were thoroughly in earnest. Eventually the treaty was signed in September. The duty on French wines and brandies was reduced to the amount then imposed on the wines of Portugal, which were in their turn diminished by a proportionate sum. The Spitalfields weavers absolutely refused to admit French ribbons to the English markets. On the other hand, English hardwares, woollens, and cottons, and the beautiful productions of Wedgwood, were welcomed in France.

It is difficult to judge of the effect of a treaty which only continued in force for a few years, and those disturbed by the shadow of imminent convulsions. But it stands as a monument of the liberality of the last year of the *ancien régime*, and of the enlightenment and magnanimity of Pitt. Lord Sheffield, who in those days of darkness posed as an authority on economical questions, said that as far as he could see the reciprocity was all on one side, that the French had not gained a single advantage, that they had been for once at least taken in, and had exhibited themselves very ignorant and foolish. On the other hand, Rayneval, the French negociator, takes a higher tone. 'The balance which will result from the treaty is uncertain; experience alone will show to which side it leans; but, whatever may happen, we shall at least have acquired the inappreciable advantage of insensibly diminishing the national hatred which has hitherto separated France and England; of substituting a legitimate for a fraudulent commerce, and of turning the profits of contraband to the advantage of the State. These considerations are more important than the indiscreet clamours

clamours which the fraudulent are certain to indulge in, both in France and England.'

We see thus that by May 1789, when the States-General met at Versailles, the prosperity of England was fixed on a secure basis. Our finances were sound, while those of France were rotten. We were in close alliance with two Powers who could assist us by sea and land, and whose united voice could speak with authority to Europe. France was hampered by her connection with Austria, who was in her turn seeking an alliance of self-aggrandizement with Russia. That these results should have been obtained in five years, after the close of a disastrous war, is due to the genius of Pitt and to the ability of such diplomatists as Harris and Eden. The world was about to break up and pass away, but its falling masses inspired no terrors as they struck us. Just at this time, in August 1789, Mr. Burges became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His first care was to provide for a better arrangement and preservation of the Foreign Office papers. He writes to his wife:—

'The immense number of despatches which come from and go to Foreign Courts are piled up in large presses, but no note is taken of them, nor is there even an index to them; so that, if anything is wanted, the whole year's accumulation must be rummaged over before it can be found, and frequently material affairs must be forgotten for want of a memorandum.'

To remedy this, Mr. Burges proposed 'to enter the purport of every despatch in a volume properly prepared for that purpose.' Any one who has had occasion to work at the State papers of this period in the English Record Office must long for the exquisite handwriting, the careful marginal *précis*, and the luxurious bindings, of the French archives. His next step was to cross swords with Lord Hawkesbury, and to wrest from his hands the conduct of a commercial treaty with Naples, and the settlement of a dispute with Spain about Honduras. Mr. Hutton attributes Lord Hawkesbury's encroachments to the 'indolence of the Duke of Leeds,' and his indifference to ordinary business. This we think hardly fair to the Duke. He was an active Foreign Minister—sometimes indeed too active; but he was entirely unfit to negotiate a commercial treaty, whereas Pitt, who was perhaps the fittest man in Europe for the purpose, had committed a large share of the negotiations with France to Lord Hawkesbury. Mr. Hutton tells us nothing about the negotiations with Naples and Spain, on the ground that 'not the slightest interest now attaches' to them. But we should like to know something about the Honduras business, as it might

might throw light on the conduct of Spain with regard to Nootka Sound, which nearly produced a European war in the following year. Mr. Hutton is also most tantalizing about the rebellion in the Austrian Netherlands. The Burges papers evidently contain a mass of correspondence on this subject from two agents, named *Sundersberg* and *Sontag*. Whatever may be the value of public diplomatic correspondence in these days of Blue-books and Parliamentary questioning, there is no doubt that the international history of a hundred years since can only be written from a close study of diplomatic archives. The private letters addressed to the Under Secretaries are sometimes more valuable for this purpose than the public despatches sent to the Minister. Of this correspondence Mr. Hutton gives us nothing. Still more tantalizing is his reticence about the affair of Nootka Sound, which he says 'has been so often and so thoroughly explained that it would be a waste of time to repeat the well-known incidents.' Mr. Hutton has the advantage of us. Although in no crisis did the qualities of Pitt shine forth more pre-eminently, we know of no narrative in the English or in any other language which gives a clear account of the essential facts. Nootka Sound is on the coast of British Columbia, just north of the 80th parallel of latitude. It was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, and that accurate observer gave a glowing account of the trade which might be anticipated with the natives, especially in furs. For the purposes of conducting the trade some English ships were fitted out from China, and, the venture being profitable, other vessels were despatched from England. The Spanish Government, who based their claim to the whole of this coast on a bull of Pope Alexander VI., confirmed by subsequent treaties, fitted out an expedition from Mexico, entered the bay, pulled down the English factory, seized two English ships and their cargoes, and confiscated them as prizes. The news of this outrage arrived in England through the Spanish Government in February 1790. We had unfortunately no English minister at Madrid, as Lord Auckland had left in the previous year, and his successor had not been appointed. Pitt took the matter into his own hands and acted with the greatest vigour. The despatches written by him, now extant in the Record Office, speak with all the imperious dignity of the son of Chatham. The Spaniards ask that we shall recognise their sovereignty over these coasts. Pitt refuses even to listen to such a demand, until reparation has first been made for the insult to the British flag. When the Spaniards hesitate to submit, Parliament is taken into confidence, the fleet is armed, and the army increased.



There now arises a new danger. Spain was closely united with France by the Family Compact of 1761. By this treaty the two Bourbon Powers were bound to assist each other in all enterprises under the most stringent terms. The instrument dates from the last years of the Seven Years' War, when England was at war with France. The first news of it roused Chatham to declare war against Spain and to attack the Spanish colonies in South America. His failure to carry this measure in the Cabinet led to his resignation. Spain now asked for the assistance of France according to treaty, and the French Court, then in the first throes of the Revolution, thought that it might be for their interests to fulfil these engagements. A popular foreign war would be a safe outlet for dangerous spirits at home. The exact means by which this peril was averted is still a mystery. If the Burges papers can solve it, they will be a boon to historians. The most influential person in France at this moment was Mirabeau. He was Chairman of the *Comité diplomatique* of the National Assembly, and he was confidential adviser of the Court. If he could be gained over, peace might be preserved. But Mirabeau had already pronounced himself in favour of war; what influence could be brought to bear upon him?

Just at this time Hugh Elliot had returned from his embassy at Copenhagen. He had been at school with Mirabeau as a boy, and they had always maintained friendly relations with each other. He was now entrusted with a mission to Mirabeau. Mirabeau held no official position. Lord Gower could not communicate with him publicly, and the mission must be secret. Pitt's instructions are not extant, but a letter from him to Elliot is printed by Lord Stanhope and Bishop Tomline. We do not therefore know what arguments he was authorized to use. But we know that his mission was successful. Lord Gower writes to the Duke of Leeds on October 22, that the popular party has signified to him through Mr. Elliot their earnest desire to use their influence with the Court of Madrid, in order to bring it to accede to the just demands of England, and that, if supported by England, they will prefer an English alliance to a Spanish compact. Six days later Mirabeau informs the Court, rather we fear against the facts, that England has no intention of going to war, and that her armaments were inspired rather by the disturbances in the North than by any intention against Spain. Spain, on the other hand, could not fight without France. This danger having been averted, Mr. Fitzherbert, who had been sent to Madrid, was enabled to conclude a convention by which the Spaniards

Spaniards surrendered every point. Thus, twice since his entrance upon office, had Pitt by the energy of his language and conduct saved us from war.

The adjustment of our difficulties with Spain and France was perhaps made a little easier by the effects of the Congress of Reichenbach. Mr. Hutton says of it (p. 442) that 'peace was then concluded between Austria and the Porte.' This was not exactly the case, because peace was not arranged between these Powers until the treaty of Szistowa, and then with great difficulty and with imminent danger of a renewal of the war. But it was at Reichenbach that the preliminaries were arranged. The state of Europe was indeed critical. There was still a danger of war between England and Spain, in which France would have been engaged on one side, and Holland on the other. The Emperor was still quarrelling with his Belgian subjects, and, although Joseph II. had been succeeded by Leopold II. in February 1790, the matters in dispute were of a very delicate nature. Austria and Russia were leagued together for the dismemberment of Turkey, the existence of which was considered then, as now, important to the balance of power in Europe; Prussia, Austria, and Russia were casting longing eyes on the remaining territory of Poland; and behind all this was the spectre of the French Revolution threatening all thrones and governments with disaster. As the first partition of Poland had been an expedient of Frederick the Great to divert the hunger of Russia from devouring Turkey, so now Prussia looked for a convenient indemnity in the same quarter. Frederick William proposed to add Dantzic and Thorn to his dominions as accretions long desired by his house, while Austria was to give back the Poles a piece of Galicia which she had taken in 1772, and to indemnify herself by a slice of Turkey. When Austria refused to listen to these terms, Prussia threatened war, and had indeed already concluded a treaty with the Porte against Austria, so that two more European wars were in immediate prospect, in addition to the war which was devastating the East, and the civil war in the Netherlands. The one Power which was disinterestedly anxious for peace was England, and Pitt could therefore speak with decisive effect in the midst of these surging jealousies. The most weighty exponent of his views was Sir Robert Murray Keith, our ambassador at Vienna, and not Mr. Ewart, as Mr. Hutton erroneously states. An interesting summary of the result of these negotiations is given in a letter from Mr. Burges to Mr. Fitzherbert, dated August 9, 1790.

Peace upon the base of the preliminaries of Reichenbach was finally concluded between Austria and the Porte at the little Bulgarian village of Szistowa. A graphic and amusing account of the lengthy negotiations is given in the published correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith. Russia, however, still refused to make peace; and an account of the complicated dispute, to which this gave rise, is given with considerable fullness both in the Burges Papers, and in the Political Memoranda of the Duke of Leeds. It was understood at Reichenbach, that peace between Turkey and the Porte was to be concluded, like that between Austria and the Porte, on the basis of the *status quo*. This would necessitate the restoring of Oczakow to the Turks—a fortress at the mouth of the Dnieper, which had been stormed by the Russians with immense loss of life. Russia refused to restore the fortress, probably more from *amour-propre* than from any other cause. The Powers of the Triple Alliance now meditated an armed intervention. England, in conjunction with Holland, was to send a fleet into the Baltic and the Black Sea; and Prussia was to march an army of 28,000 men on the Russian frontier, ready to invade Livonia, and march upon Riga. These measures were determined upon at Cabinets held on March 21 and 22, 1791; they were approved of by the King, and a messenger, announcing the determination, was despatched to Berlin on March 27. Two days later the matter was brought before Parliament; and, notwithstanding the vehemence of the Opposition, an address to the King in approval was carried by large majorities in both Houses. No sooner was this step taken, than some members of the Cabinet began to doubt whether the country would support them in entering upon a European War. The Duke of Richmond was the first to declare his hesitation, and he was followed by Lord Strafford, and Lord Grenville; while the Duke of Leeds, Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and Pitt, were unshaken in their determination. On Thursday Pitt had a long conversation with the Duke of Leeds. He told him that several of the Government majority had voted against them; that the feeling of the Opposition was rising. The Duke said, that if there were any change of policy he would resign. Pitt replied, that he felt not only for the Duke, but with him; but dwelt on the consequences which breaking up the Government would bring upon the country and the King. The rest of the Cabinet were sent for. Lord Strafford declared that he had not slept all night, but declared himself against action, in which he was followed by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Grenville. The Duke of Leeds does full justice to the uprightness and consistency

sistency of Lord Grenville's conduct during the business. Lord Camden was neutral. At the close of the conversation, the Duke became convinced that a change of policy was inevitable.

The Cabinet met again on the evening of the same day, and of this the Duke of Leeds gives a graphic account:—

'I went to the Cabinet in the evening; Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt were not come; the rest of the members were present; the Chancellor and Lord Camden in conference on one side of the chimney, the Duke of Richmond and Lord Strafford on the other, Lord Grenville walking up and down the room. I went up to the chimney, and stirring the fire, observed that, as it was probably the last time I should have to do the honours of that room, I thought it particularly incumbent upon me to have a good fire for my company. This produced a considerable effect. The Duke of Richmond and Lord Strafford exclaimed "Good God, what d'y'e mean?" I answered from what had passed at our late meetings I took for granted it would be determined at the present to act in a manner directly contrary to what we had communicated as our system to Prussia, in which case I should think myself obliged to *make my bow*. A short silence ensued.'

After this the Duke retired with the Duke of Richmond into his own room, and returning to the Cabinet found Mr. Pitt and Lord Chatham arrived. In the discussion which ensued, the Duke, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Chatham, were opposed to the Duke of Richmond, Lord Strafford, and Lord Grenville. Lord Camden said nothing, and the Lord Chancellor went to sleep. At length a despatch was agreed to, which, with some modifications, the Duke of Leeds consented to sign. It was dated the first of April, and advocated a temporary delay. The Cabinet did not meet again for ten days. In the mean time, the opposition of the country to the war had become more pronounced, and Pitt was in receipt of other information, which made him less averse to accept a compromise. Was Oczakow, after all, of such importance that it was worth while to go to war about it? Lord Auckland was at the time minister at the Hague. He was the most trusted, and probably the most able of the English diplomatists of his generation, and all the threads of European diplomacy passed through his hands. He had all along been opposed to our going to war with Russia. The co-operation of Holland was necessary for this purpose, and it was doubtful whether the Dutch desired war. Kinbergen, a Dutch admiral, was well acquainted with the coasts of the Black Sea, and he declared that Oczakow was of little moment compared with Sebastopol. Pitt, after carefully weighing the question, concluded that he might give way upon this point; and Mr. Fawkener was sent to St. Petersburg to propose

propose to Catherine that she should restore Oczakow, but that the fortifications should be destroyed. This was accepted, and Oczakow has passed out of the domain of ordinary human knowledge.

On April 15 the Cabinet met again. Pitt, according to the custom of that day, had drafted despatches for Berlin, which the Duke of Leeds was expected to sign. The Cabinet Council opened with a lively discussion. The Duke of Richmond expressed some doubt, as to whether the messenger, who brought the determination of delay, could have arrived in time to stop the previously arranged ultimatum from being despatched to St. Petersburg. The Lord Chancellor (who was for war) said he hoped not, and thought that there was a fortunate east wind, which would prevent the second messenger arriving in time.

'The Duke seemed nettled at this answer, and replied, "I suppose then you wish to read Homer, my lord?" "What the devil," retorted the Chancellor, "has Homer to do with the business?" "Only," replied the Duke, "I suppose your lordship may want to have sufficient leisure to read Homer in comfort, which, from your situation, you have not at present?" After a little more snarling on one part, and a great deal of grumbling on the other, the dialogue concluded. The Duke of Richmond then asked me if I recollected the day the second messenger went away. I told him he set out on Friday, April 1. Pitt could not help saying, "Now, do own, Duke, that you enjoy the date on this occasion." I told him I really answered the Duke, *tout bonnement*, and was sure the date was accurate, however since he mentioned it I could not say I was particularly sorry at such a step being taken on such a day.'

The upshot was that the Duke of Leeds refused to sign despatches which he did not approve of, and the King gave permission to Lord Grenville to sign the despatches of the Foreign Office. Six days later, the Duke formally resigned. Cabinets are Cabinets after all; and it is some comfort to find that the Cabinets of George III. were not more united than those of Victoria. Thus ended the question of the Russian armament. The most serious part of it was our sudden abandonment of Prussia. By this we broke up the Triple Alliance, and prepared the way for the desertion of the coalition by Prussia in 1795.

The Treaty of Jassy between Russia and the Porte was not concluded till January, 1792, and by that time the intervention of the European Powers in the affairs of France had become an accomplished fact. The arrangement of Pilnitz was made in August, 1791. Mr. Burges (p. 184) gives an entirely erroneous account of this Convention, which is unfortunately accepted by Mr. Hutton. He describes it as pointing towards a dismemberment

ment of France for the benefit of Austria and Prussia ; whereas the essence of the instrument lay in the condition, that it was to be inoperative unless all the Powers of Europe should accede to it. ' *Alors et dans ce cas,*' said the Emperor of Austria, referring to the words of this exception, ' is to me the law and the prophets.' It did, however, lead to war, which was declared by France against Austria on April 20, 1792. Equally unsupported by any evidence known to us, is the statement (p. 153), that the dominant idea of the English Ministry was to excite a counter-revolution in France, under the erroneous impression that the national feeling was decidedly in favour of the restoration of the Bourbons. This statement is made with reference to a letter of Mr. Burges of the date, December 28, 1790 ; whereas, the *déchéance* of the King was not proclaimed till after August 10, 1792. Nothing is more certain than that the attitude of England towards the Revolution was one of scrupulous neutrality until the late autumn of 1792 ; that the final outbreak of the war in 1793 was almost accidental, and that we were on the point of opening diplomatic relations with the French Provisional Government after the dethronement of the King.

Before, however, we speak of these matters, it is necessary to refer to a curious circumstance, of which an erroneous account has hitherto been given by English historians, and which is described in somewhat different language both by Mr. Burges and the Duke of Leeds. We mean the proposed coalition between Pitt and Fox in the summer of 1792. The account generally received is taken from Lord Malmesbury's Correspondence, and is to the effect, that Pitt actually contemplated a union between himself and the Opposition, and that it fell through in consequence of the unwillingness of the King to admit Fox to his Councils. This story is positively contradicted by the Memoranda of the Duke of Leeds, which may be taken as trustworthy, since they were written down immediately after the events, without any idea of publication, and they are implicitly supported by the evidence of Mr. Burges. Mr. Burges's account is given in a letter to his wife, dated October 14, 1794, more than two years after the event which it describes.

' I have learnt a very curious anecdote of the Duke of Leeds which does great credit to his modesty and good sense. Before the present ministerial arrangement took place, and when the negotiation for that purpose was depending, many difficulties as you will readily believe, arose as to the manner in which it was to be adjusted. The Duke having heard of this, and conceiving that a favourable opportunity was thereby afforded to him of again coming into power, devised

devised a plan which he submitted to his Cabinet Council, consisting of the Duchess, Dr. Jackson, Sir Ralph Woodford, Mr. Aust and Mr. Glover, and which was approved of by them. In consequence of this he drove down to Windsor and requested an audience of the King. After the proper preliminaries, and professions of zeal and attachment, he told his Majesty that it appeared to him that however desirable the depending coalition of parties might be, he was satisfied it could not be effected unless some means could be found to reconcile the jarring pretensions of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, the latter of whom, having formerly been Prime Minister, and expelled by the former, could never submit to the degrading circumstance of coming into administration while Mr. Pitt continued First Lord of the Treasury. To obviate this barrier, and to render everything easy, the Duke said he had determined to come forward and to propose to his Majesty that he should be named First Lord of the Treasury (in plain English, Prime Minister); that then Mr. Pitt might continue Chancellor of the Exchequer (in plain English, his deputy), in which case he would be answerable to his Majesty that the Duke of Portland would accept of the Secretaryship of State, as from his (the Duke of Leeds) being the senior Duke, no impediments from etiquette would stand in his way. His Grace assured the King that he had no other reason for making this proposal but the most sincere wish to save his Majesty from embarrassment and to serve his country, &c. &c. My information does not go so far as to enable me to state with clearness the answer which was given to all this; nor do I know certainly what passed till about five minutes after the audience was over. When the Duke had made his bow he came out upon the terrace; immediately the King did the like. The Duke joined his suite, and before they had advanced many paces Mr. Pitt came up. He had hardly taken off his hat to make his bow before the King called out to him, "I am sorry I have bad news for you; but you are out." "Out, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Pitt, with much surprise. "Yes," replied the King, "I am sorry to tell you that you are out; you are no longer First Lord of the Treasury; but do you know who succeeds you?" "I really do not, Sir," replied Mr. Pitt. "That's very strange," said the King. "I should have supposed you might at least have been able to form some idea of who it is. Look about you, and try if you can discover him." Mr. Pitt accordingly did so, and then assured his Majesty he had not been able to find him out. "Why," said the King, "if you can't guess I will tell you; it is the Duke of Leeds, here, who has this moment offered himself to succeed you as First Lord of the Treasury in order to prevent confusion. I am sure you will agree with me that such an arrangement will be very desirable, as you know the Duke so well, and must have so high an opinion of him." I leave you to figure to yourself what his Grace's feelings and countenance were on this occasion. The consequence, however, was a fit of his stomachic complaint, and his being entirely left out of the arrangement. You may depend upon the whole

whole of this being literally true; for my authorities are indisputable, as you will know when I tell you that they are George Brooks and Lady Holdernesses.'

It is a very pretty story, but it has the misfortune of being in its most striking features absolutely untrue, and it is a warning against using the recollections of memoir writers as serious history.

The true account is given in the Memoranda of the Duke of Leeds. The object of the coalition was not to include Pitt and the Duke of Portland, but Pitt and Fox in the same Ministry. The matter was first opened to the Duke by the circle of flatterers who surrounded him. A meeting took place between the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Portland. The Duke of Portland was under the impression, that Pitt had no objection himself to act with Fox in the most cordial manner. It was arranged that the Duke of Leeds should communicate personally with the King. The Duke went to the Terrace at Windsor on Sunday evening, August 12. 'It was extremely crowded. The King was standing in a circle, talking to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, the former appearing exceedingly grave. He afterwards, however, resumed his usual cheerfulness, and laughed with the Duchess and me in the old style. The King was very gracious to us.' Two days later the Duke went to the Terrace again. He walked for some time with the King, and on asking for a conference the King took him through the Castle to the library in the Queen's Lodge, where they talked for half an hour. The Duke narrated his interview with the Duke of Portland with reference to the admission of Fox to the Cabinet, and mentioned the interview which had taken place between Lord Loughborough and Mr. Dundas. To the Duke's great surprise the King answered, that he had not heard anything on the subject for a long time. That Mr. Pitt had some months ago mentioned something like an opening on the part of the Duke of Portland and his friends, to which the King had answered, 'Anything complimentary to them, but no power.' The King asked who was proposed to be First Lord of the Treasury. The Duke answered that he could not tell, but that it was meant that some one should be in that situation who was upon terms of friendship and confidence with both parties. The King replied that it would be very awkward for Pitt, after having been so long at the head of that Board, to descend to an inferior situation at it, and that whoever was the First Lord must either be a cypher or Mr. Pitt must appear as a *commis*.

About a week later, the Duke had an interview with Mr. Pitt. He listened attentively to everything that the Duke had to say, and



and then answered, that there had been no thought of any alteration in the Government; that circumstances did not call for it, nor did the people wish it; and that no new arrangement, either by a change or coalition, had ever been in contemplation. He added that the interviews between Dundas and Lord Loughborough, at some of which he had himself been present, had not in view any change of Administration, and that if anything could be devised to make an union with Fox more difficult than it had been for many years, it was precisely the conduct he had held towards the close of the last Session. Pitt also said, that the King had mentioned to him the conversation the Duke had held with him at Windsor and the following day at St. James's. The Duke was evidently taken aback at the sudden downfall of his hopes; only one conclusion was possible from the reflection which he makes on the circumstances, that Lord Loughborough had given an entirely false account of what had passed between himself and Dundas. That lawyer was, in fact, so eager for the office which he ultimately obtained, that he stuck at nothing to gain his end. Historians have hitherto believed the story of Lord Loughborough as related by Lord Malmesbury. They will henceforth have to follow the more prosaic but unimpeachable narrative of the Leeds Memoranda. It is probable that the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Portland, each deceived by his own toadies, were 'smelling at the same nosegay.' Each thought that he was the one individual who, by his position and peculiar gifts, could combine the jarring antagonisms of Pitt and Fox into an harmonious unity.

It is a great misfortune that neither the Leeds Memoranda nor the Burges Papers throw any light on the most important question of the whole of this period—the outbreak of the war with France. In the conversation with Pitt above mentioned it is tantalizing to read, 'He turned the conversation for some time to the affairs of France. I brought him back, however, to the subject of our conference.' We would rather have one line about Pitt's views as to our relations of France just after the cataclysm of the tenth of August, than ten about back-stairs intrigues for the shuffling of ministries. The recal of Lord Gower from Paris after the tenth of August was inevitable. He had been accredited to a monarch, and that monarch had been deposed. It was impossible that he should remain at Paris, nor as an aristocrat and a personal friend of the royal prisoner would his life have been safe. The French Government expected his departure, and were not offended at it. The position of Chauvelin in England was different. Nominally commissioned by the King, he was known to possess in some degree

degree the confidence of his new masters, and how was he to take his leave? If the Provisional Government sent him letters of recal, would the King of England receive them, and, if he was refused an audience, would it not be likely to lead to the very war which both countries were anxious to avert? Chauvelin had been sent to England as the nominal head of a mission, of which Talleyrand was the informing spirit, to conclude if possible an alliance with this country, to borrow three millions of money, and to offer St. Domingo in return. These objects were as important in the new state of things as they had been before. Indeed, as the tide of European insurrection rose, it was most desirable that France should not increase the number of her enemies. Chauvelin therefore remained in a dubious position, snubbed alternately by Grenville and by his own Government, afraid to move forwards or backwards for fear of making bad worse. He had no relations with the Opposition. Talleyrand, with marvellous insight, had seen at once the suicidal folly of any step in that direction. So matters remained through the recess of 1792. In the autumn the relations of the two Governments became more strained. The unexpected repulse of the allied armies, the conquest of Belgium which followed closely upon the Battle of Jemappes, which united the Netherlands to France and seemed to threaten Holland, made the peril more urgent for the English Government. This feeling of insecurity was increased by the decree of November 19, which, passed in hot haste in an afternoon's debate, though it referred only to countries already invaded by French arms, sounded like an appeal to all nations to throw off their allegiance to their legitimate rulers.

This decree, repeated a month later, and the opening of the Scheldt, together with the invasion of Nice and Savoy, and the execution of the King, have generally been regarded as the causes of the revolutionary war. An examination of English and French State papers does not support this conclusion. The invasion of Nice and Savoy, although it was enumerated by Pitt in 1800 as one of the grievances which led to war, finds no place in the correspondence of the time. The decree of November 19 was abundantly explained by Chauvelin, and indeed no one, who reads in the *Moniteur* the debate which preceded it, could attach to it the importance which our Ministry were at first inclined to give it. The opening of the Scheldt was a serious violation of treaties, and, if it had been carried into action, would undoubtedly have put an end to peaceful relations. But there was a great difference between declaring the Scheldt open because 'a river which had its source in a free country should

should never be enslaved through any portion of its course,' and the using it as a menace to English commerce. There is, indeed, the strongest proof, that we should not have gone to war upon this pretext. The Dutch, who were the parties most interested, were not disposed to insist upon it. We had ourselves offered the navigation of the Scheldt some years before to Joseph II. under far more dangerous circumstances, as the price of his surrender of the French alliance. We have authentic records of conversations of Pitt with Maret, in which the position was practically surrendered. The execution of the King was seized by the Ministry as a good opportunity for making the war popular, but not as a *casus belli*. None of these reasons are sufficient to account for the catastrophe. The fate of peace and war lay elsewhere—in the security of Holland. We were bound to that country by the closest ties of honour and interest, and its destiny could not be a matter of indifference to us.

The difficulty of keeping peace lay in the divisions of the two Cabinets of London and Paris. In the English Cabinet there was certainly a war party, to which the King gave his support. Pitt was prepared to make any sacrifice for peace, Grenville probably swerved slowly to the side of war. In Paris, Dumouriez and Le Brun were in favour of peace with England; the Jacobins, for their own purposes, wished for an extension of the war. It is painful to think what accidents prevented an understanding. Pitt, in a conversation with Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, had pressed for the recal of Chauvelin and the mission of another agent to treat informally with the English Court. Barthélémy, the negociator of the peace of Basle, the ablest diplomatist in the French service except Talleyrand who was not available, was designated for the post. Le Brun had actually drawn up the instrument recalling Chauvelin. The Provisional Government rejected it, as derogatory to the honour of France, it is believed, by a very small majority. Similarly Fox urged on Parliament the recognition of the French Republic, and the despatch of an envoy to Paris. Instructions for this purpose were drawn up and are still extant, Mr. Lindsay having been chosen for this service. Chauvelin was not recalled, Lindsay was not sent, and both nations drifted into war. One more chance was allowed us. The dismissal of Chauvelin from this country, on the ground that he was a suspected alien, was a high-handed insult, and tantamount to a declaration of war. It was, as Chauvelin said, 'un coup de canon.' Yet at the very moment when he was dismissed by us, he had been recalled by the French Government, and Maret, a *persona grata* to

to Pitt, had been appointed in his room. The courier recalling Chauvelin met him at Blackheath; Maret and Chauvelin passed each other in the night at Montreuil, and had no conversation, not recognizing each other's liveries. On such slight events do the fate of empires hang!

February 1793 marks a new era in the career of Pitt and in the foreign policy of England. The fabric which he had laboriously erected, of peace abroad and financial stability at home, was swept away for ever. Sir Robert Murray Keith, on leaving Szistowa in 1791, congratulated himself that he had crowned a long diplomatic career by placing the peace of Europe on a secure basis for at least a generation. We must not be surprised if Englishmen did not at first realize the nature of the struggle in which they had entered. It was some little time before the conflict began in grim earnest. We looked for a speedy victory over the undisciplined hordes of the *sans-culottes*. We were soon undeceived. The French armies were animated by a spirit which had not yet been taken into account by professors of the art of war. A career opened to ability called into being the genius which it rewarded. The coalition was distracted with conflicting interests. The caricatures of Gillray depict but too faithfully the excesses of the English army in Flanders. The loss of the 37th Regiment in consequence of a drunken debauch, as told by Burges, is but a type of the whole campaign. The Duke of York was recalled; Holland was conquered by Pichegru; Prussia, complaining that her subsidies were not regularly paid by England, retired from the coalition at the peace of Basle, thus avenging our desertion of her in 1791. The Duke of Leeds, now a member of the Opposition, tells us of the efforts made to 'treat with any government in France, under whatever form, which should appear capable of maintaining the accustomed relations of peace and amity with other countries,' efforts which resulted in the fruitless mission of Lord Malmesbury.

Here our present materials fail us. The secret history of the next ten years has yet to be written. When the wealth of our archives becomes current coin, we shall be better able to judge whether Pitt should have made peace with France in 1800; whether he did right in resigning in 1801; whether England was fully justified in breaking off the peace of Amiens and engaging in the deadly struggle in which Pitt was forced to yield, when the courier, booted and spurred, rattled down the streets of Bath, and, bringing the news of Austerlitz, struck his face with the ashy pallor which it never lost, and his heart with the icy chill which froze it in an early death.

- ART. VI.—1. *England: its People, Policy, and Pursuits*. By T. H. S. Escott. New and Revised Edition. London, 1885.
2. *John Bull et Son Ile*. By 'Max O'Rell.' Paris, 1883. Translated from the French under the supervision of the Author. London, 1884.
3. *Les Filles de John Bull*. By the Same. Paris, 1884. Translated from the French under the supervision of the Author. London, 1884.
4. *Society in London*. By a Foreign Resident. London, 1885.
5. *La Société de Londres*. Comte Paul Vasili. Paris, 1885. Translated from the French. London, 1885.

IT has been sometimes urged on behalf of the rather irresponsible, and not always good-natured, chatter which makes so large a part of our current literature, that, much as superior minds may to-day affect to deplore or condemn it, to the future historian of our era it will prove a precious and indispensable boon. It is to such sources, say they, that he must turn for those touches of life and nature which every writer needs, and most of all writers the historian, to keep his works sweet, and save them from the dust and silence of the upper shelf. Of the outward and visible features of the time, the dry bones of that skeleton we call history, any one can possess himself who will be at the pains to explore the 'dark backward and abyss' of Blue-books and newspapers, or consult the dumb oracles of Hansard. But for the movement, the colour, for the 'form and pressure of the age,' one must go elsewhere. These are not to be found in the public records, nor to be imaged from the so-called historic events of the time; but rather in the by-ways of life, in the pictures of contemporary fashions and follies, pursuits and pastimes, contributed by the idle or the curious; in all that motley panorama of life in a great capital, which the philosopher may contemplate with a sneer or a sigh, as his philosophy or his peptics (if the terms be not synonymous) may suggest, but which, if he deserve his name, he cannot ignore. Reform Bills and Budgets; the disputes of rival creeds and speculations; records of war, adventure, and discovery; literature and art, science and medicine—things of high import these, but yet not 'all that human hearts endure.' Let not then, it is pleaded,

'Let not Ambition mock the useful toil'

of those who turn from these grave subjects to record in humbler prose those changes and chances of a London season which Society's own poet has wedded to his sprightly strains:—

'the

‘—the dances,  
The fillings of hot little rooms,  
The glancings of rapturous glances,  
The fancyings of fancy costumes ;  
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,  
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,  
The luxury of looking at Beauties,  
The tedium of talking to Mutes ;  
The female diplomatists, planners  
Of matches for Laura and Jane ;  
The ice of her Ladyship’s manners,  
The ice of his Lordship’s champagne.’

There is much reason in the plea. We make history now in another way than our fathers used, and we must write it in another. The way we employ is in truth not one of our own discovering, though we employ it perhaps somewhat differently. Many years ago Jeffrey—whom posterity has never blamed for an undue devotion to light literature—complained that History was silent, or at least reserved, on the very points on which, if she was to be anything more than a mere chronicler, it behoved her to be most communicative. ‘Before,’ he says, ‘we can apply any example in history, or even comprehend its actual import, we must know something of the character both of the age and of the persons to which it belongs, and understand a good deal of the temper, tastes, and occupations both of the actors and the sufferers.’ The moral growths of a country or an age are an indispensable part of the studies of every historian. It is the old story—

‘What great events from little causes spring!’

The prevailing manners of a time, its studies and amusements, its follies and its vices, are as necessary to the writer who would tell his contemporaries what manner of men their fathers were, with what eyes they looked out upon the world, with what heads and hearts they went about its business, as the wars they waged, the speeches they made in Parliament, the taxes they imposed or remitted, the laws they repealed or passed. Public transactions, in short, are not to be rightly understood without a nice comprehension of the men who transacted them; and this cannot be gained by seeing the actors always in full dress.

‘Writings,’ Jeffrey continued to urge, ‘not meant for publication, nor prepared for purposes of vanity or contention, are the only memorials in which the true “form and pressure” of the ages which produced them are ever completely preserved; and indeed the only documents from which the great events which are blazoned on their  
records

records can ever be satisfactorily explained. It is in such writings alone—confidential letters, private diaries, family anecdotes, and personal remonstrances, apologies, or explanations—that the true springs of action are disclosed, as well as the obstructions, whether in the scruples of individuals or the general temper of society, by which their operation is so capriciously and, but for these revelations, so unaccountably controlled. They are the true keys to the cipher in which public annals are almost necessarily written; and their disclosure, after long intervals of time, is almost as good as the revocation of their writers from the dead—to abide our interrogatories, and to act over again before us, in the very dress and accents of the time, a portion of the scenes which they once guided or adorned.'

What Jeffrey pleaded for, his favourite and famous pupil Macaulay in some measure established. Others, of course, had done something this way before him. Herodotus, for instance, the great All-father of historians, has condescended to treat occasionally of other than public transactions. So, too, has even the stern Tacitus, and, to come nearer to our own time, Gibbon himself, has not disdained at times to stay his stately march along the broad highway of the past to enquire, and often very curiously, into private and familiar matters. Carlyle, as all remember but too well, wearied heaven and earth with his execrations on the dull cold ways of Dryasdust, and with infinite labour invented a system of his own for reproducing 'the faces of our vanished Fathers,' and re-animating 'the thing now gone silent, named Past.' But in Carlyle's ways no man has yet ventured to tread, and such old-world models as Tacitus or Gibbon our scornful age has long ago turned to the wall. Macaulay is with us still. His method and his style have still their influence and attraction. Some of our teachers, it is true, exhort us to put away the accursed thing from our midst; but though we may affect to do so, and listen with pleasure to the clink of the iconoclast's chisel on the famous gravestone, in secret we still cherish the dead man's memory, paying it the finest of all compliments, the compliment of imitation. For surely in all later historians the influence of Macaulay is clear to trace; he is, with those apologists we have elsewhere specified, the capital illustration of their theory of the value of gossip; and his is the name by them most often and most triumphantly cited as the writer whose pages owe so large a share of their colour and vivacity to those literary snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, whom sterner spirits seem in all ages to have agreed to despise, though certainly not always to reject. In a well-known passage, after explaining his views of the historian's duties, he has avowed that he will 'cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended  
below

below the dignity of history if I can succeed in placing before the Englishmen of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.' This is the cardinal point: what shame or offence can there be, it is asked, in busying oneself with matters so grave a writer did not disdain to take under his especial patronage? What Roger North and Narcissus Luttrell and Anthony Hamilton, what L'Estrange and Ned Ward and Tom D'Urfey did for Macaulay, that will these chroniclers of Victorian Society do for the historian yet unborn. And not only in the pages of his history is Macaulay indebted to the gossips of the past. How many a brilliant passage would his essays lack had it not been for the busy idleness of such writers as Walpole and Hervey, Mrs. Manley and Madame D'Arblay—if the ghost of the fair Cecilia will pardon the unrighteous companionship!

There is, we say again, much reason in the plea. But before it be finally accepted, one or two things have to be considered. It is clear, that the advantages the future historian is destined to reap from this field of contemporary literature must depend on three things: they must depend on the nature and accuracy of the information supplied; the position and importance of the people concerning whom it is supplied; and the qualifications for their business of those who supply it. For it will be obvious, that unless the future historian can be certain on these points, unless he is so assured of the good faith of his authorities that he may unreservedly accept their statements, even where no corresponding evidence exists, he is not unlikely to come to very serious trouble. Mr. Chadband, it may be remembered, once fell by accident into some sensible remarks on the nature of truth. It is a common failing of the day to mistake eels for elephants, or geese for swans, as an earlier philosopher than Mr. Chadband has put it: and unless the historian can be quite sure that his gossips have made no such mistake, that they have been blessed with a sufficient keenness of eyesight, to distinguish the varieties of the species which they have passed their days in examining, recording, and classifying, and to give each its proper value and proportion, he will hardly find in those gay pages all the profit that is claimed for them. Even under the best conditions it is rash work to build too much on the gossip-mongers of any time. Even where we have the best possible reason for believing the scandalous chronicle to be true, it must always be an open question, what semblance the picture we have painted with those colours and from those models bears to the reality. Most of us probably, who are well versed in our Pepys or our Walpole, flatter ourselves that we have got from

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their merry pages a pretty clear idea of the life of those times and the men and women who lived it. Yet, how still more probably, do we flatter ourselves in vain, and all we have really got is but an 'unreal mockery.' Wise men tell us there are planets to which the long vanished past is still the living present; from which Noah may possibly still be seen stepping into the ark, or 'Eve listening to the voice of the tempter. Could we be transported for a space to one of those starry vantage-grounds, and see with our visual eyes, as now we think we see with the eyes of our imagination, Pepys sitting at the King's playhouse, 'for privacy sake in an upper box,' or Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick keeping the bank at Brooks's, it is a hundred chances to one that we should no more recognize our ideals, than in certain wearisome mixtures of bad history, bad taste and bad writing, with which a groaning world has lately been afflicted, it is possible to recognize the real Byron or the real Shelley. Yet, at the same time, we feel that the fault is ours only. It is impossible in reading those old memoirs and letters and journals, not to recognize the stamp of sincerity, the 'natural touch.' Who the men were we know, and the part they played in life. They wrote not for posterity, not 'for vanity or contention,' but for their own amusement or the amusement of their friends: and when every allowance has been made for egotism, pique, or partiality, the assurance still remains, that here truly is the 'abstract and brief chronicle of the time.' Are the current makers of the history that is to be equally known, and equally to be depended on? How many of them can say with the modern Ulysses—

'I am a part of all that I have met'

That is the capital question; and the books whose titles stand at the head of this paper may help us in some degree to a right understanding of this important point. Some of them perhaps will seem at first sight hardly of the quality this 'Review' is mostly in the habit of discussing, and indeed as literature it must be owned they are of no great importance. But they have been expected, one hears, with so much curiosity, and welcomed with such abundant demonstrations, that there must, one imagines, be 'that within which passeth show;' something in which those who are better qualified to know than we may profess to be, can detect the natural touch howsoever disguised; something at any rate which should make them worth consideration, if not acceptance. They are not all, it will be seen, in the same category. The first of course stands by itself; and indeed we feel that some apology is due to Mr. Escott for having

having ranked it with the others. But so earnest and so nice a student of his times and his fellows will pardon us, we are confident, for the use we have made of his book, which travels, of course, over far wider ground than we purpose exploring. The others constitute, indeed, but a small part of the literature they belong to; but they have each in their way, and for their little hour, been a good deal talked and written about, and possibly read; and in default of other and more valuable aids to our enquiry, they may fairly serve to represent the case of those who claim for such writing, if not the dignity of history, at least the regard of the historian.

Unfortunately we are stayed at the very outset by one stern and uncompromising fact. For the most part these books have been written by men who, for one reason or another, have decided to conceal their identity. Mr. Escott we all know; 'Max O'Rell' is a pseudonym of a French master in a London school; but who is 'a Foreign Resident'? who is 'Comte Paul Vasili'? There are, no doubt, some who know; there are certain to be some who will profess to know; but for our own part we, as representing a feeble unit in the general sum of humanity, must own to being as completely in the dark as any one of these modest or timid scribes could desire. It is to be presumed that 'Comte Paul Vasili' is a Frenchman, because his book was originally written in the French tongue; it is still more certain that the 'Foreign Resident' is a native of our own Grub Street, though internal evidence seems to point to a correspondence of some kind between him and the mysterious Count. But beyond this there is, for us, no knowledge. If a century hence the patient historian is moved by some dim comment in one of the journals of the present year of grace to call down these volumes from the galleries of the British Museum, there will be nothing to guide him in his choice or rejection of their statistics. He will unquestionably find much in them that he will not find elsewhere; he will find in them familiarly handled, for good or ill, many persons whose very names history has forgotten, and for whose title to fame he will search contemporary records in vain. But whether this exclusive information must be ascribed to the superior knowledge or to the superior information of the writers; whether this familiarity must be set down to intimacy or impudence, he will be left to draw his own conclusions. What those conclusions are likely to be we will for the present leave our readers to determine.

It is perhaps a merciful dispensation of Providence that no power has as yet been found to grant Burns's prayer. To see ourselves as others see us, when the 'others' are of the vision

and the faculty of Monsieur 'Max O'Rell,' would be indeed a painful process. Provincialism dies hard among us. Despite the long and pious crusade of Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is to be feared that not yet has he managed wholly to uproot our old comforting belief in the theory of the 'best of all possible worlds,' and the 'unrivalled happiness of the Anglo-Saxon race.' It would at any rate ill become an Englishman to press very eagerly to the stoning of any foreign 'chiel' who came among us for the purpose of 'taking notes:' to bemock or to execrate him for his inability 'to see things as they really are' (which would probably in too many instances mean to see them with the Englishman's eyes); to complain too bitterly of his prejudice, or to laugh too loudly at his ignorance. When urged to such excesses we should check the ungenerous impulse, by remembering that even so serious and clear-headed an Englishman as Dr. Arnold could write from France, that what struck him most there was 'the total absence of gentlemen, and of all persons having the education and the sentiments of a real gentleman,' while but very few seemed to him to have even the 'appearance and manners of one.' But of all these inconvenient visitants the Frenchman is at once the most stiff-necked and the most credulous. Despite the quickness of his mother-wit, his acuteness, intelligence, and vivacity, it has long been with him an hereditary—so long that it has become almost, as one may say, a divine—right to look at all things outside his own experience of life by the sole light of the lamps of the Boulevards. There are Frenchmen and Frenchmen, and no one would think of confounding Monsieur Taine and Monsieur 'Max O'Rell' in one common doom. Yet, shrewd often, nearly always good-natured, and always interesting, as are the former's '*Notes sur l'Angleterre*,' sincere as was his desire to master our insular peculiarities, and untiring his industry, it must be owned that he goes astray not seldom as hopelessly as his younger compatriot. Like all French travellers—indeed, like the majority of all travellers, he is too quick to generalize from particulars, and from particulars too often imperfectly apprehended. But of Monsieur Taine it must always be said that even where he errs most unaccountably, he errs always like a gentleman: for the other this plea is not good. Monsieur Taine quotes with natural approval the saying of an ancient writer, that the two qualities most in fashion among the Gauls were courage and wit:—'*duas res industriosissime persequitur gens Gallorum, rem militarem et argute loqui.*' This Latin sentence, he says, 'exactly defines the spirit of conversation, the talent for coining apothegms, the liking for short, sharp, neat,

neat, impromptu, and happy phrases, launched with gaiety or malice.' And he adds: 'Foreigners greatly admire this gift; they say that it is accompanied with taste, and that both of them are universal and developed among us.' Some foreigners will probably have changed their opinion since Mr. 'Max O'Rell' wrote, and particularly since he wrote his last volume. With his first work, 'John Bull et son Ile,' it was possible to be a little amused, and a good deal bored; but no man with the slightest sense of humour could have been angry with it. With his second (and we will trust his last) volume, 'Les Filles de John Bull,' it is not necessary to be an Englishman to be angry, any more than it is necessary to be an Englishman to be angry with a blackguard who insults a woman in the public streets. But the plain fact is, that the composer of these volumes had not for his object to describe for his untravelled countrymen the country and the people of Great Britain, but to crack as many jokes as he could on what it is the fashion to call their insular prejudices; that is to say, on those national characteristics, physical, social, and mental, which distinguish them from other countries; the plane of comparison being in this case an unusually narrow and restricted one. Unfortunately, as was said of one of another race, he jokes with difficulty, even where he attempts no fresh flights of fancy, which, to give him his due, is but seldom. Even where he is content, as he mostly is, to appropriate other men's humours, he does not convey wisely. His jokes are ancient, but not venerable; even for one so staunch to tradition as the Parisian cockney, surely the primeval jest on the large feet and the long teeth of Englishwomen must by this time, one would have thought, have lost some of its point. But joke he must; if he respects nothing else, he respects the national code, as he understands it, *argute loqui*. It may be that his long residence beneath these grey skies and in these yellow fogs, which are all its gifts the English climate ever vouchsafes to travellers from the 'pleasant land of France,' has somewhat dimmed his native light; but it is certain that his patriotism had laid upon his wits a burden greater than they are at all times able to bear. Unfortunately, too, his materials are scanty; and this is the most damning count in his indictment, for surely no Democritus could wish a fairer field for laughter than this 'blessed plot' could furnish in these present years of grace. There is nothing to show that our visitor has ever moved out of London, or, in London, ever moved outside a narrow and not engaging circle. When Mr. Gargery and Mr. Wopsle paid their first visit to London, they bent their steps first to the 'Blacking Ware'us,'

nor

nor is there evidence to show that honest Joe carried back with him to his forge any other impression of the Metropolis. Monsieur 'Max O'Rell's' experience of London and its people does not appear to have been much more extensive. The 'Foreign Resident' (in which, by the way, he has shown a singular and most admirable unselfishness) has attempted a definition of Society: 'If a definition of Society,' he says, 'were sought for, I should be inclined to give it as the social area of which the Prince of Wales is personally cognizant, within the limits of which he visits, and every member of which is to some extent in touch with the ideas and wishes of His Royal Highness.' The areas 'Max O'Rell' has been familiar with were clearly not of this social class. The smoking-room of a fourth-rate club, a tolerable acquaintance with our theatres, music-halls and drinking-bars, and a diligent study of the 'Daily Telegraph,' would amply furnish forth a dozen such volumes as these. Spice this fund of information with a certain smart newspaper style which no man nurtured on the columns of 'Le Journal Amusant,' 'Le Petit Journal pour Rire,' and the literature of the kiosques generally, should have any difficulty in acquiring; strain the mixture through the national veil of prejudice, and you get a very fair idea of 'John Bull et son Ile.' Add to this some handfuls of the incense Frenchmen of this class delight to burn at the shrine of their great goddess, and you have the companion volume.

But, after all, these books leave untouched that particular fraction of the great sum of English humanity to which we are accustomed to give the name of Society, or touch it only incidentally and generally. It is indeed a point in their writer's favour, that he makes no great pretensions to have penetrated beyond the outer court of the Gentiles. We are not, as we turn over his pages, perpetually reminded of the boast of the transmogrified tinker,

'Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.'

It is with the two last books on our list that the purpose of our paper really lies. The confessed object of both is to present a picture of London Society; a picture, that is, analogous to those transmitted to us by those men of the old time, the Pepyses, Walpoles, and Herveys, to whom, as we have seen, Jeffrey believed the true historian to be more really indebted than to those dry and pompous annalists who so vexed the soul of Carlyle. The 'Foreign Resident' dedicates his work to 'the Englishmen and English women of whom London Society consists;'

consists ;' and, owning that he is 'under many obligations to them for hospitality and kindness,' and graciously admitting a deep appreciation of all their virtues, hopes 'that he will be forgiven if he has, in the following pages, pointed out any of their follies or rallied them on any of their failings.' 'Comte Paul Vasili' wastes no time on such empty courtesies. He professes to write from St. Petersburg to the young friend to whom his letters are ostensibly addressed ; and he has written, or at least published, sooner than he had intended. 'Affairs,' he says, 'are moving so fast in England, that I have feared lest, by one of those sudden changes which Prince Bismarck calls the "psychological moment," the sketches I was quietly finishing at home would be rendered out of date.' Perhaps, if one translated this *moment psychologique* of Prince Bismarck by the publication of the 'Foreign Resident's' book, one would not be very far from the mark. These letters, he says, will be found altogether different from those he had previously written on Berlin and Vienna, for those cited have nothing in common with the English metropolis.

'The United Kingdom is different in origin, manners, and ideas from the continental countries, and is separated from them by difference of development and by special transformations, much more widely than by the intervening ocean. In London we find a society made up of contrasts ; a medley of modern ideas and inextinguishable prejudices, intellectual advancement and old-world customs, unequalled material progress, and stubborn moral opposition.'

There surely needs no Count come from St. Petersburg to tell us this. The average Englishman has not many ideas. He is, of course, a Philistine, and the peculiar note of the Philistine is a dislike to ideas. But he has lurking somewhere in his dim head a sort of idea, that Society in London does still, in certain aspects, differ very considerably from Society in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna ; and probably, in his confused way, he is inclined, with honest Dogberry, 'to give God thanks and make no boast of it.' And of the society of what capital all the world over, from Tobolsk to Tangiers, would not the words this Count Smorltork has applied to the society of London be equally true ? Even in Dahomey the traveller may to-day see such 'coutumes d'un autre âge' as a partiality for human flesh and a dislike to superfluous clothing, side by side with such 'audaces d'esprit' as a fondness for strong drink and tobacco.

It must be a simple mind indeed that is misled by these confessions of faith. It is clear that these two books are not each the work of one hand, but of many. There has been one

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controlling and shaping hand to each ; to the English book an English hand, whose periods of foreign residence have been mainly passed at Stratford-atte-Bowe ; to the French book a French hand, the hand, we should be inclined to say, of a woman, and not improbably of the editor of the journal, the 'Nouvelle Revue,' in which the letters were first printed. It is also clear, that to both of them some contributions have been made by persons who have, at some period of their existences, been a part of that they have met. This is particularly noticeable in the French book. In this there are one or two touches which could only have been supplied by some one for whom the veil of the inner sanctuary had once been lifted : some Lucifer, as one may imagine, now fallen from his high estate, and thus revenging himself on those who had cast him forth. But, for the most part, one may say of them what has been already said of 'Max O'Rell's' volumes, that they have not been written at the centre ; nay, that they have been written at a great distance from the centre. Indeed, in the English translation of 'Count Paul's' book this is ingenuously conceded. Though the facts, we are told, come from his personal knowledge, observation, and enquiries, yet it is allowed that he is at the same time indebted (perhaps for his imagination) to others. Thus, he has been indebted to some papers on horse-racing by an English nobleman ; who seems, by the way, to have been somewhat of a broken reed, when he told the trusting foreigner that over the race for last year's Derby the officers of the Horse Guards alone lost seventy-five thousand pounds, while the bookmakers won two hundred and twenty-five thousand by collusion with the jockeys, 'who being unable to back their own mounts, backed those of their comrades, and held their own back to let the others win,' though in this last somewhat murky statement there is very possibly a general foundation of truth. He has been indebted also to some papers on 'English journalism,' apparently by an American ; to some studies of political personages by the editor of one of our daily papers ; and—here no one will discredit him—to the impudent personalities affixed to the caricatures which form the attraction of one of our weekly journals.

This English translation, by the way, is a surprising piece of work. It is published by a firm one would hardly have expected to find dabbling in this sort of goods, and published with a delightful apology. The book had never, it appears, been seen in its native shape by these good folk. They had agreed to publish it, 'relying on the high reputation of the house from which it emanates in France.' The high reputation

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of the house which publishes the 'Nouvelle Revue'! 'Powers eternal! such names mingled!' They must have had an inkling, however, which way the wind was likely to be blowing, for they particularly reserved in their agreement the right of full discretion in pruning or suppressing such passages as might seem to their less daring spirits not convenient. And this discretion they have very freely employed: indeed they frankly avow that they have found themselves compelled to omit several passages which 'they can only regard as scandalous, if not libellous.' It is not easy for a layman to decide what constitutes a libel: it does not seem always easy for a lawyer to decide. But about the scandal there can be no question. And it is such dull scandal, such stale scandal! The 'Count's' pages exhale an odour like that of a smoking-room on the morning after a late sitting; or the atmosphere of that garden where—

'Between the time of the wind and the snow  
All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,  
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles and nettles and darnels rank,  
And the dock and henbane and hemlock dank,  
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,  
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.'

Things must suffer a sea-change indeed in their passage across the Channel, if such unsavoury old bones as have been here raked together can have any charm or vitality even for people so ignorant of their neighbours' doings as the French. Surely, as the compilers of this precious book have obviously not been restrained by any scruples either of good-nature or fear, surely they might at least have drawn upon their imagination for something fresher, something spicier. No great wit or ingenuity is needed to write evil of one's neighbour. There must be plenty of bold spirits engaged on various Parisian journals who could have come to Madame Adam's assistance when her Russian Count and his 'English sources' ran dry. The gentleman whose lively fancy has lately cost Monsieur Gounod ten thousand pounds could possibly have devised something more attractive than these ancient fables. A story, for example, is told here of an impertinent prank played on a certain great personage (to borrow the phrase Thackeray so delighted in) by a silly woman more famous for her good looks than her good breeding, over which shop-boys and little milliners have been making merry any time these last six years. Mrs. Clackitt, we know, was allowed to have 'a very pretty talent and a great deal

of



of industry,' though her manner was 'gross.' The ingenious editor of the 'Nouvelle Revue' has all Mrs. Clackitt's industry, no doubt, and certainly her manner; but for the pretty talent one cannot say so much.

Imagine such a book stripped of all that it is to be presumed makes its attraction for that sort of mind which can find attraction in it, and you have the English translation of 'La Société de Londres.' Yet even in this expurgated shape its publishers profess to fear that it 'may still contain matter of a character not congenial to English taste.' They are right; but not precisely for the reasons they imagine. The admirers of Monsieur Zola would hardly care for an expurgated edition of 'Nana,' nor the admirers of Mr. Walt Whitman for an expurgated edition of 'Leaves of Grass'; and the admirers of the sort of fare 'Count Paul Vasili' and his editor provide will hardly thank these simple English publishers for serving up this foreign dish with a plain sauce of melted butter. They appeal to their readers to calm their outraged patriotism by remembering that the work is that of 'a foreigner giving his views of London Society, and London Society is thereby afforded an opportunity of seeing itself as it is seen by others.' Do they really suppose that London Society is seeing itself as others see it when it reads that at Balmoral 'Her Majesty is awakened every morning by the bagpipes of her Highlanders': that the Prince of Wales 'passes a few pleasant hours every day at his club, opposite Marlborough House': that his two sons have been brought up at sea, and are 'consequently genuine sailors, ignorant of the pleasures of town life': that one nobleman is 'chiefly distinguished by an astonishing beard,' and that another 'bursts into a room like a gust of wind': that Lord Cairns 'was a very religious man,' and that Lord Ripon has just come back from India: that one lady is to be called 'bewitching rather than pretty,' and that another, 'to the charms of her person has added intellectual powers': that 'the Bachelors' Club, where ladies are admitted to dine, is very inferior to the New Club': that in country-houses dinner 'is always served at half-past seven o'clock': and that 'Goodwood, well known for its celebrated races, belongs to the Duke of Richmond'? Why, Captain Sumpth himself was a very Charles Greville compared to this man! The fact is that these publishers have undertaken a work 'unto which they were not born'; a work not to be undertaken by those who have the misfortune of good manners to contend against. It is easy enough, unfortunately, to conceive that there will be readers found for 'La Société de Londres': hardly, even among those who,

who, from the Pischah of some provincial town, are straining their eyes for the faintest glimpse of the Canaan they shall never enter, is it conceivable that readers will be found for the English translation.

'A Foreign Resident' steps more delicately than 'Comte Paul Vasili.' He is often impudent, and he is sometimes spiteful; but he is not, or very rarely, vicious. His plea that he has 'raked up the ashes of no scandals' can be suffered without any undue straining: even if to his contention that he has not 'divulged a single secret, lifted the curtain of any interior which ought not to be revealed, or profaned the sacred mysteries of domestic hospitality,' it may be answered, as some might be inclined to answer it, that it was perhaps not so much the will as the power that was wanting; whatever the cause, at least the effect should be gratefully acknowledged. But for this reason the book has in some quarters been accused of dulness: even such austere journals as the 'Times' and the 'Athenæum' have adopted almost a tone of apology in speaking of it, as though its readers must inevitably be disappointed to find how little of 'Count Paul's' particular flavour has been imported into its pages. And no doubt there has been some disappointment. The title promised better things; the Spaniard's mouth must have watered over it; there were rare possibilities in it, and some of these have certainly been a little missed. One can fancy a reader, pampered on such 'audaces d'esprit' as the letters on Berlin, exclaiming with the curate of a certain village in La Mancha, 'his book, indeed, has I don't know what, that looks like a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing.' And yet, allowing that it were worth any man's while to write such a book at all, there are parts of it which certainly show a mind which, if not in itself acute and observing, has at least the faculty of appreciating those qualities when it finds them in others. It is clear that among his contributors there is no one who knows his way behind the scenes quite so well as some who have worked with 'Count Paul.' Indeed, for the more directly personal part of the book, the concessions, as one may suppose them to be, to the taste of the day, no very long residence in London was needed. A careful study of some of our lighter journals; a peep or two into the House of Commons; a card or two of invitation (not difficult to be obtained) to some of those cosmopolitan gatherings, familiarly known, we believe, as 'squashes'; a few strolls in Hyde Park; and, above all, a quick pair of eyes and ears, would serve to equip a wilderness of 'Foreign Residents' for this part of his work. But in its more general aspects, in the comprehensive view it takes of the sum of

society,

society, and in its distinction and right appreciation of the component parts, the book is shrewd and accurate enough. And for this side of his object the 'Foreign Resident' has wisely refrained from trusting to his own glasses. He has borrowed those of Mr. Escott.

On the general characteristics of English society Mr. Escott makes these remarks :

'Society's chief ailment of to-day is a want of any principle of cohesion. The social area is too vast, the social coteries which it comprises are too numerous, too mixed, and too ambitious, to be controlled except by some power external to and appreciably above themselves. Society may have always consisted of a congeries of sets. But in the old days these sets either remained tranquilly together, or else met each other in an orderly fashion upon special occasions, like the respective couples in a well-regulated quadrille. This has now ceased to be possible, because no social set is penetrated by the authority of some presiding individual. One social circle comes into emulous contact with another. None owns any dominant system of discipline, and the general result is a wild and disturbed gyration, which is only invested with an appearance of order by the recognition of the controlling power of royalty, as represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Society, when their Royal Highnesses are withdrawn from it for any length of time, may be compared to an indiscriminate gathering of clocks and watches without the mean time of Greenwich by which to set themselves.'—'England,' pp. 347-8.

We have elsewhere quoted the 'Foreign Resident's' definition of society, as 'the social area of which the Prince of Wales is perfectly cognisant;' and when we have added to it these words, which immediately follow it,

'But for this central authority society in London would be in imminent danger of falling into the same chaos and collapse as the universe itself, were one of the great laws of nature to be suspended for five minutes.'—'Society in London,' p. 31.

it will be tolerably clear in whose preserves this acute 'Foreigner' has been poaching.

Mr. Escott examines at some length the influence of French manners and modes of thought on English character. 'The English character is gradually losing,' he says, 'the insularity that has long been the moral heritage of our geographical situation, and is divesting itself of the tastes, prejudices, and habits which have been regarded as inseparable from the race.' The consequences of this gradual thaw meet us at every turn. 'English theatrical managers go to French dramatists for their new pieces, just as Roman playwrights went to Greek. Our daily

daily way of life is largely accommodated to French practice ; our bills of fare are drawn up in the French language. In some instances our servants are French, Swiss, German, or Italian. The "flat" system, borrowed from France, has now existed on a considerable scale in London during twenty years, and is in great and growing favour.' Then he goes on :

'Naturally there is rather a ridiculous side to this systematic acclimatisation of foreign modes. There has been developed a type of character confined to no particular age and to neither sex, of which the chief feature is an adventitious aversion to everything distinctively English. Such people, having visited the Continent two or three years in succession, return possessed by a spirit of profound intolerance for the ways of their fatherland. They find the English theatres temples of dulness, the English press a scheme of organized platitudes. They prefer bad French cookery to sound English fare. They discover that the British breakfast is a barbarous and indigestible meal, and straightway they substitute the "déjeuner à la fourchette." They patronise French bootmakers and dress-makers. They profess a sudden ignorance of the good qualities of Great Britain. They boldly avow their inability to understand British prejudices. . . . There is no doubt that many of our ideas of social propriety are as directly of Gallic origin as the dramas enacted behind the footlights. French literature and foreign travel, familiarity with the more liberal views of Continental society—above all, the influences of the Second Empire—have caused us to regard many of our old-world notions of right and wrong, the venial error or the unpardonable sin, as ridiculously narrow and obsoletely puritanical. Especially are these views, as well as their practical results, apparent in the relations which nowadays obtain between the sexes. The truth seems to be that in this matter, as in others, we have shaken off the constraints which were once accepted in English society without question, or rebelled against with much peril, and have not yet learned by practice what are the corresponding or compensating constraints in foreign society.'—'England,' p. 304.

It is not, we think, difficult to find in such a passage the germ of this :

'Society in London may be compared to a piece of patchwork : you look at it from one point of view, and it is all very familiar ; from another, and it is strange. Something here reminds you of Paris, something a little further on of Vienna, something next of any other capital you like. But the interspaces between these apparently familiar experiences are new ; in other words, they are English. What you gaze upon is the foreign pattern worked upon a native ground. The character of the polite Anglo-Saxon is tricked out with so much which is entirely novel to him, that at first it is impossible to distinguish between the original object and its superficial or accidental ornament. . . . London society is the most cosmopolitan of any in existence. . . . British cosmopolitanism shows itself in its rapid assimilation.

assimilation of the social ideas of other countries, and in its heroic struggle to rise superior to the hampering restrictions of insular respectability. True, it still possesses its own excellent common sense, but even this immense virtue is beguiled by the desire of those who possess it to prove that they are without its prejudices. London society is thus a society in a state of solution. Some day its different elements may crystallize themselves into a definite shape, but not yet. If it is partially ruled by the traditions it fights against, its very impatience of discipline carries it into the most extravagant, the most ludicrous excesses. . . . It is, in a word, with English society as it is with English politics. The principles of tradition and discipline are in perpetual conflict with those of liberty and the right of private judgment.'—'Society in London,' pp. 45–8.

Our friend, too, sometimes pursues a closer method than Mr. Escott's larger purpose allows him. I, sings one of our poets,

'I, with little land to stir,  
Am the exacter labourer.'

The 'Foreign Resident' labours his little field very exactly, and sometimes with no poor result. Here, for instance, is a passage which he himself has certainly shown that he believes in :

'Society is amused with marvellous ease. The smallest of practical jokes are enough to set it in a roar. The slightest eccentricity of demeanour plunges it into a paroxysm of laughter. Gossip that is perfectly puerile delights it. Any trivial scandal, the tale of which is told without point, epigram, or even antithesis, is welcomed as the best thing in the world. In Paris a certain flavour of wit or humour is expected. There is no necessity of anything of the kind in London. These grown-up men and women who laugh at the recital of imbecilities and ineptitudes are as easily entertained as children.'—'Society in London,' p. 58.

Truer still, and still more to the point, are his remarks on a certain phase of society: and here it may be said that if these remarks are somewhat brutal, the practice they are designed to ridicule has grown to such an intolerable nuisance, and developed such ridiculous and contemptible aspects of humanity, that a little plain-speaking is certainly permissible here, if anywhere. There are very few people who will decline to recognize the truth of this picture, or complain that it has been painted in too violent colours.

'I do not know whether London is to be visited in the course of the ensuing summer by any royal savage from Africa or Asia. If so, he is sure to be as much in request at houses of the type I now speak of as the *jeune premier* in light comedy who happens to be for the moment the vogue; and his wife, who is the substantial embodiment

ment of all matronly virtues, and who, even as certain *soi-disant* negro minstrels never perform out of London, takes good care to acquaint the world that she never goes anywhere unaccompanied by her husband. This notoriety hunting . . . is less amusing than might be expected. Enter the apartment in which this droll assembly is collected, and you will find that you are in an atmosphere of social constraint. . . . The hostess herself, as she looks around, betrays signs of misgiving at the experiment in which she is engaged, or, it may be, is agitated by apprehensions that the ornaments which lie scattered about her drawing-room are less safe than usual. Now, though there is upon these occasions, and in such establishments as I am describing, a great blending of elements, there is no real fusion of them; it is a rude and undigested mass. Society, in its fierce appetite for novelty, may be compared to the greedy and famishing eater who bolts anything on which he can lay his hands, but does not assimilate the various morsels. The aliens, the monstrosities, the notorieties, who are very often nonentities, of both sexes invited for the sake of effect, are looked at askance. They are treated like animals in a cage. At the Zoological Gardens you are requested not to approach too close to the bars, behind which is the fractious monkey or the untameable tiger. Society applies that rule to its intercourse with those whom it affects to welcome as a relief from its own monotony. . . . You can always recognize the social outsider from his air of isolation. Perhaps he is looked at, perhaps he is ignored. He is no more one of the *convives*, unless he sings, or plays, or recites, than is the butler or the page-boy. To speak the truth, London society, in its anxiety to secure prophylactics against boredom, has run into a dangerous excess, and there are some at least who are beginning to doubt whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. But is that possible? The actors and actresses, impostors and impostresses, who feebly twinkle in the social firmament, at least help to diversify its appearance. If these are not very entertaining, they are at least harmless. Society does not suffer from its contact with them, and if any one is injured by the arrangement, it is the gentlemen and ladies, of a sphere which is not that of society, who are more or less intoxicated by the influences brought to bear upon them, and who occasionally make themselves ridiculous by burlesquing the demeanour of their patrons.'—'Society in London,' pp. 101-4.

None of these extracts can fairly be called dull. They may not interest those to whom Society itself is but a medley of busy idlers not worth the trouble of analysis. They may seem to want point to those who have been educated above such barren generalities. But they are written with an easy impudent smartness which shows a practised hand, and which, if not precisely Ciceronian, is at least apt enough to the subject. Their general truth too must be conceded; and, though we fancy we have seen something like them in print before, they have sufficient

cient of the natural touch to pass muster as the result of personal observation. There are indeed many things about the book which tend to the suspicion that one at least of its makers, and the principal one, has sketched the peculiar position of the 'social outsider' from his own experience. We do not think we shall be far out in a guess that our 'Foreign Resident' has in his time been summoned to make sport for the Philistines; or, to use his own grandiloquent language, has been tried as a 'prophylactic against boredom,' and, it may be, found wanting. The passage last quoted points most significantly to this conclusion. It is one of the very few passages which bear the mark of having been written not at second-hand, nor dressed up from the hints and suggestions of those who know, but written out of the fulness of the heart, written 'with the eye upon the object.' Compared with most others, and particularly compared with the passages which profess to treat of what Mrs. Major Ponto used to whisper of as 'the very highest society,' such a passage has all the difference of Mr. Matthew Arnold's writing on literature compared with Mr. Matthew Arnold's writing on theology or politics—all the difference, and all the superiority; and that, as we think our writers will not refuse to agree with us, is vast indeed. That particular side of society is precisely such as the class from which writers of the calibre of the Foreign Resident are most likely to be drawn would be most familiar with. It is a revised, and in some ways an improved, version of the society whereof Mrs. Leo Hunter is the typical specimen. It is a society generated partly from the modern passion for culture and the modern ignorance of the true significance of that word, and partly from the great increase in the population and wealth of London: a society which Mr. Barnes Newcome would have exactly hit off by the expressive phrase in which he explained to his uncle the difference between his aunt's guests and his mother's:—'It's very good society and that sort of thing—but it's not, you know—you understand.' Very possibly it is the more amusing of the two, as it probably affords a much wider range to the vision of the satirist or the cynic. Some of the higher gods occasionally leave their Olympian haunts to visit these lower precincts; radiant angels not disdaining for the nonce to mix with the daughters and the sons of men. On many points the two societies, indeed, touch each other, and to draw a hard and fast line between them would perhaps be difficult. Sometimes the hostess, whom our 'Foreigner' represents as gathering these heterogeneous elements round her, moves for a moment into the upper regions; it is possible, though this is rare, that she may herself be a native of them. Sometimes one  
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of her strange guests is translated thither, as Ixion was carried out of compassion to heaven and introduced to the company of the Gods. But the two societies are in all their broad essentials far as the poles asunder: and if our 'Foreigner' were ever once to find himself at those 'tables of the great' whereof he tries so valiantly and, let it be owned, so cleverly, to conceal his ignorance, he would, we suspect, be astonished to find how little their frequenters really know of those 'prophylactics of boredom' whose position he has, but for this one mistake, so shrewdly gauged.

A humourist, whose name should not have perished, once defined the Middle Class as the class immediately below that to which each individual belonged. Every man naturally believes that the society to which he is habituated, and of which he is a unit, is the best. Such a belief is a comforting part of the human patrimony. It is as much a necessity of existence as the philosopher's supreme belief in his philosophy; and when nurtured in secret, or at least not too aggressively proclaimed, is one with which it were most unreasonable to quarrel. It is only when one finds an attempt made, as it is in this instance made, to impose it upon the credulous herd as a belief essential to salvation; when one finds it imposed in a way apt to subvert the harmony of the social universe, apt to provoke jealousies, heart-burnings, and a sense of inferiority in less fortunate souls, that it is well (if for no other reason, at least out of compassion for them) to expose the impostor, and to remind the victims of the imposition that he, like the rest of us, is but taking

'the rustic murmur of his bourg  
For the great wave that echoes round the world.'

'The Society of the British Metropolis,' says our friend, 'is always misrepresented—by foreigners because they never mix in it long enough to understand it as a whole, by English writers because they are only acquainted with one or two aspects of it.' Admirably true, and never proved truer than in this little book.

On this side of his book, then, only a very stern and unbending mind would desire, we think, to quarrel with our Foreigner; it will save time and trouble to adopt the style he has chosen for himself, and after all there is no Act of Parliament which prevents a man calling himself by any name he pleases, especially as our friend might possibly smell no sweeter by his own. There is that capital mistake we have noticed,

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but though capital it is common, and certainly not one to be combated with over-great ferocity. The material of his work is not very fresh, and, at its best, perhaps not very important. In the magazines or journals one goes to for entertainment after the solid business of the day is done, it had served well enough; in a railway carriage, or as a helpmeet to a solitary cigar at the club, it had proved very tolerable; but clad in the guise of literature, tricked out in the seeming of a Book, it does seem to protest a little too much. However, we cannot all write epics, or read them—

‘Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere nec gravem  
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,  
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei  
Nec sævam Pelopis domum  
Conamur tenues grandia . . .  
Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum  
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium,  
Cantamus, vacui. . . .’

Great men have not disdained little subjects before the Foreign Resident took up his pen; or, if he pleased, he might plead the excuse of an Englishman who found the toga of Horace a useful cloak for much uncharitableness, but also for much wit:—

‘I nod in company, I wake at night,  
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.’

But when he leaves his general survey for particular and personal classification, then our friend becomes less tolerable, and indeed not at all to be endured. Even if his aim be no more than to make the ‘gall’d jade wince,’ he misses his aim.

‘The fewer still you name you wound the more;  
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.’

And he is unwise in other ways. As soon as he comes out from behind the shield of Ajax he is an open and an easy mark. As soon as he descends to particulars, the superficialness of his knowledge, the narrowness and perversity of his view, become painfully apparent. He has to eke out his ignorance with sheer impudence. From being merely not very interesting, he becomes very tiresome.

Yet, as we have said, he does his spiriting more delicately than his French guide, and, very possibly, friend. Partly this comes from the fact, that he does not know quite so much: partly, because the gloss of a foreign language helps to soften things

things which in our own vulgar tongue would look too naked for the British Matron. Partly also it may come, and let us hope does come, from a lingering sense of decency; from some dim recollection of lessons learnt in the days before he had begun to 'enjoy much intercourse' with 'London society.' But though his personalities are less brutal than the true foreigner's, they are just as far from the great and useful purpose claimed for them, the purpose of presenting to posterity a true picture of the men and manners of the day. It will be said that it is precisely the personalities in which Walpole indulged that give his pages their charm for us and their use. And this is, no doubt, true; though something also must be laid to the account of Walpole's unrivalled skill in that particular branch of literature to which he devoted his life. But it is obvious there can be no real parallel between private letters, written by a man intimately connected with all the fashionable life of his day to friends whom circumstances had for a time removed from it, and the impertinences of an anonymous scribbler about men and women of whom it is clear, that his knowledge is no more personal than that with which Iachimo was able to delude Posthumus. Let us take a passage from one of Walpole's letters: let us take perhaps the liveliest and most personal of all the pictures his busy pencil has preserved for us. It is from a letter to George Montagu, whose sister was then drinking the waters at Buxton.

'As jolly and as abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off as to one born a hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. . . . We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but, alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March, Mr. Whitehead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed us again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him.

"My lord, my lord! why, you don't see us!" We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody. She said, "Do you go with us, or are you going anywhere else?"—"I don't go with you, I am going somewhere else;" and away he stalked, as sulkily as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall: there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Lloyd, who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, "Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company!" Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky as to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby. . . . If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last, we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about her ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Roger's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, "Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry"; she replied immediately, "I won't, you hussey." You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, "Now, how anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat and say, I won't, you jade!" In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden: so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home.—Walpole's 'Letters,' vol. ii. p. 211, Cunningham's edition.

This

This sort of thing has for us now the air and complexion of history. Let it be granted that it is not very serious or important history, that those who helped to make it, and he who chronicled it, were not very substantial or important figures. Yet it has the result of bringing back to us in a gay and vital manner one aspect of a vanished past. It has unmistakably the stamp of sincerity: it has the natural touch of a writer handling a congenial subject and sure of the sympathy and appreciation of his audience. The scene is as clear to our fancy, the actors as clear, as they would have been to Montagu, or to any one who had himself borne a part in many such frivolities. We can see the thin pale face of Walpole, the jolly face of Lady Caroline. We can hear the laugh of little Ashe, and Harry Vane, with something perhaps of a hiccough in his voice, haranguing the puzzled grinning mob. The fancy of the idler, or the philosopher, strolling to-day in Hyde Park, at Hurlingham, at Lord's Cricket-Ground, or at the Exhibition at South Kensington, may possibly turn for a moment backwards to speculate in what fashion our ancestors took their pleasure a century ago, and looking on such a picture as this he will be able to satisfy his speculations, at least in some degree. But conceive some such curious speculator a century hence turning to such stuff as this.

'Then there are the —. Sir — and Lady —, I mean. Their house is noted for overgrown dinner-parties and for the receptions which Lady — loves to designate by the epithet "small and early." Sir — is reputed a good fellow. His manner is phlegmatic and fishlike. Perhaps the latter quality is the result of his extensive maritime experience. He bears no resemblance whatever in his countenance to his father, who was a man of decidedly distinguished appearance as well as enormous business capacities. He writes books, or is the cause of writing books by others, just as Lady — writes journals which are presented to the public in the guise of splendidly illustrated journals. Lady — appears to order her existence upon the lines which may have been suggested by a social empress on the burlesque stage. She is an excellent and exemplary woman in every relation of life: as wife, mother, and sister-in-law; she, therefore, only resembles the Grand Duchess in her love of authority and ceremonial. She has a passion almost Oriental for a retinue. She reminds one of the lady in the nursery rhyme, who, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, insisted on having music wherever she went. The simplest journey is converted by her into a royal progress. There must be equipages and outriders, the paraphernalia of a *cortège*. She would like that her arrival at any given point should be announced by a peal of bells from

from the neighbouring spire or a *feu de joie*.'—'Society in London,' pp. 238-9.

This is an ill-natured specimen; we will take now a good-natured one:

'Lady — I have already mentioned; she is beyond all comparison the great hostess of the Liberals. Her house, with its exquisite dining-rooms, its perfect suite of reception rooms, and its convenient ball-room, lends itself marvellously well to the ends of hospitality. Thought and judgment are also as apparent as amiable intention in the catalogue of the company invited to her dinners and her evenings. She has done, in fact, what very few women in London have been able to do for their *ménage*; she has succeeded in investing her entertainments with dignity and importance. . . . Lady — is one of the most *comme-il-faut* ladies in London. Her toilettes are the perfection of taste, and invariably serve with her as the frame of a charming picture. She never dons a bonnet or a frock, selects a colour or a jewel, without being satisfied of its applicability to the figure, face, and complexion, with which nature has endowed her. Her presence is not lacking in dignity, and the charm of her expression is the more piquant because it possesses a certain tinge of melancholy.'—'Society of London,' pp. 240-1.

How are such vague and puerile impertinences as these to benefit posterity? What life, or reality, have they about them? Compared with such loose impersonal chatter—for though *personal* in one sense, it is, as will be seen, wholly *impersonal* in another and more important one; it has no substance, no touch of life—compared with such stuff, we say, Walpole's brisk sincerity is as a romance of Walter Scott's compared with those lymphatic 'psychological studies' which the genius of Young America finds the only possible fiction to-day. What idea will it be possible for any one to get from them a century hence, but that their anonymous author has never been invited to the house of the lady whom he insults, and that he has been invited to the house of the lady whom he flatters?—or, which puts him in an even more contemptible light, that he has lent himself as the channel for the gratification of a private grudge?

There is another feature in such history-making as this, which we will briefly note before closing a tiresome and disagreeable subject. The letters and journals that serve to re-people the past for us, and to recal from their graves the illustrious or forgotten dead in their habits as they lived, are passed first through the hands of skilled and judicious editors. Even where the lapse of time is such as to destroy all possibility  
of

of offence, this sifting is necessary to ensure the probability of interest. It is difficult always to keep a sense of proportion in writing of contemporary events and persons. The most part of what seems, or even is, important to us will be but as an idiot's tale to posterity: how much of it, indeed, becomes so to ourselves, and how soon, it needs no vast experience of life to prove. It is the main business, in short, of a skilful editor, and an uncommonly difficult business it seems to be, to stand as a 'prophylactic against boredom.' A book such as this we are considering has no such safeguard. Its responsible author has himself no sense of proportion, because he has no real knowledge of the things or people he writes about. All he sees, and all he hears, he sees and hears with the same undiscerning eye and ear, because all is equally unfamiliar to him. The only sense of proportion he shows is to make the figures which stand nearest to him, or at which he has most frequent opportunities of peeping, the largest in his picture: and, as these figures are naturally those which are of least real significance, the effect of his system of perspective is one less of proportion than of disproportion. When we read in Byron's journal that after a dinner with Rogers he set down Sheridan at Brooks's, 'where, by the way, he could not well have set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers,' though the fact is not itself engaging, and adds little to our knowledge of the men, yet it has a certain interest as the utterance of a real human voice (a little *madefacta Lyæo*, to be sure) speaking for us out of the distant years. But when we are told, by one of whose authority we know nothing, of whose very personality we are ignorant, that a certain member of Parliament (hardly in itself nowadays a title to distinction) 'smokes cigarettes incessantly, but never drinks and seldom eats;' and of another (who is not even a member of Parliament), that 'his laugh is unmusical,' and that 'his shirts are not made as well as his friends might desire,' it is hard to believe that the pulse of posterity will be very finely stirred. Even if we conceive posterity as curious about the gentlemen thus ticketed off as we are about Byron and Sheridan, it is not by such irrelevant nonsense as this that their curiosity will be satisfied. One's individual consumption of tobacco and liquor is no doubt important to oneself, and interesting to one's doctor; the quality of one's linen may even amuse our friends who are of the kin of Mr. Peter Magnus. But such things do not differentiate a man, or, if they do, it must be perfectly clear that the individual who has no other distinctions than these may very well be suffered to rest in his native obscurity without much loss to posterity. If

Hector

Hector were known only by his long spear and his gleaming crest, he would be neither a very real nor a very interesting personage to us. To find one's friends made fun of is of course always gratifying, and the quality of such jests is never too seriously considered. But current jests soon grow stale. The familiar matter of to-day is not the familiar matter of to-morrow. Except in the political sketches, and those contain nothing that any moderately intelligent individual could not pick for himself out of the newspapers, it is hardly too much to say that there is not a single line in this book which will help the future historian to clothe with flesh and blood any of the names he will find written in it; hardly even a line which would enable any curious traveller from New Zealand to perform that office for himself to-day: to pass by the fact that the most part of those names belong to individuals concerning whom no one, outside the immediate circle of their acquaintances, can have any right reason to be curious either now or at any time.

Of course this Foreigner is far too sharp a fellow to deceive himself in this matter, whatever others may do. He has no more concern for posterity, than posterity will have for him. He has, indeed, not much concern for the present, save in so far that his aim was to write a book that would command a present sale. Whether he has written truly or falsely matters little to him: his aim was to write *smartly*, and the public for which he writes has notions of its own on the quality of smartness. That public has nothing really to do with the men and women for whom he professes to write. In one of the most impudent and heedless of his passages he has hit it off very happily, when he speaks of a class of men who 'touch with one hand the social circles of the middle class, and with the other the very ark of the fashionable covenant itself.' From that ark, he says, is 'transmitted a magnetic current which runs through' the mediums he specifies, and 'thrills with its agitating impulses the system of their humble worshippers.' These 'humble worshippers' form his public: and though he himself does not quite answer his own definition of a social medium, it is from such a 'depository of snobbery' as his book that the magnetic current is most liberally transmitted. Did the laws of the time permit it, he and his friend 'Comte Paul Vasili' would no doubt have rivalled Mrs. Manley with a newer 'Atalantis.' But the laws of the time do not now sanction such literature—though, to be sure, the Parisian Courts have lately shown much liberality in the interpretation of their laws—and so we have to put up with plainer fare. Possibly the 'Foreign Resident' is not by nature a vicious or an ill-natured man. He would probably dine

dine with any of the people he has insulted with the greatest affability, and presently go home and revise his book for a new edition with abounding generosity. But his public are growing educated; they make demands on him; they will not be fobbed off for ever with barren generalities. He must know; and he assumes the virtue of knowledge by being 'nothing if not critical;' and from time immemorial it has never been accounted the mark of a true critic to err on the side of good-nature. The desire to know something of public characters in other than their public hours is a natural desire, and, if not inconveniently pushed, no unwholesome one: nor have we any sympathy with the affectation which professes to sneer at those who go about decently to gratify that desire. And certainly there is no need to pick a quarrel with those who find their account in chronicling the small beer of social life. A stern critic might indeed vow that only fools could so be suckled; but then, as Carlyle says, the large majority of us are fools. At any rate, it appears to be capable of adding to the public stock of harmless pleasure, and can certainly be imparted without violating decorum, or, to borrow a phrase from the old novelists, profaning the chaste mysteries of private life. After all, the 'Times' publishes a 'Court Circular,' and is there not something touching in the thought, how many thousands of loyal eyes turn every morning to read in what fashion Her Majesty passed the day, and what guests she received at her table in the evening? If it really interests some people to learn how Dukes' houses are furnished, and how Earls' daughters are dressed; whose was the prettiest face and the finest diamonds at the last ball, who led the cotillon, and who provided the supper, it is surely a most Puritanical spirit which would forbid the gratification of such innocent curiosities.

But such harmless gossip is a very different thing indeed from the sort of literature these two so-called historians of London Society have provided. They do not address themselves to a public stirred by any simple curiosity. The Candours and the Backbites of the Little Peddlington for which they write have long outgrown such childish tastes: they would not really feel themselves in touch with what Irishmen, in plays, call the height of the quality, unless they had their fingers on what they delight to think are the sore places. This sort of nature is but a variant of the great genus, Snob. The Snob of our fathers, the Snob for whom Thackeray is for all time the historian, was a ridiculous and provoking little creature, no doubt, but he was in the main a kindly one. The son has all the father's vices, without the saving virtue of good nature. His

mind



mind is set on the same things. He is as curious to consider the great ones of the earth, people with titles and stars and fine houses and large incomes. But whereas the father 'wondered with a foolish face of praise,' the son wonders with a foolish face of spite. The father stuck feathers in the tail of his fetish, and gave it chicken: the son pays it the same honours, but reserves to himself the right of kicking it into the leescuppers whenever he has a mind. Unlike the father, who was mostly content to admire from a distance, the son passes his life in the most strenuous endeavours to touch if it be but the hem of the garment of these great ones; and yet he is never so happy as when he believes himself on the track of proving that they are incomparably the most godless and corrupt of human kind. And yet he bears no hatred to them. A touch of envy perhaps mixes with his admiration: a feeling akin to that which inspired little Mr. Titmouse's memorable anathema as he leaned over the rails of Rotten Row: but no hatred. With all his fantastic delight in persuading himself of the abominations of those who sit in high places, he would not for worlds lift up a finger seriously against them, or suffer others to do so. They are a part of his patrimony. They gratify not only his malice but his pride, for to speak ill of your neighbour argues, as he conceives, a familiarity with your neighbour's affairs. His attitude towards his superiors reminds one in a manner of Touchstone's attitude towards Audrey; 'a poor ill-favoured thing, but mine own.' It would be a nice study for the philosopher to trace the causes of this variation from the primal stock. Perhaps it is a part of the great national revolt against the Common-Place, which is again a part of the great national movement towards Culture. Snobs we must still be; but snobs in the good old simple fashion of our sires we shall be no more. The parent Snob, the great All-father of Snobs, was an honest old Tory: his latter-day descendant is the newest development of the Radical.

It is for such readers that the books we have been considering have been written. Books of much the same kind have been written before; books professing the design of revealing to unanointed eyes the unchaste mysteries of High Life. But they, unless they attracted the notice of the Law, had mostly a secret and bounded popularity, and indeed rarely penetrated beyond the obscure circles for which they were composed. These books, less vicious certainly, but not less contemptible, seem to have been accepted everywhere, to have been read with curiosity and some appearance of acquiescence, even by those who profess so hugely to disdain these interlopers who

come

come betwixt the wind and their nobility. They have been taken seriously by the reviewers, and their fidelity gravely discussed, if not actually allowed: the chief objection to the English book being, as we have seen, that it is not stimulating, not satisfying enough. It does not strengthen one's confidence in the alleged superiority of our age to find such impudent stuff suffered openly and even gladly. But it is, probably, only an aggravated form of that evil which has been gradually undermining all our personal literature. It is hard to recall a volume of memoirs, biographical or autobiographical, published within the last half-dozen years, which has not provoked stern remonstrance by its heedlessness of the living or uncharitableness to the dead. Good-nature has never perhaps been the dominant note of humanity, but surely never before has ill-nature been so triumphantly in the ascendant. And yet it is not a quality so essential to success in this class of literature as some people seem to think. One of the most entertaining and successful works of its kind which many years have seen is Mr. Edmund Yates's *Autobiography*, and it is almost the only one which it is possible to praise unreservedly for its charity and good-will. But where humour, observation, knowledge of the world, and a natural vivacity, are wanting, spite and impudence have always been found tolerable substitutes. Perhaps the time itself is something to blame; for surely there never was a time, not even the time in which the lines were written, when it could have been more justly said,

‘What rage for fame attends both great and small!  
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.’

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- ART. VII.—1. *Memoiren der Herzogin Sophie, nachmals Kurfürstin von Hannover*. Herausgegeben von Dr. Adolf Köcher. (Publicationen aus den K. Preuss. Staatsarchiven, IV. Band.) Leipzig, 1879.
2. *Correspondance de Leibniz avec l'électrice Sophie de Brunswick-Lunebourg*. 3 vols. Hanover, 1874.
3. *Briefe der Herzogin von Orleans, Elisabeth Charlotte, an die Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover*. (Ranke, 'Französische Geschichte,' Vol. V.)
4. *Briefe der Prinzessin Elisabeth Charlotte von Orleans, 1676–1722*. ('Bibliothek des literarischen Vereins zu Stuttgart,' Vol. VI.)
5. W. Havemann, *Geschichte der Lande Braunschweig und Lüneburg*. 3 vols. Göttingen, 1857.
6. A. Köcher, *Geschichte von Hannover und Braunschweig, 1648 bis 1714*. I. Theil (1648–1668). (Publicationen aus den k. Preuss. Staatsarchiven, XX. Band.) Leipzig, 1884.
7. L. Häusser, *Geschichte der rheinischen Pfalz*. 2 ed. 2 vols. Heidelberg, 1856.
8. *Die Herzogin von Ahlden, Stammutter der Königlichen Häuser Hannover und Preussen*. Leipzig, 1852.
9. A. F. H. Schaumann, *Sophia Dorothea, Prinzessin von Ahlden, und Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover*. Hanover, 1879.
10. A. Köcher, *Die Prinzessin von Ahlden*, in Sybel's 'Historische Zeitschrift.' Vol. XLVIII. 1882.

**A**MONG the lives of English Queens and Princesses, which have naturally enough employed the labours of loyal and industrious compilers, a biography of the Electress Sophia could of course claim no place. She was but 'the mother of our kings to be'—'Magnæ Britanniae Hæres,' as the inscription runs on her coffin in the royal vault at Hanover. Yet it is strange that the personal history of a princess, whose character and conduct possess so singular an interest in connection with our national history, should never (so far as we are aware) have been made the subject of an English monograph. If the courtly pens of Hanoverian authors (Feder, Malortie, Nöldeke) might formerly have rendered any composition of the kind superfluous, such is hardly the case now, when the publication of the Electress's autobiographical memoir, of her correspondence with Leibnitz, and of other valuable remains in the archives of Hanover, has placed a mass of new materials at the disposal of the biographer. It is true that the more her life is known, the less will it be believed to have been consistently devoted to the pursuit of one great object. The legend of her having frequently declared

declared that she should die content, if on her tomb could be inscribed the words, 'Sophia, Queen of Great Britain,' is irreconcilable with the whole tenour of her private thoughts as well as public acts. Neither, however, will a candid enquiry result in the confirmation of the notion, to which the conclusions of an able and voluminous living historian, M. Onno Klopp, are calculated to give colour, that during part of her life she regarded with indifference, and even with aversion, the brilliant prospect opening more or less hopefully before her. She was not, perhaps, endowed with what an Elizabethan would have called a 'high-aspiring mind'; but in no part or phase of her life was she unequal either to her present fortunes or to the responsibilities which a greater future cast before it. Of the history of the Hanoverian Succession her biography will therefore always form a most significant part. But on that history we do not on this occasion propose to dwell. She was in herself a person of no common order. In an age when the majority of the German courts took pride in imitating the splendours and the vices of Versailles, and when the thoughts of her own husband and eldest son were devoted to a narrow dynastic policy, or diverted by the *fêtes* in which their mistresses shone conspicuous, she led a life many-sided, high-minded, and pure. The scandal which aspersed her own reputation may be waved aside as utterly without proof. For the coarseness of tone which frequently disfigures her writing, the manners of her age, and, to some extent, experiences unprovoked by herself, are largely accountable. Political ambition was not unknown to her, but it certainly did not absorb her interests. Though she cannot be allowed the credit claimed for her by one of her encomiasts, of having discovered the merits of Leibnitz, and though much of his philosophy was as far above her as she was above the mere pretence of understanding it, she was a woman of shrewd intelligence, unfailing common-sense, and a freshness of humour which often deserves to be mistaken for wit. Perhaps Descartes would hardly have dedicated his '*Principia*' to her as he did to her sister Elizabeth; but she knew how to distinguish precious metal from tinsel, and she saw through Toland, whose glory it was to see through everything. She conciliated without apparent effort the goodwill of all whom she cared to please, whether it were an old opponent of her house, like Duke Antony Ulric of Wolfenbüttel; or an unmanageable *ci-devant* lover, like Duke George William of Celle. King William III. treated her with a respect not wholly due to her political importance; and his great adversary Lewis XIV., after a visit she had paid to his court, spoke of her with marked approval, deigning to add an avowal that he was fond of *les gens d'esprit*. Indeed, the learned Urbain

Chevreau, in his rather dreary commonplace-book, actually opines that the question started by French conceit, 'Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit,' might be settled by the fact that nobody in France is better entitled to that designation than is the Duchess of Hanover. But, more than this; no one was ever more enthusiastically loved by those who had the best opportunities of learning to know the excellence of her heart; nor—surest sign of a genial disposition—was she at any time in her life without an intimate friend. The truest of all these friends was her niece, the incomparable Elizabeth Charlotte (*Lise-Lotte*), Duchess of Orleans. For many a long and weary year this faithful woman, who never wrote an untrue word in her beloved native tongue, poured her griefs and her gossip into the sympathetic ears of *ma tante*; and when the end came, she mourned her in words of passionate grief. But before attempting to summarize the intellectual and moral traits which distinguished the Electress Sophia, it would be necessary to survey her life as a whole, and, above all, to dwell upon its later years, in which the figure of the wonderful old lady, ceaselessly pacing the gravel walks in the gardens of Herrenhausen, was a familiar image to many Englishmen. For a picture of her life in those later years, her correspondence with Leibnitz, which is fairly continuous from 1688 onwards, furnishes abundant materials. But for a sketch of the first fifty years out of the fourscore years and four over which her life extended, her autobiography serves as the most appropriate guide. With its help there is, we think, little difficulty in understanding her conduct in relation to a series of events, which ended in a terrible catastrophe still the subject of much eager speculation.

These autobiographical memoirs, which were discovered by the late G. H. Pertz among the papers in the Hanoverian archives, had already been made some use of both by Havemann, in his valuable 'History of Brunswick and Lüneburg' (3 vols., 1857), and by M. Onno Klopp, before they were edited by Dr. Köcher for the series of publications from the Prussian archives. They do not appear to have been known to the late Mr. J. M. Kemble, when he compiled his instructive volume of 'State Papers and Correspondence;' but Dr. Köcher has of course constantly resorted to them in his own 'History of Hanover and Brunswick' from the Peace of Westphalia, a solid and valuable work, of which the first volume has been quite recently published. There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of these memoirs; for though the original or first draft is wanting, the extant copy is from the hand of Leibnitz. Some polite remarks on a sheet of paper, appended by him to the

MS., reveal the fact that he has corrected the Duchess's French orthography and grammar. But no such emendations could impair the effect of the writer's style. Leibnitz declares that, in spite of an apparent negligence, it exhibits something of the quality which Longinus calls the sublime; but he elsewhere more nearly hits the mark, when he tells Mme. de Brinon that the Duchess alone possessed the art of saying strong things in a marvellously pleasant way. These memoirs in truth contain 'strong things' of divers kinds; but the reader will agree with Leibnitz so far as to acknowledge the good-humour which takes the sting out of most of their censures, and relieves, though it cannot refine, the coarse salt of their seventeenth-century pleasantries. And yet the book was written in no buoyant mood. In the months immediately preceding the close of 1680, when Sophia began to write (the 'Memoirs' were finished on February 25th, 1681), she had lost her sister Elizabeth and her dearly-loved brother, the Elector Palatine. Dr. Köcher has printed several of her letters to him, which had probably been returned to her immediately after his death, for reminiscences of them occur in the 'Memoirs.' Her husband, in accordance with a custom of his, was abroad in Italy, and she took up her pen, to divert herself, as she says, during his absence, to avoid melancholy, and to keep herself in good spirits. 'For,' she adds, with her customary frankness, 'I am persuaded that this preserves health and life, which is very dear to me.' And it must be allowed that, though troubles are not to be bought off either by activity of mind or by serenity of temper, few lives so full of public and private cares have been more prolonged or better managed than hers.

Sophia, as is well known, was the twelfth of the thirteen children of Elizabeth, daughter of King James I., and Frederick, Elector Palatine and for a short year King of Bohemia.\* She

\* It may be convenient to give the names of these children, with the dates of their births and deaths, in a tabular form:—

FREDERICK V. (1596-1632) m. ELIZABETH (1596-1662).

(1) <i>Henry Frederick</i> (1614-1629).	(2) <i>Charles Lewis</i> (1617-1680), Elector Palatine (1649).	(3) <i>Elizabeth</i> (1619-1680), Abbess of Herford (1680).	(4) <i>Rupert</i> (1619-1682).	(5) <i>Maurice</i> (1620-1652).
(6) <i>Louisa Hollandina</i> (1622-1709), Abbess of Maubuisson (1664).	(7) <i>Lewis</i> (August-September, 1623).	(8) <i>Edward</i> (1625-1663).	(9) <i>Henrietta Maria</i> (1626-1661) m. Sigismund Rágocti, Prince of Transylvania (1652).	
(10) <i>Philip</i> (1627-1655).	(11) <i>Charlotte</i> (1628-1631).	(12) <i>SOPHIA</i> (1630-1714), m. Ernest Augustus, afterwards Elector of Hanover (1658).	(13) <i>Gustavus</i> (1632-1641).	

was

was born at the Hague on October 14th, 1630, and was thus only by a few months the junior of her first cousin Charles, afterwards King Charles II. Her parents were at the time of her birth living as exiles at the Hague, or at Rhenen, near Utrecht, dependent on the bounty of the States-General, eked out by occasional supplies from England. There, however, her uncle's troubles with his Parliament had already begun. Just a month after Sophia's birth a peace was concluded between England and Spain, in which no mention occurred of the Palatine house, and Frederick was advised by Charles I. to make his own peace with the Emperor at any price. Though in this year, 1630, Gustavus Adolphus had already undertaken his first campaign in Germany, its results had failed to excite any strong hopes. All other resources seemed at an end, and private misfortunes, too, were crowding upon the unlucky pair. In 1629, their eldest son, Prince Henry Frederick, had been drowned in a collision off Haarlem; and their infant daughter Charlotte was laid beside him in the grave only three days before the christening of her new-born sister. We may therefore credit Sophia's statement, that her birth gave no extraordinary satisfaction to her father and mother, who were at a loss both where to find godparents for her and what name to bestow upon her in baptism. However, the States of West Frisia generously helped to meet one of these emergencies; and as to her name, which had so nearly marked the beginning of a new English dynasty, she tells us it was drawn by lot out of several which had been written on slips of paper for the purpose. Very soon, she continues, she was packed off by her mother to Leyden, 'where Her Majesty had all her children brought up at a distance from herself; for the sight of her monkeys and dogs was more agreeable to her than the sight of us.' Things were managed more rigorously here than at Rhenen and the Hague. 'We had a Court quite in the German style. My governess . . . had held the same position with the King my father when he was a child, from which her probable age may be guessed. But she was assisted in her duties by her two daughters, who seemed older than herself. . . . They taught me to love God and to fear the devil, and I was brought up with great devoutness, according to the admirable precepts of Calvin. I was taught the Heidelberg Catechism in German, which I knew by heart without understanding it.' She adds an amusing description of her life at Leyden, divided between strict religious exercises and studies, and a still stricter etiquette. During Sophia's childhood, a deeper gloom than ever surrounded the destinies of her family; for the death of Gustavus

tavus Adolphus in 1632 had been followed by that of the dethroned King of Bohemia; and as the storms were gathering fast in England, his Queen became entirely dependent upon the generosity of her Dutch hosts. In 1639-1640, her eldest surviving son, Charles Lewis, was a prisoner in France, and in 1641 his brother Rupert was only liberated from his captivity in Austria on promising never to serve against the Emperor. Prince Rupert repaired to England, where his sword and that of his brother Maurice were soon unsheathed on behalf of their uncle's throne. In Germany, the last and dreariest period of the Thirty Years' War opened; and then, after long crying of peace where there was no peace, the Treaties of Westphalia at last restored the Lower Palatinate to Charles Lewis, thus rewarding his mother's sacrifices, and his own supple persistency.

In 1641 Sophia, herself ill and afflicted beyond measure by the death from a fearful malady of her brother and companion Prince Gustavus, left Leyden for the Hague. Here the young girl fancied that she was 'enjoying the pleasures of Paradise in beholding so much variety and so many people, and in no longer beholding her teachers.' She was by no means hurt at finding there three sisters much handsomer and more accomplished than herself. Of these three the eldest was Elizabeth, who will always be remembered among the learned and pious women, the *schöne Seelen*, of Protestantism. She had seen more of suffering and sorrow than her younger sisters, and was of a deeper nature than even Sophia, who most resembled her in her love of learning and reverence for greatness. Yet it is difficult not to regret that one who in her youth had sat at the feet of Descartes should have ended as a devotee of the turbid mysticism of Labadie. It was not till many years after the partial restoration of the fortunes of her House, that she found a congenial retreat in the Protestant convent of Herford in Westphalia, of which she became Abbess in 1667, through the efforts of her cousin the Great Elector. Here she was visited by William Penn, whose tribute to her saintly memory forms her noblest epitaph. Sophia draws a striking portrait of her sister Elizabeth in the early days at Rhenen, from which it would seem that the elder sister bore a more striking resemblance than herself to their mother, but the sketch is not particularly respectful. A year or two later, when the sisters again met at Heidelberg, the lively Sophia confesses with some shame to her sense of oppression in the company of so superior a person. Things had altered with both women when, shortly before Elizabeth's death (in 1680), she sent for



Sophia to pay her a last visit, and received her, as is related in the 'Memoirs,' like a healing angel from heaven. The second of the Queen of Bohemia's daughters, Louisa Hollandina (born 1622, died 1709) was a person of a different stamp,—'not so handsome,'\* writes Sophia, 'but to my mind her temper made her more agreeable.' Her life, too, ended in a convent, but one in which, as may be surmised, she maintained a less strict *régime* than that which Elizabeth introduced at Herford. After suddenly quitting her mother's Court in 1657, she abjured Protestantism at Antwerp and took refuge in a nunnery at Paris. It was probably through the recommendation of her brother Edward, who had himself become a Roman Catholic and was married to a divorced French lady of high rank, that she became Abbess of Maubuisson, where she led an extremely comfortable life, boasting of her large family and enjoying incomparable spirits, till she died only a few years before her sister the Electress. Louisa Hollandina had some talent as an artist, but, says her sister, 'while painting others, she a good deal neglected herself.' Sophia, however, gratefully acknowledges that she owed much in these early days to the guidance of her two eldest sisters. The third was Henrietta Maria (born 1626, died 1651), who lived only a short time after her marriage to Sigismund Ragoczi, Prince of Transylvania. Sophia gives a very pleasing account of her beauty, but says that her tastes were more domestic than those of her elder sisters, and lay entirely in the direction of needlework and preserving.

The elder daughters of the Queen of Bohemia being thus diversely enabled to resist depression, it would seem that the youngest, Sophia, was charged in the family with the low comedy considered necessary for brightening their lives. Among the *railleries* which she recounts some, as she is fain to confess, had better have been left unrecorded. At all events she seems to have completed her education in one direction; for while her eldest sister had been taught six languages by her mother, Kemble is probably right in considering Sophia to have become more or less mistress of seven. She was the favourite of the faithful friend of her family, whom she rather unceremoniously calls 'un vieux milord nommé Craven,' and of whom elsewhere, though acknowledging his constant munificence, she speaks rather slightly as 'le bon homme.' Probably a sufficient explanation of this want of respect may be found in Craven's *bourgeois* origin, for an intense pride of birth was

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\* The personal attractions of the two sisters may be compared in the admirable Honthorsts now in the Welfenmuseum at Herrenhausen.

among Sophia's least amiable characteristics. She also attracted the goodwill and admiration of other English lords and gentlemen, who in these evil days sought at Rhenen and the Hague the diversions no longer to be found at Whitehall; and when she heard them whisper to one another how, after she had finished growing, she would surpass all her sisters, she conceived an affection for the whole English nation, 'so pleasant is it to be thought handsome when one is young.' Her own description of her charms at this period of her life is pleasing enough. 'My hair was light brown and in natural curls, my general appearance gay and lightsome, my figure good, but not very tall, my deportment that of a princess. I take no pleasure in remembering all the rest, of which my mirror shows me nothing left.' The general hope, or talk, of the English residents at the Hague was, that this fair princess ought to marry the Prince of Wales, for whom they desired a Protestant wife, and who could not at that time aspire to a more splendid match. Certain base attempts to cast a slur upon Sophia's reputation having come to naught, the little Palatine Court at the Hague not long afterwards had the gratification of seeing the Prince of Wales himself among them. Soon the awful deed done at Whitehall made the second Charles *de jure* King; and it speedily became necessary for him to choose a policy with regard to one of his 'kingdoms.' Sophia here adds some very curious particulars concerning the last enterprise of Montrose, who, according to her account, asked the hand of her sister Louisa as his reward for the services he was about to render to the Royal cause. As to herself, she soon perceived, in spite of the eagerness of her mother and the officiousness of several English ladies, that Charles had no leisure or no inclination (as he had no money) for entering upon the marriage scheme which they were pressing upon her attention. Yet, notwithstanding this disappointment and the general troubles of her family, 'my spirits were so high in those days that everything amused me; the misfortunes of my house were unable to depress them, although at times we had to make repasts richer than Cleopatra's, and nothing was eaten at Court but pearls and diamonds.' The tradesmen always supplied whatever she wanted, and she left the care about settling the bills to Providence. But though happy at the Hague as the day was long, she began to feel that these days of thoughtless enjoyment could not last for ever; and in point of fact it was settled early in 1650, that she should pay a visit to her brother,

the Elector Palatine Charles Lewis, at Heidelberg, who had 'always honoured me with his friendship, so far as to call me his daughter, for he was thirteen years older than I.' As her travels had hitherto been confined to trips in a *treckshut*, she set off in the best of humours, though her mother, still harping on the project of the English marriage, had with difficulty been brought to consent to the journey.

At Heidelberg Sophia found the magnificent castle of her ancestors in ruins, and her brother the Elector Palatine lodged in the town. Yet but for one circumstance her visit to the home of her ancestors might have been a happy one. There are many passages in the earlier history of the Elector Charles Lewis, which are the reverse of heroic or chivalrous, and which find no sufficient excuse in the fact, that his had been a troubled life almost from the time when the Princess Elizabeth had announced to her father, King James, the birth of her little 'black babie.' On the other hand he was, as Häusser has shown, a true father to his decimated people, and succeeded by dint of hard work in restoring to the fair Lower Palatinate something like its former prosperity,—unhappily too soon to be trodden down again by the iron hoof of war. The private life of the Elector, however, as it did not take Sophia long to discover, was far from happy. His wife, the Electress Elizabeth, had inherited little or nothing of the genius of her mother, the wise and brave Landgravine Amalia Elizabeth of Hesse. Her vanity and folly in the end alienated her husband's affections, as she discovered shortly before Sophia quitted Heidelberg. Still, the seven years, the better part of which Sophia spent at her brother's court, were merrier years for her than they can have been for the deserted mother in Holland. She gives some account of the amusements in which she took part, more especially of the 'Wirthschaften'—a fashionable diversion half-way between the masque and the more prosaic fancy fair of these later days. But there were matters of graver import to occupy her, besides country dances and gipsy disguises. Unlike her sisters, she had no intention of finishing her life in a convent; and circumstances had left the management of her fortunes largely to herself. Nor were suitors wanting. She promptly rejected certain overtures made to her; and thus it came to pass that, when Duke George William of Brunswick-Lüneburg arrived at Heidelberg in 1656, he found on enquiry that her hand was still free. This prince was the second of the four sons of that Duke George of Lüneburg, to whose prudence and skill it was due that the fortunes of his house had not suffered

suffered shipwreck in the storms of the Thirty Years' War. At the time of which we are speaking, the eldest brother, Christian Lewis, held Lüneburg-Celle, and the second, George William, Calenberg-Göttingen, with Hanover as his residence. The third, John Frederick, and the fourth, Ernest Augustus, were still portionless.\* When therefore the last-named had paid a visit to Heidelberg in 1651 and had played the guitar with the Princess Sophia, it had not been thought prudent, in spite of his white hands and his skill as a dancer, to encourage his civilities, since he could not be regarded as a 'prince bon à marier.' His elder brother George William, on the other hand, had recently been strongly urged by his estates to marry, and, though he had always felt the greatest repugnance to any such step, he now thought of promising to take it, if the Estates would in return vote an increase in his revenue. In that event he could not think of any princess, says Sophia, 'who would please him better than I.' His attentions to her were well received, and though (as subsequent events will show) she could never have been brought to confess it in her 'Memoirs,' her heart seems to have been really touched. She says that when at last he requested her permission to ask her hand from her brother, she did not answer like a heroine in a romance (Sophia was a great reader of romances in her later days), 'for I did not at all hesitate to say *Yes*.' Nor was her choice an unworthy one. George William of Hanover, afterwards and better known as of Celle, was by no means a great man, though one of the greatest men of his age, King William III.,

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\* In the latter half of the seventeenth century there survived only *two* lines of the combined House of Brunswick-Lüneburg. These were the so-called *new* House of Brunswick, which had in 1634 become the House of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and the so-called *new* House of Lüneburg (Brunswick-Lüneburg). The former was represented by Duke *Rudolph Augustus*, at Brunswick, who died in 1701; by Duke *Antony Ulric*, at Wolfenbüttel, who died in 1714; and at *Bevern* by a third brother. The new House of Lüneburg in this period consisted of the sons of Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneburg and their descendants. The main dominions of this branch were distributed among the four sons of George as follows:—

- (1) *Christian Lewis*, born 1622, held Calenberg (Hanover) from 1641, and Lüneburg-Celle from 1648 to his death in 1665.
- (2) *George William*, born 1624, held Calenberg (Hanover) from 1648 to 1665, and Lüneburg-Celle from 1665 to his death in 1705. He inherited Saxe-Lauenburg in 1689. He was the father of the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea.
- (3) *John Frederick*, born 1625, a Roman Catholic from 1651, held Calenberg (Hanover) from 1665 to his death in 1679.
- (4) *Ernest Augustus*, born 1629, was Bishop of Osnabrück from 1662, and held Calenberg (Hanover) from 1679 till his death in 1698. He became Elector of Hanover in 1692.

Of the sisters of these four brothers, *Sophia Amalia*, born 1628, was in 1642 married to King Frederick III. of Denmark, and died in 1685.

bestowed

bestowed on him not a little love and confidence; but he was courageous, judicious, and consistent in his foreign, and liberal in his religious, policy. He did some good service in arms, as became a member of his warlike house; and there seems to have been in his nature a joyous vein which may well have had its attractiveness while he was still young, and had not yet become a 'mighty Nimrod' and a connoisseur of wines.\* He belonged, notwithstanding his staunch anti-French politics, to that new school of German princes who cultivated the fashions and the society of Frenchmen; indeed, a member of that nation is on one occasion said to have called out to George William at his own table: 'Monseigneur, this is really very pleasant; there is no foreigner here but you.' At the period when he presented himself at Heidelberg, he was still unsettled as well as unmarried; and his constant absences on journeys across the Alps, to study the fashions at Milan and enjoy life at Venice, were resented as a serious grievance by the Estates of his principality.

After, then, he had privately (so as not to lose the advantage of being able to drive a bargain with his estates) obtained the assent of the Elector Palatine, George William left Heidelberg with his brother Ernest Augustus on their way to Venice. The Hanoverian marriage had come to be regarded as a settled affair, when news arrived from Venice which in the end left no doubt, that Duke George William was about to break off his engagement. The revolting circumstances which gave rise to this resolution—a fateful one for the future of the House of Hanover—are related by the Duchess Sophia with a frankness which we cannot imitate. She adds, with genuine dignity and some pathos, that when Duke George William's failure to reappear at Heidelberg according to promise disquieted her brother the Elector, she was 'too proud to be touched by it.' It was not long before she became acquainted with the strange proposal by which George William was desirous of 'honourably' extricating himself from his engagement. His youngest and favourite brother Ernest Augustus was to marry Sophia in his stead, receiving with her the principality of Calenberg (Hanover) now held by George William, and only

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\* The former designation is said to have been given to him; see Consul William Ker's 'Remarks upon Germany' (written in 1688, and appended to Ker of Keraland's 'Memoirs'), where his 370 horses, mostly English or of English breed, and his English dogs, likewise find mention. Ten years later, Lord Lexington records how the good old gentleman gave him 'for a taste' a bottle of champagne out of a superlative batch of two or three dozen which he was keeping for King William's expected visit. De Gourville mentions the Duke's company of French comedians.

binding himself to pay to the latter a substantial pension. A preliminary difficulty, however, had to be first overcome. The third brother, John Frederick, a prince of very independent character, objected to the youngest scion of the family having been thought of as a substitute instead of himself. Then Ernest Augustus himself fell 'furiously ill' at Vienna; but finally in 1658 the matter was settled, though not quite in the way originally proposed. The hand of Sophia was transferred from George William to Ernest Augustus, the former undertaking not to marry during the lifetime of the latter and of his consort. It is on this arrangement that so much of the personal history of Sophia, and so much of the dynastic history of the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg turned. The eldest of the four brothers was childless, and the third unmarried (he afterwards married, but left no son). Thus, Ernest Augustus seemed alone likely to found a family. George William's promise to remain unmarried therefore contained in germ the union of all the possessions of the 'new' House of Lüneburg in a single branch of it. In other words, a large extent of territory was henceforth in prospect for Ernest Augustus and his descendants; and should primogeniture be established among them, a demand on his part for the Electoral dignity might seem not unwarranted. Thus was determined for ever the direction taken by the ambition of Ernest Augustus, and in a large measure by that of his eldest son after him. It is true that the arrangement also contained in germ vexations, troubles, and a crime or crimes which were to cast a deep shadow upon the renescent glories of an ancient and illustrious House.\*

The wedding of Ernest Augustus and Sophia, now twenty-eight years of age, took place at Heidelberg at the end of September 1658, and in November the bride followed her husband to Hanover. She had renounced her eventual rights to the Palatinate succession, and cast in her lot entirely with that of her husband, for whom she says that at this time she felt 'all that a sincere passion could inspire,' and who displayed a similar disposition towards her. Unluckily, Duke

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\* Inasmuch as the Duchess Sophia in her 'Memoirs' quotes at length the German document of this agreement (she says that as she is writing for her pleasure she will not take the trouble to translate it), it is strange that the author, said to be Count Schulenburg, of a little book which Klopp considers the best account of the story of Sophia Dorothea ('Die Herzogin von Ahlden,' 1852), should express doubts as to the promise of not marrying having been made by George William. It may further be remarked that renunciations of this kind seem not to have been uncommon in the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and perhaps in other Houses also. According to Spittler, not less than six of the uncles of George William (brothers of Duke George) promised to remain unmarried; and we have noticed earlier instances.

George William, on whom their means of life mainly depended, continued to live in the greatest intimacy with his favourite brother; and Sophia soon found that it needed all her tact to keep within due bounds her brother-in-law's unextinguished affection for herself, and to calm her husband's fits of jealousy. A winter sojourn of the two Dukes in Italy, whither she was unable to accompany them, failed to alter the state of things: on their return the brothers were never out of one another's sight, and she had to make the third in a very awkward trio. There is some comedy, but of a rather uneasy kind, in this part of her experiences; and she was glad enough at the end of 1659 to know *les deux jaloux*, as she calls them, once more in Italy. George William had at first followed her thither, and had only quitted her when she had begged him for the love of God to do so. In June 1660, Sophia's eldest son, George Lewis (afterwards King George I.) was born; but the year ended with another journey on the part of the Ducal brothers to Italy, while she paid visits to Heidelberg and Holland, at Rotterdam bidding a last farewell to her mother, who was just departing for England, there to meet with more disappointments, and to die. A sadder parting, however, for Sophia was that with her niece Elizabeth Charlotte, who returned to Heidelberg about the same time, after having been for some years entrusted to her care by the Elector Palatine. At Hanover things went on much as before, till in December 1661 Sophia's domestic difficulties seemed likely to come to an end by her husband's succession to the See of Osnabrück, the reversion to which had been secured to him by the well-known eccentric provision of the Peace of Westphalia. In her 'Memoirs' she irreverently tacks on her mention of the death of Bishop Francis William (a Bavarian prince) to a reminiscence of the death of Doctor Faustus, which she had witnessed on the stage; but she must have been heartily thankful at the prospect of an independent establishment, and of removal from Hanover. In the next year, it having been found that the Bishop's wife would, as she puts it, be *hors d'œuvre* at his solemn entry into Osnabrück, she was received by him in his new residence in the Castle of Iburg.\*

But her troubles were only to take a new direction. Having

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\* Though Sophia, who received from the Osnabrück estates a present of 7000 dollars, did not take the title of Bishopess, or even Princess of Osnabrück, she was called 'Madame d'Osnabrück' even at that centre of etiquette, the French Court. After her husband's death, we find her propounding to Leibnitz the curious question, whether she might continue to bear the cognizance of Osnabrück, a wheel, in her coat of arms. He was in favour of her doing so, and creating a precedent. ('Correspondence,' ii. 90-98.)

innocently excited so much jealousy, she was now herself to know the bitterness of that feeling. Once more, however, her sound sense and power of self-control stood her in good stead. In the first place, her husband's fidelity was beginning to be intermittent; but when he begged for her company to Venice at the end of the winter of 1663-4, she promised speedily to follow him. About the same time, she learnt that George William had conceived a passion for a lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Taranto. The lady in question, whom the Bishop of Osnabrück had wished his wife to take into her service, had preferred to accompany her present mistress into Holland, whither they were followed by George William. Her name was Eleonora d'Esmières, and she was the daughter of the Seigneur d'Olbreuse, a Poitevin nobleman. Sophia may, or may not, have been glad to hear of this fancy; in any case, she had annoyance enough, together with ill-health, to spoil whatever pleasure she might else have taken in her Italian tour. Venice seemed to her extremely melancholy, and the perennial love-making which went on around her would not fit, she says, into her German morality. She was proof against the attempts made at Rome to convert her; and the feeling uppermost with her there was, that neither Queen Christina of Sweden nor Pope Alexander VII. properly appreciated the dignity of a member of the House of Brunswick. The Pope, of whom, in spite of his literary turn, she speaks disrespectfully, had contrived to offend her brother-in-law, Duke John Frederick, although this prince was a convert to Catholicism, and had been at one time thought of for the Cardinalate.\* No prince was more likely to resent neglect, from whatever quarter, than John Frederick, to whom was afterwards attributed the saying, 'I am Emperor in my own land,' and who seems prematurely to have conceived that idea of a Ninth Electorate, which his younger brother, Ernest Augustus, was to carry into execution. On their return from this Italian journey, early in 1665, the Duke-Bishop and his wife learnt that his eldest brother, Duke Christian Lewis, had died, and that Duke John Frederick, whose cold reception by the Pope had caused him to hasten his journey home, had by a species of *coup d'état*

\* The very interesting history of John Frederick's conversion, in which the celebrated Holstenius was the principal agent, is told at length by Dr. Köcher in his new volume. He appears intellectually to have been much superior to his warlike brothers, whence doubtless arose his preference for his sister, the high-minded Queen Sophia Amalia of Denmark. It was to him that Leibnitz owed his connection with the Court of Hanover, a circumstance which gives a special interest to his biographical sketch of the Duke, printed by Pertz, in vol. iv., series 1, of his edition of the Works.



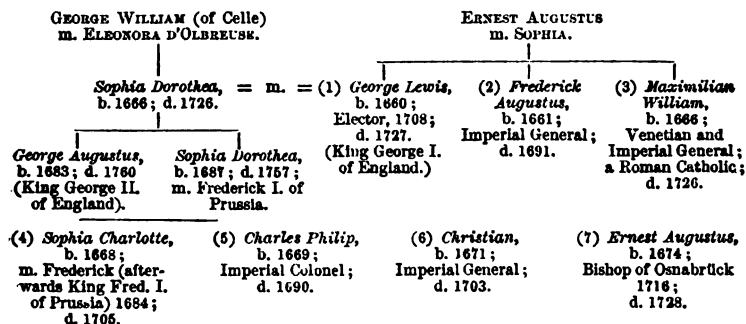
taken possession of Celle and Lüneburg, while Duke George William had been dallying in Holland at the feet of Eleonora d'Olbreuse. By the will of Duke George, their father, the eldest brother was to have the right of choosing between the two portions of the inheritance of the Brunswick-Lüneburg line (viz. Lüneburg-Celle and Calenberg-Göttingen); and it was contended by John Frederick that the force of this stipulation had been exhausted by the choice made by Christian Lewis on his father's death. George William would probably have let the prize, Celle, slip out of his hands, had it not been for the energy of Ernest Augustus. Five months of negotiation ensued which had nearly led to war, and in which France and Sweden, as well as Denmark, mixed themselves up. When at last John Frederick was contented by the addition of Grubenhagen to Hanover, and gave up Celle to George William, Ernest Augustus well deserved the gift of the Countship of Diepholz, with which he was recompensed for his efforts and expenditure.

At the very time of these transactions, which drew closer than ever the bonds of union between George William and Ernest Augustus, the elder of the pair, with the co-operation of the younger, took a step of momentous consequences for their future relations. Sophia relates how at her husband's request she invited Mdlle. d'Olbreuse to Ibarg, and was agreeably surprised to find in her a very amiable person of modest and even retiring manners. Her portrait at Herrenhausen, which represents her as a very 'dark lady,' is certainly the reverse of attractive, but suggests both resoluteness and sagacity. And, whatever may afterwards have been Sophia's opinion of her, there is no doubt that Mdlle. d'Olbreuse played with consummate skill the difficult part which ambition induced her to essay. But the account of her first step up the ladder certainly reads like a page from a satire. In November, 1665, the several members of the family were assembled at Celle to assist at the interment of the deceased Duke, namely, his widow, the new Duke of Celle (George William), his brother the Bishop, the Duchess Sophia and her ladies, and with the latter Mdlle. d'Olbreuse. Of this occasion George William took advantage for uniting himself formally and permanently to the lady of his affections by what the Duchess Sophia calls an 'anti-contract of marriage.' This document, in all other respects as advantageous to Mdlle. d'Olbreuse as was possible under the circumstances, repeated the Duke's promise never to marry; and it was signed not only by the two parties principally concerned, but also by the Bishop of Osnabrück and his consort. In the opinion of the latter, Mdlle. d'Olbreuse's consent to the arrangement well became her birth.

birth. While there is no need to discuss the morality of the 'anti-contract,' it is obvious that the continuance of George William's celibacy may have seemed better ensured than ever by his entering into such a connection. And from this point of view both Sophia and her husband seem at first to have regarded it. They, however, stoutly opposed Eleonora's wish to be henceforth known as 'Madame de Celle,' so that at last the title of Madame de Harburg was agreed upon; and by this she was known during the next ten years of her life. The period which ensued was probably the hardest in the long life of Sophia. For while for many years she had to witness the successful manœuvres of an adventuress, against whom her pride, and something besides pride, roused her sincerest hatred, the affection between her husband and his brother, George William, continued, and she was left aside. Between the years 1666 and 1674 she bore five (strictly speaking six \*) children to her husband, in addition to two sons who had been born at earlier dates; † but towards the end of this series of years, at all events, his affection was completely estranged from her. It was in 1673 that Clara Elizabeth, the elder daughter of M. de Meisenbuch, married Baron (afterwards Count) de Platen, at the time Governor to the Hereditary Prince George Lewis, and afterwards Master of the Ceremonies at the Court of Ernest Augustus, and the most powerful of his subjects. A place was found for Baroness Platen in the service of the Duchess Sophia, and thus opened a very ugly chapter in the history of the House of Hanover, which there is no necessity to pursue here. Meanwhile Sophia must have often longed for more congenial society. The time had not yet arrived, when she could choose for her-

\* The twin of Maximilian William was still-born, and it was feared (say the 'Memoirs') 'que j'irois le même chemin.'

† The following tables of the descendants of George William and of Ernest Augustus may be useful:—



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self such intellectual companionship as that which illuminated her later years; and from her best-beloved relative, her niece, Elizabeth Charlotte, she had to part altogether in 1671, when the latter, by her marriage with the Duke of Orleans, was exiled into the cold splendours of the French Court. They did not meet again for at least eleven years.

So long as the relation between the Duke of Celle and Madame de Harburg remained unaltered, the succession to Celle was a matter of certainty for Ernest Augustus, should he survive his brother George William, for the right of further option had been abolished at the settlement between the latter and John Frederick. But John Frederick was unmarried; and in the event of his dying without heirs, Ernest Augustus or his line would eventually succeed in Hanover likewise. In 1668, however, a marriage was arranged, through the busy French diplomatist De Gourville, between John Frederick and Benedicta Henrietta Philippina, daughter of the Duchess Sophia's brother, the Count Palatine Edward; and till John Frederick's death, eleven years afterwards, the succession of Ernest Augustus in Hanover remained doubtful. It was all the more desirable to secure the Celle succession beyond all fear of failure; and this it was the more easy to do, since the wishes of George William in the first instance aimed at providing for his mistress and her children as large a freehold property as he could carve out of his ducal domains. This explains a series of treaties concluded between him and his brothers in 1671 and 1672. Matters were simplified by the early death of all Madame de Harburg's children, with the sole exception of her eldest daughter, Sophia Dorothea, born in 1666. To her were secured in reversion after her mother a series of estates, including the island of Wilhelmsburg, situate in the Elbe between Hamburg and Harburg, from which Madame de Harburg afterwards took the title of *Reichsgräfin* von Wilhelmsburg, bestowed upon her by the Emperor at George William's request. Sophia watched the hated Frenchwoman's gradual advance with bitter humour. She was filled with 'pity' by the favours, which the Duke of Celle lavished upon a person whose talk 'has never been known to dwell within the rules of truth.' When, before this elevation, Madame de Harburg, on being received at dinner by the Queen of Denmark at Altona, was denied the kiss of honour, she was vulgar enough, as Sophia relates, to revenge herself by jokes about the Queen's bad *cuisine*. But something much stronger than derision was excited in Sophia, when already about the year 1671 the rumour arose, that in the event of Madame de Harburg giving birth to a son it was the intention of the Duke of Celle

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to marry her. And very soon, when this fear had proved premature, a new danger presented itself.

The head of the line of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel was at that time, and till his death in 1704, the Duke Rudolph Augustus, who would have put no obstacle in the way of the growth of the power of the younger branch, more especially as it had fallen to his lot to accomplish a task, the subjection of the city of Brunswick, which his ancestors had attempted in vain. But the younger brother of Rudolph Augustus, who in 1685 became co-regent with him, Duke Antony Ulric, was of a different stamp, and one of the most unquiet spirits of an unquiet age. While his elder brother was a prince 'very zealous for the Protestant religion,'\* Antony Ulric, like so many princes of his and the next age, died a convert to the Church of Rome.† Dynastic ambition had been among his motives when he took this step, but it was not only political grandeur which attracted his ardent imagination. Pölnitz speaks of his renown as a patron of the arts and sciences, and he was not only a patron but a writer of books. He is said to have composed French eclogues and to have translated French tragedies; he certainly wrote in German a series of hymns under the most flowery of titles, and was the author of two prose romances in the 'Grand Cyrus' style, of which one enjoyed an unusual popularity till far into the eighteenth century. This was no other than the 'Roman Octavia,' a series of episodes nominally taken from the history of the early Roman emperors, on which we shall have particular occasion to touch again. To Duke Antony Ulric, then, who in 1671 was a younger brother without means and with debts, it occurred that the comfortable estates which Duke George William of Celle had settled in reversion upon his daughter Sophia Dorothea were worth his notice. He proposed to George William an engagement between her, then five years of age, and his son Augustus Frederick, an amiable prince of sixteen. But the Duke of Celle feared that his daughter would be placed in a false position if married to this prince, unless, indeed, the Emperor should consent to legitimate her. According to Sophia, one of George William's councillors named Schütz, on whom she casts a strong stigma

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\* See Burnet's 'Memorial to the Electress Sophia' (1703). Kemble has misrepresented Rudolph Augustus on this head.

† The conversion of Duke Antony Ulric in 1710 had been preceded by that of one of his granddaughters on her betrothal to the Archduke Charles, titular King of Spain, and afterwards Emperor. His other granddaughter was the 'Princess of Wolfenbüttel,' the wife of Peter the Great's wretched son, whose story, even when stripped of the melodramatic additions of fiction, fills one of the saddest pages in the history of modern European Courts.

in passing, suggested that the easiest way of accomplishing the object in view would be for the Duke to marry Sophia Dorothea's mother. It is extremely likely, as is pointed out by Dr. Köcher, that the part attributed by Sophia to Schütz in these transactions is, to say the least, over-coloured; and it is well known that both he and his family served the Houses of Celle and Hanover in the most honourable and responsible posts. The Duke, however, preferred the legitimation of his daughter, and Schütz acquiesced, the more readily, according to Sophia, as he put into his pocket the 16,000 dollars which he had made the Duke believe the process had cost. But the idea of a marriage with his mistress had now been seriously put into George William's head; moreover, Duke Rudolph Augustus would not hear of his nephew marrying the daughter of an unmarried woman. Schütz, therefore, who, for his own purposes, wished to make mischief between George William and Ernest Augustus, was set on by Antony Ulric to persuade the Duke of Celle to take a step which could hardly fail of having some such effect. In the first instance a morganatic marriage only, with renewed safeguards for the succession of Ernest Augustus and his line, was proposed; then an attempt was made to obtain for the Countess of Wilhelmsburg the title of Princess, which seemed to Sophia a step further in the wrong direction. Her correspondence on this theme with her old lover, which she quotes at length, shows with what courage and straightforwardness she championed the rights of her family. But the prudent Frenchwoman's triumph was not to be long delayed. Her marriage with the Duke of Celle was actually celebrated in April 1676; and a treaty followed in May, which guaranteed the succession in Celle to Ernest Augustus and his descendants, and even stipulated that the civil and military authorities of the Duchy should in future take the customary oaths both to the reigning Duke and his destined successor. Antony Ulric, on his side, had in vain brought about the engagement of his son to Sophia Dorothea; for in the summer of the same year, 1676, the young Prince died of a wound received at the siege of Philippsburg. *Sic vos non vobis*; but much sorrow and shame might have been spared to the House of Hanover, had not the ambitious hopes of Antony Ulric on this occasion been doomed to disappointment. Of the *mésalliance* of the Duke of Celle we shall not perhaps be inclined to form so harsh a judgment as Sophia.\*

Unfortunately,

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\* Sophia's second self, the Duchess of Orleans, was fain to regard the d'Olbreuse marriage as the origin of all the evils brought upon the House of

Unfortunately, the 'Memoirs of the Duchess Sophia' tell us nothing of the second stage of her struggle with her unwelcome sister-in-law. They extend, however, over four years further, which were not uneventful either in her personal history, or in that of her husband and children. We must pass rapidly over the notes of a journey which she made to France in 1679. Her husband had given his consent to this journey on the hope being held out to him that his daughter's beauty might attract the Dauphin, whose hand was still to be disposed of; but a better fate was in store for the gifted Sophia Charlotte, a true daughter in many ways of her mother. The life and premature death of the first Queen of Prussia form the subject of one of Varnhagen's admirable monographs. The chief pleasures which the Duchess had anticipated from this visit she was to enjoy to her heart's content, laughing at the world and its vanity with that easy though cloistered philosopher, her sister, the Abbess of Maubuisson, and being petted by the faithful Duchess of Orleans and her good-natured husband. King Louis XIV. himself was the perfection of magnificent courtesy, requesting his brother, the Duke of Orleans, not to whisper in Sophia's presence, taking notice of her daughter, and affably pointing out that the German princes would do well not to make war upon him again. Her quick wits helped her through every difficulty, and enabled her to avoid any mistake—even that of accepting a *tabouret* when self-respect bade her take a *fauteuil* or not sit at all. She knew how to meet both the stiffness of the French Queen (a Spanish princess) and the effusiveness of the new Spanish Queen (a French princess); nor was her self-possession taken aback even by the splendours of Versailles, for which she very justly said that art had done more than nature. When she had

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of Brunswick by the offspring of so unequal a match. She could understand, she writes, the folly of so very small a prince as he of Anhalt-Dessau trying to pass off his apothecary's daughter as a princess (the highly respectable Anna Louisa Föhr was in point of fact declared a legitimate wife by the Emperor), but would the other princes acquiesce in an absurdity like that perpetrated by a potentate of so much intelligence as the Duke of Celle? More than forty years afterwards, on a false rumour of Duchess Eleonora's death, she wished that this capricious and ambitious Frenchwoman had remained among her inferior nobility in Poitou, where she would at one time have thought it an honour to marry a *premier valet de chambre* of the late Duke of Orleans; and when in 1722 the Duchess actually died, the implacable Elizabeth Charlotte could only regret that this had not happened sixty years before. And yet *mesalliances* were not wholly unknown in the House of Brunswick, although, or perhaps because, it was one of those ancient princely houses which in Germany have as a rule maintained the principle of *Ebenbürtigkeit*. Rudolph Augustus of Wolfenbüttel was in his old age (1681) united by the right hand to Rosina Elizabeth the daughter of a Minden surgeon, of the name of Menthe,—'Madame Rudolphine,' as the good woman was called at his Court. See also Havemaun, ii., 476, for the earlier case of Henry (afterwards) of Dannenberg.

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fairly started on her homeward journey, she felt many pangs of *Heimweh*, and was rejoiced when at last she was back again with her husband. But he soon contrived to damp her ardour. His campaigns being over for the present, he was eager to depart on a trip into Italy; and, worse than this, the Duchess found that a project, which had been mooted shortly before her departure to France, had not yet ceased to occupy his mind.

This project—the fatal link in the chain of events which we propose to recal—was the marriage of Sophia Dorothea, the only daughter of George William, Duke of Celle, to her cousin, George Lewis, the eldest son of Ernest Augustus and Sophia. Sophia would have preferred for her son a daughter of her other brother-in-law, John Frederick, who was again on good terms with Ernest Augustus. These two brothers had agreed to take a holiday together in Italy, and they had already started for Venice by different routes, when the news arrived that John Frederick had died on the way at Augsburg, after an illness of two days (December 1679). The situation had suddenly changed, and, while regretting the loss of a good friend, Sophia felt that she had reason to thank God for having placed her husband out of the reach of his enemies, ‘as which the whole Court of Celle had now to be regarded.’ As for Ernest Augustus, he received the news with the remark: ‘*Je suis bien aise que ce n’est pas moy qui sois mort.*’ He now succeeded to Hanover, and if his brother George William adhered to his undertaking, the whole of the dominions of the younger line of the House of Brunswick must, sooner or later, be in his hands or in those of his heir. It is true that, according to a provision of the will of their father Duke George, which had been sanctioned by the Estates both of Celle and Calenberg, these governments were for ever to be kept apart under two distinct rulers; but, apprehensive of future trouble, the Estates were soon found not unwilling to listen to a proposal for the repeal of this statute, and in the meantime it was of primary importance for Ernest Augustus to remain on good terms with his surviving brother, for whom, moreover, he seems always to have had a genuine affection. Hence Ernest Augustus, who had speedily taken possession of Hanover, was induced to signify his assent, when in July 1680 the ambition of Eleonora d’Olbreuse was crowned by her being declared Duchess of Lüneburg-Celle. A new agreement between the brothers confirming the previous arrangement as to the succession in Celle, received the Imperial sanction in due course.

The Memoirs of Sophia break off shortly after this momentous date in her family history. She has still to tell how, on return-  
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ing from a pleasant visit to the Queen of Denmark in the summer of 1680, she received the news of the death of the Elector Palatine. A year had not passed since she had lost her sister Elizabeth; and in her solitude she bethought herself that she was fifty years of age, and that it would not be long before she followed her sister and brother. Providence had ruled otherwise, and many years of trials and troubles were still awaiting her. And of these the worst were soon to take their beginning. In the first place, Ernest Augustus, without much further delay, brought to an issue the negotiations concerning the marriage of his eldest son, George Lewis, to his cousin, Sophia Dorothea. The marriage took place on November 21st, 1682, at Celle, just a month after Ernest Augustus had drawn up his will, which received the Imperial confirmation July 1st, 1683, introducing primogeniture into the succession to his dominions. When Pöllnitz declares that the marriage was brought about 'by the intrigues of the Duchess Sophia,' he is telling a palpable untruth; and, what is more, the oft-told tale of Sophia's journey to Celle, of her colloquy with George William—held in the German tongue, so as to render it unintelligible to his listening French wife—and of the promise then and there extracted from the Duke, in spite of that lady's interruption, must be dismissed as a fable. Its counterpart, and probably its origin, is to be found in 'The Roman Octavia,' Duke Antony Ulric's novel.\* Sophia always disliked the Princess of Celle and her mother; and she was still further averse to the match, because the arrangement included the establishment of primogeniture in the succession to the dominions of the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg; in other words, the exclusion of Sophia's second son from his share in the paternal inheritance.

We cannot pursue further the history of the house of Hanover. It is only necessary to say, that Ernest Augustus, not without aid from King William III., was in 1692 invested with the Electoral dignity by the Emperor, and accordingly assumed the Electoral title; but it was reserved for his son and successor sixteen years afterwards to obtain the Imperial decree formally admitting him into the Electoral College. In

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\* No importance should be attached to the fact, that Leibnitz indited a *carmen nuptiale* on the occasion; but, considering the circumstances of the case, Sophia can hardly have relished the following passage in honour of her son's mother-in-law:—

'Nous devons, après tout, des grâces à la France,  
D'où la source nous vient d'une telle influence,  
L'admirable Duchesse, élevée à ce rang  
Où la vertu fait jour au plus illustre sang.'



this, as well as in other matters, we may suppose the Duchess Sophia to have shared the ambition of the husband of whose affection she had been robbed; but it is only in the question of the English succession that she plays a noticeable part. About this time when (as her correspondence shows) her mental powers were still as fresh and keen as ever, and when so many interests and anxieties combined to stimulate her activity and to test her strength, we have a portrait drawn of her by an English traveller, the Consul Ker, already cited (p. 182). In the year 1688 he had the honour at Hanover 'to kiss the Hands of the Princess Royal' [a title of his own bestowing], 'Sophia, youngest Sister to the late Prince Rupert. Her Highness has the Character of the Merry debonaire Princess of Germany, a Lady of extraordinary Virtue and Accomplishments.' He adds, among other things, 'that her Husband has the Title of the Gentleman of Germany,' and that 'her eldest Son is married to a most beautiful Princess, sole Heiress of the Duke's elder brother.' Only thirteen years afterwards, when another very intelligent traveller, Mr. Toland, recorded his impressions of a visit to Hanover, where George Lewis then reigned in his father's stead, he had not a word to say of the Elector's marriage relations. A great catastrophe had intervened in the Electoral House.

We should not attempt, even had we space, to tell the sad story of the Electress Sophia's daughter-in-law, the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea. It has been told (at least in our opinion) far too often; although the 'last word' about it has neither as yet been said, nor is the least likely to be said until some new evidence appears from some unexpected quarter. Perhaps, however, before we make some comments on the current versions of this too famous episode, it may be useful to state certain facts concerning it, which no criticism or controversy has been able to shake. They are in substance as follows. Count Philip Christopher von Königsmark was a visitor at the Court of Hanover at least as early as 1688, and an officer in the Duke's (afterwards Elector's) service at least as early as 1691; nor had he actually quitted that service on July the 1st, 1694—the date at which he was last seen in this world. Eleven days afterwards, the lady in confidential attendance upon the Electoral Princess Sophia Dorothea was placed under arrest and subjected to a close examination, as an accomplice in some wrong committed or contemplated by the Princess. Very shortly afterwards a special envoy was sent from the Court of Saxony, where Königsmark's sister possessed the ear of the authorities, to demand the person of the Count who had some little time before received

a general's commission in the Saxon army. He was sent home with evasive answers; and both the Court of Hanover and that of Celle were at pains to point out, that the Königsmark mystery had no connection whatever with a domestic difficulty that had arisen in the former Court with regard to the Electoral Princess. It was also officially stated that after having already some time previously paid an uninvited visit to her father, the Duke of Celle, she had, very soon after Königsmark's disappearance, repeated this visit and reiterated her request that she might not be sent back to her husband at Hanover. The Electoral Prince was himself at the time absent from Hanover on a visit to Berlin. The Duke of Celle had offered his daughter the alternatives of returning to Hanover, or taking up her residence in his castle of Ahlden, situate about five German miles from his capital. She had chosen to go to Ahlden. Documents still existing show that a divorce suit had shortly before this been instituted against her, on the ground of her desertion of her husband. In this suit she was condemned, and she remained a prisoner till her death, which occurred thirty-two years after her deportation. The outward conditions of her life were neither dishonourable nor, on the whole, harsh; but she was rigidly guarded from contact with the outer world, and not allowed to see her children, though permitted to receive occasional visits from her mother.

The 'literature' which has grown round the story of Sophia Dorothea is plentiful enough; but of the earlier books, and the documents put forward in them, it is not too much to say that the great majority are worse than worthless. Fiction and forgery have cast a delusive glare across the *clair-obscur* of transactions designedly enveloped in mystery. Of late, however, something has been done to expose what is false, and to place in a truer light the residue of facts as to which no doubt exists. The Hanover archives are open, and (so far, at least, as the House of Guelph is concerned,) no objection is made by their present masters to a frank treatment of their contents.\* The late Dr. Schaumann, who was himself in charge of these archives, deserves the credit of having, in his little work on the story of Sophia Dorothea, exploded a mass of assertions on the subject which have hitherto met with general belief, as well as of having

\* Even M. Onno Klopp, who, in vol. viii. of his elaborate 'History of the Fall of the House of Stuart,' published in 1879, cites Count Schulenburg's anonymous essay as comparatively the best publication on the subject, seems to have forgotten in his zeal, that the means were formerly at his disposal for checking both his author's statements and his own. What evidence, e.g., has he for his assertion, that Königsmark was a playmate of Sophia Dorothea in her childhood?

suggested a reasonable and consistent theory in explanation of the knot of the drama; and the historian Dr. Köcher, the editor of the 'Memoirs of the Duchess Sophia,' has in two papers of much learning and acumen, contributed to Sybel's 'Historical Journal,' satisfactorily supplemented the work of his predecessor. It may be said to be now demonstrated, that the chief part of the current version of the story can be traced through a manufactured set of letters and an imaginary series of quasi-dramatic scenes to that least trustworthy of all forms of human fiction, a historical novel. The *historical novel* is 'The Roman Octavia' of Duke Antony Ulric of Wolfenbüttel, or rather its sixth or supplementary volume, published in 1707. Now, as has been seen, Antony Ulric was for many years the uncompromising adversary, and in the matter of Sophia Dorothea's marriage the disappointed rival, of the House of Hanover. To this source may be traced some of the most telling characters and some of the most sensational incidents in the current narrative. Among these are the jealous activity of the Elector's mistress, Countess Platen, here called Potentiana, though it must be allowed that a rumour of her concern in the disappearance of Königsmark was rife immediately after its occurrence; the diabolical ubiquitousness of Bernstorff (Bartoces); and even the Princess's ultimate appeal to the ordeal of the Holy Sacrament, here called the ordeal of Jupiter's miraculous spring. The *dramatic dialogues* are those filling the second volume of a bookseller's catchpenny, still to be met with both in its English form and in a wretched German translation, and called the 'Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea' (1845). This venomous concoction, which in addition to a narrative summary pretends to give the actual scenes of Sophia Dorothea's history, as dramatized by herself from memory, and which supplements these by the supposed memoirs of Mademoiselle von dem Knesebeck, the Princess's *confidante*, appears to have been the handiwork of a certain Major Müller. This personage was for a time in the service of a member of the English Royal Family, and had no slight acquaintance with the genuine documents existing in connection with the story; but he mixed up these, or what he derived from these, with the fictions of the 'Histoire Secrette de la Duchesse d'Hanovre' (London, 1732, sometimes erroneously ascribed to Pöllnitz) and of its original, 'The Roman Octavia.'\* Lastly, the *manufactured letters* are the

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\* In these 'Memoirs' appears the story of the confession of Buschmann, said to have been one of the soldiers who killed Königsmark. The confession is stated to have been made to Dr. Cramer, who is described as the confessor of Countess

the so-called correspondence between Sophia Dorothea and Königsmark, published as an appendix to the Swedish Professor Palmblad's 'Historical Pictures' bearing the title of 'Aurora Königsmark and her Relations' (1847 or 8), fragments having been previously made known in magazines. The external evidence as to the genuineness of these letters is unconvincing. They came under the eyes of Professor Palmblad, and into the possession of the University of Lund through Count de la Gardie, who in 1817 acquired an estate from a M. de Ramel. M. de Ramel's wife, who had died in 1810, had been the heiress of the Counts Lewenhaupt, a family which also owned another estate, where the letters were said to have been first seen. Now a Count Lewenhaupt was married to the elder sister of Philip Christopher von Königsmark, and of Aurora the mistress of Augustus the Strong. Were this evidence stronger than it is, there would remain the great improbability of the letters *from both sides* having been preserved by the writers, unless we are to accept Count Schulenburg's bold conjecture, that they deposited copies with Aurora, who for a time inhabited her brother's house at Hanover. The internal evidence is *nil*, if it be true that neither the supposed handwriting of Königsmark nor that of Sophia Dorothea corresponds to those of indisputably genuine letters in the Hanover archives; and though there is no reason to conclude that Königsmark's moral tone was better than his orthography, there seems nothing in the shamelessness of either to bring it specially home to the unfortunate adventurer.

There would be little use in following Drs. Schaumann and Köcher in their analysis of the earlier narratives of the subject. The very earliest of these, an account sent from Hamburg in 1695 to the Danish Ambassador at the French Court, was stigmatized by the Duchess of Orleans as 'impertinent and mendacious'; it is not extant, though an 'extract' of this 'ill-founded narrative,' from the hand of Leibnitz, is preserved at Hanover. Possibly other comparatively early 'redactions' of the story may still come to light; \* but nothing of real value is likely

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Countess Platen; and to her own confessions, together with those of Buschmann, the 'Memoirs' pretend to be indebted for the details of the actual catastrophe. As Count Schulenburg modestly suggests, it would be interesting to know whether any clergyman of the name of Cramer existed in Hanover at the time preceding the Countess's death (1700).

\* The 'Appendix to the Fourth Report of the Royal Historical Commission,' Part I., p. 398 (1874), refers to a 'Narrative of the Sufferings of Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Zell,' which appears to dwell on 'the remarkable analogy between' her sufferings 'and those of the Princess of England, her great-granddaughter,' the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, who sleeps by her side in the vault of the town church at Celle. This MS. was formerly the property, and

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likely to be added to the evidence already in our hands, and this for the simplest of reasons. An examination of the Hanover archives has proved that the most important of the materials were intentionally removed by superior orders. Thus in the collection of reports of ministerial conferences in Celle those of the year 1694 are missing. In the correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, and in the extracts from it, arranged by Leibnitz at the wish of the Electress Sophia, there is a gap between July 8th and November 18th of the same year. Finally, the extant fragments of the divorce suit against Sophia Dorothea were only preserved by chance, having been purchased with a view to prevent their publication by a Celle lawyer, to whom they had been left by the Princess's counsel. After Königsmark had vanished and Sophia Dorothea and her *confidante*, Mdle. von dem Knesebeck, had been placed under arrest, their papers were of course seized; and unless it could be shown that any papers of Königsmark's were in other hands, or that Sophia Dorothea afterwards contrived to make any communication to the outer world from her captivity at Ahlden, it is difficult to see what papers written by or belonging to either of the principals in the affair could be forthcoming. Aurora von Königsmark would most assuredly not have left unpublished a word that could have told against her brother's destroyers. The memoirs of that famous lady, compiled by Cramer (1836), may contain some things that are genuine—they certainly contain much that is *not*, among the rest the protocol of the examination of Mdle. von dem Knesebeck, a true copy of which could not conceivably have reached Aurora's hands. Mdle. von dem Knesebeck afterwards escaped from prison, and may have written memoirs; but if so they were not those which are incorporated in Major Müller's volumes, and which, as Dr. Köcher shows, are a reproduction from 'The Roman Octavia.' During her imprisonment the poor lady had used the coals of her stove for covering the walls and furniture of her prison with texts and ejaculations of

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was possibly the production, of Wilkes. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add, that Horace Walpole was unacquainted with the documentary history of the affair. Thus, he declares it to be a doubtful point whether George I. was ever divorced from his wife! His assertion that George II. had a great affection for his mother, is, as Count Schulenburg points out, not absolutely irreconcilable with Lord Hervey's statement, that during the ten years of his attendance upon the King he never heard him mention her name; but it remains difficult to guess whence Horace Walpole derived his knowledge of an affection so successfully dissembled. Possibly she may have heard the story, which was confirmed by the villagers of Ahlden when Wraxall visited the place in 1777, that George II., when Electoral Prince, attempted in vain to obtain access to his imprisoned mother, even swimming his horse across the river Aller, and passing the outer of the two moats surrounding the castle.—See 'Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin,' &c. (1799).

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all kinds; and these, as well as her remarks to the clergyman and official persons who visited her, were duly brought to book. They have been quite recently printed by Dr. Köcher in the 'Journal of the Historical Society for Lower Saxony.' But the only matter of real importance contained in them is her protest against the charge, that she had sought to lead the Princess astray and to carry her off. She explicitly confessed that she had been the bearer of a few letters between her mistress and Königsmark, but stated that before the catastrophe she had, on her knees, entreated the Princess to dismiss her from her service. On the other hand, after her escape she sent to the Duke of Celle a solemn assurance, that she had spoken the truth in her original examination; and we know that in this examination, she had stoutly denied that Königsmark had ever seen the Princess at night, or alone at any time. To this should be added the incontestable facts, that both before and after the divorce the Princess declared her repentance for her *fault*, while adhering before the judicial commission to her declaration that she was innocent of *crime*, and to the expression of her belief, that her calamity was owing to the coldness with which she had for many years been treated by her husband. It is therefore difficult not to agree with Drs. Schaumann and Köcher, that in persistently refusing to connect the disappearance of Königsmark with the divorce and the sentence of imprisonment pronounced against Sophia Dorothea, and to assign as the sole ground for that sentence her refusal to return to her husband, the Courts of Hanover and Celle intended to deceive the outside world. It seems equally probable, that Köcher is right in maintaining that Sophia Dorothea had been indiscreet enough to admit Königsmark into a close intimacy, and even to concert with him measures for flight, although she may be held to have spoken the truth when she stedfastly asserted her innocence of actual crime. But what is to be said concerning her further assertion, that morally she was not responsible for her terrible misfortune,—that, in other words, she had been driven near to the precipice over which she had been preserved from falling?

It is this part of the matter to which Dr. Schaumann's argument mainly addresses itself, and which has a special interest for us in connection with the subject of this article. The Court of Hanover, as he seeks to show, was from the first a place of torture to Sophia Dorothea. To the Elector she was a mere factor in a political calculation, and personally indifferent. Her mother-in-law, the Electress Sophia, hated  
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and despised her, as she had always hated and despised her mother before her. Her husband's sentiments towards her were the same as those of his mother. Before long his aversion was increased by two unworthy attachments which he successively formed, and of which one closely connected him with the Platen clique. The birth of two children (George Augustus and Sophia Dorothea) made no difference in the unhappy relations between their parents. Gradually the enemies of Sophia Dorothea began to look out for a pretext which would enable them to rid themselves of her altogether. There is a tradition (but a tradition only) that an attempt was made to involve her in the charges arising out of Prince Maximilian William's abortive conspiracy (1691), and that Molke was offered his life and liberty, if he would declare that she had formed part of the plot. Then, when in the winter 1693-4 the Elector Ernest Augustus fell seriously ill, Sophia Dorothea's husband, her mother-in-law, and her father-in-law's mistress, with the whole Platen clique, are supposed to have been simultaneously aroused to action against her. Her husband disliked her; her mother-in-law, the Electress Sophia, had long cherished a jealous hatred against her as the daughter of Eleonora d'Olbreuse, and the Countess Platen feared that, unless Sophia Dorothea were removed, her own day would be at an end with the life of the old Elector.\* When in 1694 Count Königsmark reappeared at the Hanoverian Court, it was determined to make use of the relations between him and the Princess to work her ruin. Countess Platen began by seeking to undermine her reputation; and the Electress Sophia calmly allowed her son's wife to proceed on the path of peril. Her husband's harshness did the rest. When during his absence in June 1694 she took upon herself to pay a visit to her father, who was then hunting at Bruchhausen, he, being resolved not to quarrel with his brother, and to save the honour of the family, ordered her to return. After this, her position at Hanover became unbearable, and she determined to put an end to it by an act of rebellion. Tradition says (and Köcher rightly thinks that the confessions of the *confidante* point in the same direction) that she resolved to fly; and adds that she intended, with the aid of Königsmark, to seek the protection of Duke Antony Ulric of Wollenbüttel. But it signifies little *whither* she meant to escape. It became known

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\* Of this illness of Ernest Augustus, Köcher rightly misses any proof, though we notice that Schaumann's statement is repeated in his recent treatise on the English Succession, published in 1878. But the point is of secondary importance.

that Königsmark was to meet her, or was actually meeting her, in her apartments on the evening of July 1st, 1694, probably with a view to concert arrangements for her flight. The moment had come. What happened to Königsmark, whether an order for his seizure was given, and, if so, whether it was given by the Countess Platen, remains unknown. After his disappearance it was determined to make the most of the case against the Princess. But though all the papers of both parties were in the hands of her accusers, and though she and her *confidante* were at their mercy, it was impossible to obtain either a confession or proof of guilt. Under these circumstances, but one course was left open. As to Königsmark, the Hanoverian Court persisted in professing complete ignorance of his fate. The Princess was divorced from her husband on the ground, not of infidelity, but of *malitiosa desertio*, and was detained a prisoner for life at Ahlden, near Celle. Her father obtained some mitigation in the conditions of her imprisonment; but his age, his weakness of character, his affection for his brother—perhaps his readiness to take the advice of his powerful Minister, Bernstorff, and his fear of his sister-in-law, the Electress Sophia—prevented him from doing more for her during his brother's lifetime. After the death of Ernest Augustus, George William was utterly powerless against the implacable hatred still cherished against his unfortunate daughter by the Electress Sophia and her son, Sophia Dorothea's divorced husband.

Such is the theory which is now offered to us as a solution, complete in essentials, of this much-vexed historical problem. We are certainly not disposed to reject it in all its parts. As to the Countess Platen and the two mistresses of George Lewis, their reputation must in this, as in sundry other matters, be left to take care of itself. The correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans certainly shows that the rumour of Countess Platen being deeply concerned in the affair arose almost immediately. Some believed that she had reasons personal to herself for jealousy against Königsmark, others (including the Electress Sophia) that she had intended to marry her daughter to him. The Elector Ernest Augustus, on the other hand, declared all the rumours against her to be the inventions of Aurora von Königsmark. The moral responsibility of George Lewis, again, for his wife's misfortunes is a matter which different judges will be inclined to regard in different ways. That he had little or no love for his wife from the first—just as he had little or no love for his son—is extremely probable; although it would by no means have been in accordance with custom



custom for her to quarrel with him because he had mistresses. But whatever may have been the treatment experienced by Sophia Dorothea at the hands of her husband (as to which it would be monstrous to take for granted the brutalities detailed in the 'Histoire Secrette'), we see no proof that it was owing to the influence of his mother. What, to begin with, is there to show that George Lewis was ever amenable to that influence? Even in later years, when their interests were so intimately bound up together in the matter of the English succession, he went his own way, and showed little regard for her wishes or feelings. 'That the Elector is a dry and disagreeable gentleman,' writes the Duchess of Orleans in 1702, 'I had opportunity enough to discover when he was here . . . but where he is entirely in the wrong, is the way in which he lives with his mother, to whom he is in duty bound to show nothing but respect.' And in the period of which we are speaking, there was certainly no special reason for the Electoral Prince to show deference to his mother, who had been opposed to his interests in the matter of the primogeniture. We should therefore be slow to accept the theory of a conspiracy, even a tacit conspiracy, against the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea on the part of a clique of mistresses, her husband, and her mother-in-law.

As to the Electress Sophia herself, we may readily grant that she had no love to spare for the daughter of the Frenchwoman whom in her pride of blood she despised, and of the prince who had so vexed her soul by his fickleness. But, in the first place, neither Schaumann nor Köcher has given us any passages showing that her aversion to Sophia Dorothea came near to the deadly hatred which gloats over the ruin of its victim; and we have found nothing of the kind in what is published from her own hand. It would be absurd, considering the trouble which the Countess Aurora von Königsmark gave to the Electoral House of Hanover, to make much of the Electress Sophia's long-enduring dislike of her, and of her protector Augustus the Strong; and still more so to dwell on the unflattering opinion which the Electress expresses of her own grandson, Sophia Dorothea's son, afterwards King George II. For few readers of her memoirs and correspondence can have failed to arrive at the conclusion, that in most cases (to use a homely proverb) her bark was worse than her bite, and that there was, on the whole, little venom in her abundant satire. Her disposition was thoroughly frank, and her nature thoroughly sound. She was not a Livia to drive her husband to take the life of his daughter's  
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paramour and banish the erring one to Pandataria.\* Moreover, a hatred of the broils and troubles, which take away from life such ease as it affords, was one of her most marked characteristics; and it would require very full and positive evidence to make us believe that she was untrue to herself in this instance. We may perhaps add, that her letters to Leibnitz during the critical period of Sophia Dorothea's fortunes, though few in number, have her usual free and serene tone.

The melancholy doom of Sophia Dorothea more than re-venge'd whatever wound her mother's successful ambition and her own involuntary elevation had inflicted upon the Electress Sophia's pride. To her, at least, the 'Princess of Ahlden' was, during the long years through which her life and imprisonment lasted, as if she had never been. If any echo reached her of the intelligent beneficence by which the poor lady sought to lighten the lives of her humble neighbours, she appears to have taken no note of it.† As late as 1702, Sophia's faithful echo, the Duchess of Orleans, applauds some cold answer which her aunt had given to an appeal from the prisoner, and takes the opportunity of asserting, in her own indescribable fashion, her belief in the truth of the axiom that there is no smoke without fire. Other thoughts and other cares now occupied the Electress Sophia; and in her old age a royal future seemed to await her, which was sternly shut out from the daughter of Eleonora d'Olbreuse.

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\* An old tradition asserted that Livia helped to bring about the catastrophe of Julius Antonius and Julia, whose marriage with Tiberius she had formerly contrived. See Schiller, 'Römische Kaisergeschichte,' i. 187, 188.

† It may interest our readers to know, that no memorial or relic of any kind of the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea is preserved at Ahlden. So few travellers visit this remote village—which is only to be reached by a long drive across a desolate stretch of woodland, moor, and heath—that the negative may be worth establishing on behalf of the adventurous. As if to show the consistency of the Hanoverian Government in effacing every vestige of the episode, the outward aspect of the castle has been changed by the drying-up of the moats which formerly surrounded the building. Within, no trace remains of the past except a fragment of ornament in a room which once formed part of the chapel. The portrait of the prisoner which Wraxall saw in the 'eating-room' is now at Herrenhausen, together with two others, one of which he thought resembled Sterne's 'Eliza.' In the village church at Ahlden (which the 'Princess' was never allowed to attend) an inscription on the organ describes it as her gift; and the candelabra on the altar are said to have been likewise presented by her. It is touching to find that she is not wholly forgotten in the spot where, as there is other evidence to show, adversity enabled her to do some good.

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ART. VIII.—*Sacrorum Conciliorum Nova et Amplissima Collectio, quem post Ph. Labbeum, G. Cossartium, N. Coletium, aliosque eruditissimos viros, edidit Joannes Dominicus Mansi, editio instaurata, 31 volumina in folio,—Parisiis et Romæ, apud Victorem Palmé, 1884.*

THERE is not to be found in the annals of the Apostolic age a document of greater interest than that Epistolary decree (Acts xv. 23–29) which ‘the Apostles and the Presbyters’ at Jerusalem collectively addressed to the converts from heathenism to Christianity at Antioch and throughout Syria and Cilicia. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 180) styles it ‘the Catholic Epistle of all the Apostles.’<sup>1</sup> The occasion out of which it grew is carefully explained; and the course of action which preceded, attended, and ensued upon its production, is all set down with unusual particularity of instructive detail. First, we have the resolute endeavour at Antioch of certain converts from Judaism to impose the yoke of the Law on believers from among the Gentiles.<sup>2</sup> Then, the stiff opposition which those unauthorized teachers encountered at the hands of Paul and Barnabas,<sup>3</sup> who had lately returned to Antioch from their first Missionary journey.<sup>4</sup>

‘The liberty of the Gentile Church was too weighty a point to be surrendered even for the sake of peace. And thus for the first time was the church of Christ divided and her teachers openly arrayed in hostile controversy.’<sup>5</sup>

Next we are told of the resolve of the Antiochene Church to submit the question thus raised concerning the necessity of Circumcision ‘to the Apostles and Presbyters at Jerusalem,’<sup>6</sup>—the Mother of all the Churches. Lastly, the going up is related of Paul and Barnabas, (the former by special revelation<sup>7</sup>), with Titus and certain others, in order that this question might be authoritatively resolved.<sup>8</sup> ‘The Apostles and the Presbyters’ in consequence came together formally, in order to consider it. It was the first Christian Council.

‘More than two centuries must elapse before another Council assembles, of the constitution and acts of which we have a full and

<sup>1</sup> κατὰ τὴν ἐπιστολὴν τὴν καθολικὴν τῶν Ἀποστόλων ἀπάντων, —ὡν τῇ εὐδοκίᾳ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος τῇ γεγραμμένῃ μὲν ἐν ταῖς πράξεσι τῶν Ἀποστόλων, διακομισθεῖσα δὲ εἰς τοὺς πιστοὺς δι’ αὐτοῦ διακονούντος τοῦ Παύλου.—p. 606.

<sup>2</sup> Acts xv. 1.

<sup>3</sup> ver. 2.

<sup>4</sup> xiv. 26–28.

<sup>5</sup> *Some Account of the Church in the Apostolic Age*,—by the late Walter Waddington Shirley, D.D. Regius Professor of Ecol. Hist. and Canon of Ch. Ch.,—1867: a posthumous work of extraordinary interest and merit. (p. 51.)

<sup>6</sup> ch. xv. 2.

<sup>7</sup> Gal. ii. 2.

<sup>8</sup> ver. 3. Also Gal. ii. 1, 3.

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authentic narrative. This stands, as it were, raised on a pedestal of honour, a solitary record of the very earliest mode of holding councils of the Church.<sup>1</sup>

The President of the Council is S. James,—not of the number of the Twelve Apostles, but one whom the unflinching voice of Tradition declares to have been ‘the LORD’s brother,’ and the first Bishop of Jerusalem. S. Peter having opened the discussion,<sup>2</sup> and Paul and Barnabas having carried it forward, the debate is brought to a close by S. James in a style which does not admit of misapprehension. The first three speakers had shown by an appeal to *fact*,<sup>3</sup>—S. James shows by an appeal to *Prophecy*,<sup>4</sup>—that the Gentiles without Circumcision may be received into the Christian Church.<sup>5</sup> At the close of the address of Paul and Barnabas, he is observed to sum up with authority, and to deliver sentence:—‘Wherefore, *my decision is*’ (διὸ ἐγὼ κρινῶ).<sup>6</sup> A letter, faithfully embodying the decision and sentence of S. James, is written as he directs. It purports to proceed from ‘the Apostles and the Presbyters and the brethren,’ and ends with these remarkable words:—‘For it seemed good to the HOLY GHOST and to us to lay on you no other burden except these necessary things,—that ye abstain from things offered to idols, and from blood, and from what is strangled, and from fornication.’<sup>8</sup>

Now, if there be any one point bearing on recent controversy which may be regarded as incontestable in the transaction before us, it is *this*,—That the Decree, notwithstanding the prominent share which S. James clearly had in framing it, (for indeed he seems to have formulated it alone), was understood to proceed from ‘the Apostles and the Presbyters’ assembled in Council at Jerusalem, and to have been nothing else but *their* work. To consult *them* is expressly recorded (in ver. 2) to have been the purpose for which Paul and Barnabas repaired to Jerusalem. *They* it is who (in ver. 6) are related to have assembled synodically. And when (in xvi. 4) Paul and Silas traverse ‘Syria and Cilicia,’ the decrees which they deliver to the Churches for to keep are plainly declared to have been ‘*ordained of the Apostles and the Presbyters at Jerusalem.*’ So much definite asseveration cannot be in vain. It may not at the same time be overlooked,—the fact is indeed equally certain,—that the Church (τὸ πλῆθος) was a consenting party

<sup>1</sup> Shirley, *ut supra*,—p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> ver. 8–12.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. McCaul in *Aids to Faith*,—p. 116–7.

<sup>4</sup> ver. 23.

<sup>5</sup> ver. 13–21.

<sup>6</sup> Acts xv. 7–11.

<sup>7</sup> ver. 19.

<sup>8</sup> verses 28, 29.

to the Decree.<sup>1</sup> 'The brethren' are mentioned in the superscription of the epistle (ver. 23). They are also referred to in the immediately preceding verse, where it is stated that—'Then it seemed good to the Apostles, and the Presbyters, *with the whole Church.*' The only fair inference (remarks Dr. Shirley) is,

'that the discussion was confined to the Apostles and Presbyters; but that it was public in the face of the Church; and that the decision was approved by the whole body of the brethren, who also were consulted as to the fittest means of communicating that decision when approved.'<sup>2</sup>

What at present gives importance to all this, and is the reason why we have been so particular, shall be speedily explained. In the meantime, how completely the foregoing was the view which the ancients took of the proceedings of the first Christian Council is known to all who have studied their writings: but it may not be without use that the fact should be here distinctly set before the general reader. In referring to the Council or to its decretal Letter, the Fathers *without exception* ignore any besides 'the Apostles and the Presbyters' as its authors. Thus Didymus,<sup>3</sup>—thus Jerome,<sup>4</sup>—and thus Theodoret.<sup>5</sup> But, as a rule, the ancients speak of the decree as the work of *the Apostles exclusively*. So Irenæus,<sup>6</sup>—so Clemens Al. on two occasions,<sup>7</sup>—and so (in one place) Origen.<sup>8</sup> Tertullian<sup>9</sup> does the same

<sup>1</sup> Ammonius Presb. (A.D. 450) calls attention to the unwillingness of the Apostles (James and Peter),—although they had already determined the case,—to put forth a decree in so grave a matter on their personal responsibility, without the Church's consent:—*Σημειωτέον ὅτι ὅτε Ἰάκωβος ὅτε Πέτρος ἐτόλμησαν, καίτοι κρίναντες αὐτὸ καλὸν εἶναι* [viz. in ver. 19, 20], *δίχα πάσης τῆς ἐκκλησίας δογματίσαι τὰ περὶ τῆς περιτομῆς.* (Cramer's *Cat.* iii. 352) . . . . The author of the *Constitutiones Apostolicæ* thus paraphrases ver. 22:—*τότε ἔδοξε ἡμῖν τοῖς Ἀποστόλοις, καὶ τῷ Ἐπισκόπῳ Ἰακώβῳ, καὶ τοῖς Πρεσβυτέροις, σὺν ὅλῃ τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ κ.τ.λ.* vi. 12. (ed. Cotelierii ii. 345 = Galland. iii. 151 b).

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Shirley, *ut supra*, p. 56.—The decree, in a word, 'was enacted by the Apostles and Elders, and confirmed by the acceptance of the assembled Church.' (Humphry's *Commentary*, p. 126.)

<sup>3</sup> καὶ ἀββίς: οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι φησὶν, ἔδοξε γὰρ κ.τ.λ.—*Trin.* p. 220.

<sup>4</sup> *Seniores qui Hierosolymis erant et Apostolos pariter congregatos, statuissse per litteras*, &c.—vii. 478 d.

<sup>5</sup> οὕτω ἀπὸ τῶν Ἱεροσολύμων τοῖς ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ ἔγραψαν οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι.—*In 1 Tim.* iii. 1.

<sup>6</sup> He calls the letter, '*Apostolorum epistola*,' p. 199.

<sup>7</sup> οἱ δὲ αὐτοὶ οὗτοι Ἀπόστολοι τοῖς κατὰ τὴν Ἀντιόχειαν, καὶ Συρίαν, καὶ Κιλικίαν ἀδελφοῖς ἐπιστέλλοντες.—p. 202. See also the remarkable passage in p. 606, quoted above in page 204.

<sup>8</sup> *Invenimus scriptum in Actibus Apostolorum, quia convenientes in unum Apostoli statuerunt decreta*, &c.—iv. 655 b.

<sup>9</sup> *Primam hanc regulam de auctoritate Spiritus sancti Apostoli emittunt ad eos qui jam ex nationibus allegi coeperant. "Visum est" (inquiunt), "Spiritui sancto et nobis," &c.*—*De Pudicit.* c. xii.

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thing, and (in one place) Didymus.<sup>1</sup> Also Ambrose,<sup>2</sup>—and Basil,<sup>3</sup>—and Cyril of Jerusalem,<sup>4</sup>—and his namesake of Alexandria repeatedly.<sup>5</sup> Also Jerome,<sup>6</sup>—and Cassian,<sup>7</sup>—and Vigilantius Tapsensis,<sup>8</sup>—and Severus of Antioch,<sup>9</sup>—and Theodore,<sup>10</sup>—and Augustine repeatedly,<sup>11</sup>—and Socrates,<sup>12</sup>—and Euthalius<sup>13</sup> (writing soon after A.D. 458,—if indeed it be not rather Pamphilus, the martyr, the friend of Eusebius (A.D. 284), to whose copies (still existing in the library of Cæsarea) Euthalius relates that he enjoyed familiar access while editing the Acts.<sup>14</sup> These seventeen writers, (eleven Greek and six Latin),—of the II<sup>nd</sup>, III<sup>rd</sup>, IV<sup>th</sup>, V<sup>th</sup>, and VI<sup>th</sup> centuries—who must be considered to reflect faithfully the spirit of the primitive age, though doubtless by no means unacquainted with the clause in ver. 23 (“and the brethren”), persistently ignore its existence when they speak of the authorship of the decree.

<sup>1</sup> He points out by the analogy of Ambassadors who derive from Kings vice-regal authority,—ὅτι καὶ οἱ Ἀπόστολοι οὗς ἔθετο πρώτους ὁ Θεὸς (τὰ αὐτεξούσιον τοῦ Πνεύματος καὶ τὸ πρὸς τὸν Πατέρα ὁμοούσιον εἰδότες) ἐπέστελλον ἔδοξεν φησὶν τὰδε καὶ τὰδε τῷ Ἀγίῳ Πνεύματι.—*Trin.* p. 221.

<sup>2</sup> *Apostoli dixerunt, Visum est Spiritui sancto et nobis.*—ii. 661 f.

<sup>3</sup> Ἐάν δὲ οἱ Ἀπόστολοι λέγωσιν, ἔδοξε κ.τ.λ.—i. 308 e.

<sup>4</sup> οἱ ἐνταῦθα ἐν Ἱερουσόλειμι δυντες Ἀπόστολοι . . . δι' ἐπιστολῆς ἐγγράφου τὴν οἰκονομίην ἅπασαν ἤκευθέρωσαν. οὐ μὴν ἑαυτοῖς ἔδωκαν τὴν αὐθεντείαν τοῦ τοιοῦτου πράγματος· ἀλλ' ὁμολογοῦσιν ἐγγράφως, ἐπιστέλλοντες. Ἐδοξε κ.τ.λ. . . δηλοῦντες σαφῶς, ὅτι εἰ καὶ δι' ἀποστόλων ἀνθρώπων ἦν τὸ γραφέν, ἀλλ' ἐξ Ἀγ. Πν. κ.τ.λ.—p. 278 b c.

<sup>5</sup> οἱ ἅγιοι Ἀπόστολοι . . . σοφῶς ἐπιστέλλουσιν, ἔδοξε κ.τ.λ.—(i. 153 e) . . . γεγράφασιν γὰρ [οἱ ἅγιοι Ἀπόστολοι] τοῖς ἐξ ἐθνῶν, ὅτι ἔδοξε κ.τ.λ.—(ii. 843 b) . . . φάσκοντες [οἱ ἅγιοι Ἀπόστολοι] τὸ, μὴδὲν πλέον κ.τ.λ.—(vi. 325 b).

<sup>6</sup> Quæ necessario observanda, *Apostolorum* de Jerusalem epistola monet.—v. 556 c.

<sup>7</sup> *Apostoli . . . nihil amplius expetebant, nisi ut ab immolatiis idolorum,* &c.—p. 543.

<sup>8</sup> *Scripterunt Apostoli iis qui ex gentibus erant, hæc, Apostoli et Presbyteri fratres.*—*apud* Athanas. i. 980 e.

<sup>9</sup> μὴ θαυμάσῃς εἰ ὑπὲρ τοῦ Ἁγίου Πνεύματος εἶπον οἱ Ἀπόστολοι ἔδοξε τῷ Ἀγίῳ Πνεύματι· ἀλλ' ὅρα τὸ ἐπαγόμενον, καὶ ἡμῖν γὰρ φησὶν κ.τ.λ.—*apud* Crameri *Ca.* iv. 253 and 440.

<sup>10</sup> Ὅπερ διὰ τῶν μακαριῶν Ἀποστόλων εἰς ἔργον προῆλθεν . . . γράφοντες ὡς ἔδοξε κ.τ.λ.—*Calen.* iv. 360.

<sup>11</sup> *In ipsa Jerosolymis Apostoli jam decreverant, ne quisquam gentes cogeret Judaizare . . . Apostolorum decretum . . . Quod cum ceteris Apostolis [Paulus] se Jerosolymis decrevisse meminerat,* &c.—(ii. 193 c d). . . *Ubi videmus Apostolos, eis qui ex gentibus crediderunt nulla voluisse onera Veteris Legis imponere,* &c.—(iii. i. 776 b). . . *Hoc igitur temperamentum moderamenque Spiritus sancti per Apostolos operantis,* &c.—(viii. 323 a.)

<sup>12</sup> Ἐκεῖ ἔγνωσαν οἱ Ἀπόστολοι ταραχὴν . . . πάντες δὲ μα γενόμενοι θεῖον νόμον ἐθέτισαν, ἐν τῷ τῷ ἐπιστολῆς καταγράφαντες.—v. 22.

<sup>13</sup> Euthalius thus summarizes Acts xv. 1-38 (which is his Κεφ. ΚΓ'):—“Ὅτι οὐ δεῖ περιτέμνεσθαι τοὺς ἐξ ἐθνῶν πιστεύσαντες, δόγματι καὶ κρίσει τῶν Ἀποστόλων. Ἐν ᾧ (he proceeds) ἐπιστολὴ αὐτῶν τῶν Ἀποστόλων πρὸς τοὺς ἐξ ἐθνῶν, περὶ τῶν φυλακτίων. (Galland. x. 211 b.)

<sup>14</sup> Ἀντεβλήθη δὲ τῶν Πράξεων, καὶ καθολικῶν ἐπιστολῶν τὸ βιβλίον πρὸς τὰ ἀκριβῆ ἀντίγραφα τῆς ἐν Καισαρείᾳ βιβλιοθήκης Εὐσεβίου τοῦ Παμφίλου.—*Ibid.* p. 241 b.

And now, a curious history with respect to a point of textual criticism has to be related,—to which the reader's attention is specially invited. The seeming discrepancy between the superscription of the Decretal letter (in ver. 23) and the plain facts of the case as recorded in verses 2 and 6, and again in ch. xvi. 4,—struck the ancients at least as forcibly as it strikes any of ourselves. The method of the primitive age on such occasions was an exceedingly simple one. Men did not scruple to bring the sacred text into harmony with their own preconceived notions of what it *ought* to be. They failed to see the enormity of what they did. They thought, on the contrary, that they were 'doing GOD service.' They supposed that it was in their power to improve upon the work of Apostles and Evangelists, by assimilating—omitting—adding. Accordingly, they reconciled discrepancies,—effaced difficulties,—supplied what to themselves seemed lacking. It is passing strange that so it should have been, but so it most certainly *was*. In the Gospels, but especially in the Acts, liberties of this kind were taken to an extent which, apart from experience, would be simply incredible. Let the learned reader survey (at the foot of the page) the unauthorized accretions to the text which in *this single chapter* (Acts xv.) are found in Cod. D.<sup>1</sup> What wonder, if critics who habitually allowed themselves such license, did not hesitate (in order to establish their own notion of consistency between Acts xv. 23 and Acts xvi. 4),—to erase from the text all mention of 'the brethren'? . . . Καὶ οἱ ἀδελφοί ('and the brethren') accordingly entirely disappears from the Sahidic, or version of Upper Egypt (IIIrd cent.). The same words prove also to have been away from Origen's copies.<sup>2</sup> At present, the only

<sup>1</sup> In ver. 2 (between πρὸς αὐτοὺς [for which D exhibits *συν αυτοῖς*] and ἔταξαν [for which D gives *παρηγγεῖλαν*]), is found,—*ελεγεν γὰρ ὁ παῦλος μένειν οὕτως | καθὼς ἐπιστεῦσαν διδοχρῖ(ο)μενος | οἱ δὲ ἐληλυθότες ἀπὸ ἱερουσαλὴμ . . . and (after ἱερουσαλὴμ),—ὡς κριθῶσιν ἐπ' αὐτοῖς . . . Between verses 4 and 5, is found,—οἱ δὲ παρηγγεῖλαντες αὐτοῖς | ἀναβαίνειν πρὸς τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους . . . In ver. 11 (between *κἀκεῖνοι* and *ἐστήγησε*), is found,—*συνκατατεθειμένων δὲ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων | τοῖς ὑπὸ τοῦ πετρῶν εἰρημενοῖς . . . Between verses 20 and 21, is found,—καὶ ὅσα μὴ θέλουσιν αὐτοῖς γίνεσθαι | ἑτεροῖς μὴ ποιεῖτε . . . Between verses 26 and 27, is found,—*εἰς πάντα πείρασμον . . . In ver. 29 (after πορνείας) is found,—καὶ ὅσα μὴ θέλετε αὐτοῖς γίνεσθαι | ἑτέρῳ μὴ ποιεῖν . . . and after πρᾶξετε (for which D exhibits *πράξατε*), is found,—*φερομένοι | ἐν τῷ ἁγίῳ πνεύματι . . . In ver. 32 (between *ὄντες* and *διδ*), is found,—*πληρεῖς πνεύματος ἁγίου . . . In ver. 38 (between τὸ ἔργον and μὴ συμπαραλαβεῖν τούτον [for which D exhibits *τούτον μὴ εἶναι συν αυτοῖς*]), is found,—*εἰς ὃ ἐπεμψθησαν . . . Lastly, at the end of ver. 41, is found,—*παράδιδους τὰς ἐντολὰς τῶν πρεσβυτέρων | διελθὼν δὲ τα ἐθνη ταῦτα . Thus, in all, seventy-seven unauthorized words have been introduced into eleven places of Acts xv. by cod. D.*******

<sup>2</sup> *ἔδοξε τοῖς τοῦ Ἰησοῦ Ἀποστόλοις, καὶ τοῖς ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ [voluit ἐν ἱερουσαλὴμ] συναρχεῖσιν ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ Πρεσβυτέροις, καὶ, ὡς αὐτοὶ οὗτοι ὠνόμασαν, τῷ ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι,*

only codex of the Acts which is known to be without them is the '*Codex Montfortianus*,' (Acts 34). But other copies disfigured in this manner may be lying uncollated in foreign libraries. This then is what, in the first instance, befel the text of Acts xv. 23. Wholesale excision was resorted to, as the most effectual remedy for a clause which was judged to occasion difficulty, and which (it was foreseen) unless removed altogether, might hereafter prove an occasion of trouble.

But a simpler and more refined device is found to have suggested itself to the subtle Greek mind. It was perceived that the object in view would be equally well attained if only the first two words, *καὶ οἱ* ('and the'), were removed. By this means, *ἀδελφοί* ('brethren'), standing in apposition, would become merged in the words which immediately precede it, and so would disappear in sense,—cease, that is, to be a substantive term. The little group of documents which survive to this hour disfigured in this particular way,—(viz. by exhibiting *οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι, ἀδελφοί*) is one conspicuous for its licentiousness. It consists of Codices B and κ, (which, being derived from one and the same common vicious archetype, may not be reckoned as two distinct witnesses): A and C: D, of which something has been offered already,<sup>1</sup> and the two cursive codices 13 and 61. But the most conspicuous witness on the same side is the leading member of the group,—namely, the Latin version, which exhibits '*Apostoli et Presbyteri, fratres*.'<sup>2</sup> (Behold the six false witnesses, for once, combined—*contra mundum*!) To

Πνεύματι, γράψαι τοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν ἑθνῶν πιστεύουσιν ἐπιστολήν.—(c. *Celsus*, viii. 29 [i. 763 b]). Again, 'Invenimus scriptum in Actibus Apostolorum, quia convenientes in unum Apostoli statuerunt decreta . . . in quibus hæc continentur: *Apostoli et Presbyteri fratribus qui sunt apud Antiochiam*,' &c.—(In *Ep. ad Romanos* [iv. 655 b]).

<sup>1</sup> See above, note (!) p. 208.

<sup>2</sup> The place is in consequence so exhibited by Facianus of Barcelona A.D. 360),—*apud* Galland. vii. 270 b: and by Vigilius Taps. (A.D. 480),—p. 330 (Migne, lxii. 332 b).

Note, that the authorship of the treatise '*De Trinitate*' of the last named writer has been without authority claimed by Montfaucon for Athanasius (*opp.* i. 969, ed. 1698). The only consideration urged by the learned Benedictine for this attribution, (viz. that many passages of Athanasius are found transferred bodily to the work of Vigilius) may rather be thought to go far to prove that Athanasius *cannot* have been its author. We look closer, and find that in one such borrowed *ῥῆσις*, the original of which is found in Athanasius *De Incarnatione*, (viz. from the reference to Isaiah [Athanas. *opp.* i. 974 b] down to the end of the paragraph ['nati sunt,' p. 974 c]), Vigilius introduces [into Jo. iii. 6] a short spurious clause ('*quia Dominus spiritus est*'), and omits [from Jo. i. 13] a short genuine clause ('*neque ex voluntate carnis*');—the former of which is not found in Athanasius' treatise '*De Incarnatione*'; whereas the latter is. [See p. 880 middle of d to middle of e.] Athanasius, in a word, employed the genuine traditional Greek text, and Vigilius exhibits the corrupt traditional text of the old Latin in Jo. iii. 6. The Cod. Sarz. also has '*quia Deus spiritus est*.)



these authorities (for reading οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι, ἀδελφοί), the critics are accustomed to add Irenæus,—who [at p. 199] does indeed recite the Decretal epistle *in extenso*; but inasmuch as his words have only come down to us in an old Latin translation, the appeal is felt to be insecure,—the familiar omission of ‘*et*’ being only too obvious and easy for the Latin scribe. The appeal for support frequently made to Athanasius is probably a mere mistake,—as will be found explained in the foregoing foot-note.<sup>1</sup> And thus much for the text of Acts xv. 23, in its second stage of depravation.

The licentiousness of the second century critic which has last occupied our attention, was regarded as a curiosity only, all down the ages, until Griesbach (in 1777) marked the words (καὶ οἱ) as *possibly* spurious: ‘*forsan delenda*’ he says. This hint was of course improved upon by Lachmann (1831) and his followers—Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford, Westcott and Hort,—by whom the words have been clean swept away: the two last-named critics not even condescending to bestow a passing remark on the extirpated reading. *Our Revisers* (in 1881) *did the same*: and from the day when their labours came abroad to this, no one has been found to direct attention to their act,—although ‘the Church,’ as ‘a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ,’<sup>2</sup> might surely ere this have been expected to call them to account.

For, as we shall presently see, the consequence of this seemingly slight innovation has proved serious—calamitous even. Let us however first assign the grounds of our confidence in the traditional reading of Acts xv. 23, as the reading to be confidently upheld against the concurrent adverse testimony of A B & C D and the Latin Version. And first, it must be plainly stated that we are rendered suspicious of the codices just now enumerated, and disinclined to attend to their evidence even when as here they conspire, by the discovery, that they render discordant testimony throughout the Book of the Acts. Mere wantonness has been the cause of not a few of the depravations which the sacred text has experienced at their hands hereabouts:<sup>3</sup>—misplaced critical assiduity is elsewhere conspicuous,—

<sup>1</sup> Foot-note, p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> Art. xx.

<sup>3</sup> Critics of a certain class conveniently ignore the environments of a textual difficulty; even industriously suppress the indications that all around it is hopelessly corrupt. We hold that this practice can only be productive of error: and because we are bent on showing that the Revised Text of Acts xv. 23 is nothing else but the revival of an ancient fraud, we are constrained to point out that all the environments of that verse are utterly depraved and untrustworthy also. Let it be noted then, that the barbarous excision of τῶς (from ver. 23) by A B &,—and the gratuitous decoration of the same word (τῶς) with two diverse festoons of superfluous

spicuous,—as in the nonsense made of S. James' speech in ver. 18, (for which Codd. κ B C are chiefly responsible):—while, in other places, a motive is clearly apparent. The same critic who suppressed *πνικτοῦ* in ver. 29, (evidently deeming it superfluous after the previous prohibition of 'blood' in the same verse), was probably the author of the change in the superscription of the Decretal epistle. The same person seems to have been further of opinion that, in addressing Gentile converts, one at least of the 'necessary things' specified ought to have been a practical moral precept. Accordingly, he thrust into ver. 29 (immediately after *πορνείας*) what was in his time a popular negative exhibition of the Law of love; viz. this,—*'And whatsoever things ye would not that men should do unto you, do not ye to others.'*<sup>1</sup> The discovery that so plainly spurious

an

superfluous words by Codd. C and D, are instances of the merest license in all five.—The substitution (in ver. 29) of *πνικτῶν* for *πνικτοῦ*, by A B O κ, —and the suppression of *καὶ πνικτοῦ* altogether by D, —are further instances of the same thing.—In ver. 28, these 'chartered libertines' must be left to settle among themselves whether, instead of *τῶν ἐπιδάγκακας τοῦτων* shall be read *τῶν ἐπιδάγκακας* with A : or *τοῦτων τῶν ἐπιδάγκακας* with B C; or *τοῦτων ἐπιδάγκακας* with κ D. (They cannot all be right: they may all be wrong.)—What is to be said about the suppression of *ἐξελεθόντες* from ver. 24 by B κ? and of the words *λέγοντες περιτέμνεσθαι καὶ τηρεῖν τὸν νόμον*, by A B κ D?—Sheer nonsense results from *ἐκλεξαμένοις* (for which A B L are responsible) in ver. 25:—and from *ὁμῶν* (for which κ and D are severally responsible) in verses 24 and 25.—No one may expect to form a just judgement concerning any disputed reading who neglects to inform himself of the character of its context.

<sup>1</sup> *καὶ ὅσα [ἀν] μὴ θέλετε [θέλητε] ἑαυτοῖς γίνεσθαι, ἐτέρῳ [so D: all the other copies ἐτέροις] μὴ ποιεῖν [ποιεῖτε]:—et quæcumque non vultis fieri vobis [vobis fieri] D: vobis fieri non vultis, Cypr. p. 329, alii [alii D] ne faciatis [feceritis] D and Cypr.]* (Iren. p. 199).

This manner of exhibiting the great precept of the Gospel, which our Lord says 'is the Law and the Prophets' [S. Matth. vii. 12 = S. Lu. vi. 31], seems to have taken its negative form from an old Hebrew precept [see Lightfoot's 'Hebr. and Talm. Exerc. on S. Matth.'] embodied in a well-known place of Tobit [iv. 16,—*δὲ μοῖσις, ἄλλῃ μὴ ποιήσῃς*]: which Clement Al. [p. 503] calls,—and Didymus [Trin. p. 369], the *Constitutiones* App. [iii. 15 (*ap. Galland.* iii. 99 d)], and others quote, as if it were,—'Scripture.' The Vulgate rendering of the negative precept in the book of Tobit [*'Quod ab alio oderis fieri tibi, vide ne tu aliquando alteri facias'*], expands the original overtly. But the type exhibited by Irenæus, Cyprian, and the codex Bezae (though it is negative) is observed to differ slightly from this. If the newly discovered 'Teaching of the 12 Apostles' be of the antiquity claimed for it by its admirers (A.D. 80–110), the precept before us first appears there [*πάντα δὲ ὅσα ἐὰν θελήσῃς μὴ γίνεσθαι σοι, καὶ σὺ ἄλλῃ μὴ ποιεῖς, (lin. 7.)*].—Next (A.D. 182), it is found in Theophilus Ant., who, —after loosely quoting Galat. v. 19, 20 in such a manner as to recal the language of Acts xv. 29,—proceeds, *καὶ πάντα ὅσα ἀν μὴ βούλεται ἄνθρωπος ἑαυτῷ γίνεσθαι, ἢ αὐτῷ ἄλλῃ ποιῇ* [*ad Autolyo. ii. 34 ad fin. (apud Galland. ii. 114 a)*].—Next, in the 'Const. App.' [*τῶν δὲ μὴ θέλεις γενέσθαι σοι, καὶ σὺ τοῦτο ἄλλῃ οὐ ποιήσεις, vii. 2 (apud Galland. iii. 172 c)*].—Next, Didymus in his treatise 'de Spiritu Sancto,' [c. 39], seems to have quoted it; but either he or his translator (Jerome) breaks off with an 'et cetera,' [*'Quod tibi non vis fieri, etc.'* (Hieron. ii. 147 c = *ap. Galland. vi. 278 b)*].—Lastly, the precept is found in

an accretion to the inspired verity as the preceding found favour with Irenæus and Cyprian, besides Cod. D, the Sahidic, and the Ethiopic version, establishes the fact, that some of the most ancient codices were also some of the most corrupt. We look further, and find that according to Irenæus, Tertullian, and Cod. D, the words 'ye shall do well' (εὖ πράξετε) are followed by another unauthorized clause which concludes the epistle: viz. 'being borne along by the HOLY GHOST.'<sup>1</sup> Now all this effectually disposes of any supposed prerogative attaching to Codd. A B & C D by reason of *their antiquity*. Documents older than they by full 200 years were demonstrably even more corrupt. In the meantime we find that a delicate criterion has been preserved to us, and in this very place, indicative of the superiority of the traditional text, which well deserves attention: but that we may hasten forward, it shall be transferred to the foot of the page.<sup>2</sup>

Chrysostom's 'Exposition of Ps. V.' [δσα οὐ θέλετε ἵνα ποιῶσι, μηδὲ ὑμῖς ποιήτε, —V. 30 a]. The beautiful remarks of the last-named Father will be found richly to repay the reader's trouble if he will read from vol. v. 29 c down to p. 30 b.

<sup>1</sup> φερομενοι εν τῷ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι (D):—'*ambulantes in Spiritu sancto*' (Iren.):—'*vectante vos Spiritu sancto*' (Tertull. de pudicit. c. xii.) The summary of the Senator Cassiodorus is interesting:—'*Et in gratiâ Domini perseverantes bene se positos esse considerent*,' (Complexiones, lib. ii. c. 36,—ed. 1721: a rare and curious little book).

<sup>2</sup> As wanton a change as any to be found hereabouts is the substitution (by A B & N) of τῷ Πνεύματι τῷ Ἁγίῳ (for the less usual expression, τῷ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι) in ver. 28. It will be asked,—But does it matter *which* of these expressions is allowed to stand? Nothing whatever, (we answer), as far as the sense of the passage is concerned: but it matters a great deal that we should ascertain the true character of our principal witnesses. And in this place the discovery is unmistakably made that Codices N A B bear false testimony. In consequence of the uniqueness of the claim set up by the Apostles on this occasion,—('It seemed good to the HOLY GHOST (τῷ Ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι) and to us'), an unusual number of attesting witnesses come forward to declare what is the actual order of the words: and it is found that they all side with the *traditional text against Codices A B & N*. Their names are as follows:—In the II<sup>nd</sup> century,—(1) Irenæus—and (2) Clemens AL:—in the III<sup>rd</sup>,—(3) Origen,—(4) Cyprian,—and (5) the Constitutions Apost.:—in the IV<sup>th</sup>, (6) Basil,—(7) Didymus,—(8) Chrysostom, (9) Cyril of Jerusalem,—and (10) Pacian:—in the V<sup>th</sup> (11) (besides Cod. C),—(12) Severus patriarch of CP.,—(13) Cyril of Alexandria,—(14) Ammonius the presbyter,—(15) Socrates,—(16) Theodoret,—(17) ps. Cassarius,—(18) ps. Basil—and (19) ps. Chrys.:—in the VI<sup>th</sup>, (20 and 21) (besides D and E),—(22) Procopius Gazaens:—in the VIII<sup>th</sup>,—(23) J. Damascene. [Mass. p. 199.—(2) p. 606.—(3) i. 763 b; iv. 655: *cat.* in Joan. p. 91.—(4) p. 329.—(5) *ap.* Gall. iii. 151 c.—(6) i. 308 e.—(7) *Trin.* 220, 221.—(8) ix. 254 d: 257 c (= 3 times).—(9) p. 278 c.—(10) *ap.* Gall. vii. 270.—(12) *ap.* Cat. iii. 253.—(13) i. 153 e: ii. 843 b: iii. 243 d: vi. 325 a and 44 a (*collect.*) (5 times).—(14) *ap.* Cat. iii. 252.—(15) v. 22 (*bis*).—(16) *ap.* Cat. iv. 360.—(17) *ap.* Galland. vi. 28 c.—(18) ii. 584.—(19) i. 831 a b (six times): 839 a.—(22) *ap.* Cat. Nicephori, i. 1564.—(23) ii. 397 e.] —To pretend that such a concurrence of primitive testimony as the foregoing does not absolutely rule the point in dispute in favour of the Traditional text (cf. ver. 28) as against Codd. A B & N, is to trifle with evidence indeed.

It remains to state that the traditional text of this place (viz. Οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι καὶ οἱ Ἀδελφοί), is also the reading,—

- (a) in the II<sup>nd</sup> cent.—of (1) the Peschito Syriac :
- (b) in the III<sup>rd</sup> cent.—of (2) the Coptic version,—and of (3) the *Constitutiones Apostolicæ* :<sup>1</sup>
- (c) in the IV<sup>th</sup> cent.—of (4) Chrysostom :<sup>2</sup>
- (d) in the V<sup>th</sup> cent.—of (5) Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian<sup>3</sup> (who deliberately announces his purpose to exhibit the Decretal letter of the Council in full, and does so) :—and of (6) the Armenian version :<sup>4</sup>
- (e) in the VI<sup>th</sup> cent.—of (7) Cod. E, (the manuscript which was employed by Ven. Bede),—of (8) the Harcleian Syriac,—and of (9) the Ethiopic version :
- (f) in the IX<sup>th</sup> cent.—of (10) Cod. H,—of (11) Cod. L,—of (12) Cod. P :
- (g) besides,—of (13) Theophylact,<sup>5</sup>—and later Fathers, as (14) Œcumenius.<sup>6</sup>
- (h) The same, lastly, is the reading which enjoys,—(15) the multitudinous testimony of Tradition (*the most important attestation of all*), exhibited as it is by every known copy of the Acts. We are able to specify at least 83 such witnesses.<sup>7</sup>

It hard to understand how a fair mind, on a dispassionate survey of the evidence,—(which by the way has never before, by Critic or by Commentator, been laid out before the public in its entirety),—can hesitate to admit that the Traditional text of Acts xv. 23 must needs be accounted the true text, and should by all means have been let alone. Considerations derived from internal evidence,—keenly as they may make themselves *felt* from the beginning,—we insist on keeping out of court until all the available witnesses have been severally examined, and the pleadings on either side have been patiently

<sup>1</sup> vi. 12 (*apud* Galland. iii. 151 b).

<sup>2</sup> ix. 254 c.

<sup>3</sup> v. 22.

<sup>4</sup> From Dr. Rieu, of the British Museum.

<sup>5</sup> iii. 268 b.

<sup>6</sup> i. 124 c.

<sup>7</sup> *Matthæi* is responsible for Act. 98, 99, 100, 101, 104, 105, 106 :—Scrivener, for 24, 31, 53, 91, 111, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 224, 225 :—Ceriani (at Milan), for 137, 139, 197 :—Rocchi (at Crypta Ferrata), for 242, 244, 245 :—Veludo (at Venice), for 93, 94, 95, 140 :—Matranga (at Messina), for 175, 241 :—Pizzi (at Florence), for 87, 88, 141, 144, 147 :—De Boor (at Berlin), for 181, 248, 249, 250, 252 :—Von Tiefenau (at Vienna), for 3, 43, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67 :—Forstemann (at Dresden), for 104, 107 :—Rendel Harris (at Cambridge), for 9, 21 :—Maunde Thompson (at B. M.), for 20, 217, 218 :—Randell (at Oxford), for 23, 30, 32, 48, 56, 58, 191, 192, 211, 212, 213 :—Self (at B. M.), for 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 59, 60, 153, 215, 223, 226, 227, 228, 231, 232.—We can obtain no tidings anywhere of any variety of reading,—except in Codd. A B & C D, 13, 61.

listened to. But when the case has been adjudged on grounds of external testimony, then we give willing attention to the internal evidence. And,—supposing for an instant that our opponents' contention were allowed, and that the words 'and the' (*καὶ οἱ*) were banished from the sentence,—(for *that* is the sum of what Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford, Westcott and Hort and our Revisers propose,)—How (we ask) would the sentence have to be translated? In other words,—What *then* (according to these respected Critics) does the sentence actually *mean*? The answer, according to the mind of the Latin Church, admits of no doubt: but in fact the result is *inevitable*. 'Apostoli et Presbyteri, fratres' *can* only mean 'the Apostles and the Presbyters, brethren.' 'Brethren' is in apposition and becomes an expletive, enunciatory of the claim of the senders of the Epistle to be 'brethren': as in the common form of compellation,—(it occurs twice in the course of the present chapter, viz. in verses 7 and 13),—*Ἄνδρες ἀδελφοί*; which, however felicitously rendered in our A. V. 'men and brethren,' clearly means little more than 'Sirs,'—or (if you will,) than 'Brethren': literally 'Men [that are] brethren.' The Latin language to some extent lends itself to such a representation of the Greek,—(as in the phrase *Te Deum laudamus*, which evidently represents *Σε τὸν Θεὸν αἰνοῦμεν*): but it does not lend itself kindly: while our English idiom does not lend itself at all. Hence, the Revisers of 1881 invariably render *Ἄνδρες ἀδελφοί*, '*Brethren*,' taking no account of the antecedent word. Alford, in his own private Revision of the A. V. (1869), did the same. When however that accomplished scholar reached the verse before us (xv. 23), he was evidently perplexed. In despair, he translates,—'The Apostles and *brethren which are Elders* send greeting,' &c. But this (begging the Dean's pardon) is contrary to the laws of Grammar. *Οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι ἀδελφοί* can only mean '*The Elders which are brethren*.'

What is to be said however of our Revisionists, who have deliberately given the superscription of the Decretal Letter of the Council as follows:—'The Apostles and—THE ELDER BRETHREN'?

Considering how fierce a controversy has raged for centuries around the origin of the Christian Priesthood,—a controversy which may at any time break out afresh, (as certain recent 'Bampton Lectures,' and a famous 'Essay on the Christian Ministry' by one who ought to know better, sufficiently suggest):—considering (we say) the vital importance with which every word belonging to this controversy is already invested, and the weary strife and debate to which any serious novelty of translation

translation is perfectly sure to give rise, if it may but claim the sanction of men eminent for their piety and learning:—we cannot but regard this unprecedented translation of Acts xv. 23 as something worse than an ill-judged proceeding. Our Revisers are none of them children,—either in years, or in attainments. They number among their body some of Episcopal rank, and not a few Professors and Divines of the highest ecclesiastical consideration. The value of words,—the importance of terminology,—the mischief of an unconsidered expression, especially in the difficult things of GOD: the danger too of unsettling men's faith, and the wickedness of promulgating error,—*who* ever knew better than *they*? Perfectly well, above all, were these scholars aware of what they were about when they undertook to hammer afresh on a new anvil the Bible of the whole English-speaking race throughout the world. And the solemn superscription of the Decretal epistle of the first Christian Council,—will any one pretend that the gravity of introducing a serious alteration *there*, escaped the attention of a majority of the Revising body? How then shall their act be fitly characterized, when—in view of the difficulty which by some is felt or feigned of discovering the rudiments of our Ecclesiastical Organization (as briefly set forth in 'The Preface' to the Ordinal<sup>1</sup>) in the Acts of the Apostles and the writings of S. Paul—these men deliberately expelled "PRESBYTERS" from the first Christian Council; by a side-wind set up LAY ELDERS in their room; and erected this hitherto unheard-of Order of persons, co-ordinately with the Apostles, into a supreme court of reference for the decision of difficult Ecclesiastical causes? . . . . We hesitate not to declare that, in our account, this act of theirs constitutes a very grave offence. Already—for aught that appears to the contrary—Translators of the Acts of the Apostles may have disseminated this foul blot; may have begun to multiply this clear misrepresentation of a sacred fact into the many languages of the East and of the South. Certain at all events, it is, that whether already done or not, *it will be done, and with effect, by and by*. It is beyond the power of Man any longer to prevent its being done over and over again. 'Nescit vox missa reverti.' This unprecedented gloss on Acts xv. 23 will henceforth be freely claimed by controversialists as the rightful translation of the newly recovered text of the place in question; and will be (not unreasonably) declared to rest on the authority of Bishops and others of highest authority in the Church of

<sup>1</sup> 'It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scripture and Ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church,—*Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.*'

England, as well as to enjoy the sanction of the 'sacred Synod of Canterbury.'

Such then is the history and progress of error. Its nature is, at first, rapidly to propagate itself,—as suddenly to collapse,—and, after many years, under new influences, suddenly to crop up afresh and assume a monstrous form in some new quarter. This is precisely what has happened in the case before us. [1st] Two falsifiers of the primitive age proposed to themselves to bring the text of Acts xv. 23<sup>1</sup> into verbal conformity with the text of Acts xvi. 4.<sup>2</sup> One of them erased the three words which he deemed superfluous, (*καὶ οἱ ἀδελφοί*)—but his device met with little encouragement. The other achieved the same result by omitting only two of the words, (*καὶ οἱ*),—an expedient which was less unfavourably regarded by the critics of that most uncritical age (*viz. circa* A.D. 130). The Church, in the meantime, frowned contemptuously on both offenders alike, and calmly pursued her majestic way, jealously retaining the deposit in its integrity all down the ages. [2nd] At the end of no less than 1650 years (A.D. 1777), a German critic—although he did not venture to disturb the Traditional text—obelized the two words referred to, in token that he felt *doubtful* about their genuineness. [3rd] In 50 years more (A.D. 1831), another German critic removed the same two words from the top to the bottom of his page, in token that *he felt no doubt at all*. [4th] Pass another 50 years (A.D. 1881), and Drs. Westcott and Hort expunged the words entirely, *allowing no trace of their existence to survive*. [5th] The English Revisers of 1881 did the same, while preparing their own 'New Greek Text': and a *hopelessly mutilated English Bible* is the necessary consequence. [6th] The next downward step in this dreary history, ensued upon the discovery, that an untranslatable expression had resulted from leaving out *καὶ οἱ*. So now, in defiance of the inspired original,—in defiance of the context,—in defiance of history,—in defiance of logic,—a *new ecclesiastical Order was invented*, undistinguishable from '*Lay elders*.' [7th] Last and most fatal step of all, it is found that Missionaries, and others engaged in the work of Translation, are being authorized to "adopt such deviations from the 'Textus Receptus' as are sanctioned by the Text of the Revised English Version of 1881": whereby the flood-gates are thrown wide open for the poisoned waters irremediably to overflow all lands. Henceforth, every queer designation for *elderly men* in all the imperfectly-known languages of

<sup>1</sup> Οἱ Ἀπόστολοι, καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι, καὶ οἱ ἀδελφοί.

<sup>2</sup> τὰ δόγματα τὰ κεκριμένα ὑπὸ τῶν Ἀποστόλων καὶ τῶν Πρεσβυτέρων τῶν ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ.

the South and of the East, will find place in Acts xv. 23. . . . Such, (we repeat), such is the history of error! And this, let it be carefully noted, is a fair sample of how the Church of England, with all her boasted zeal for the purity of the deposit, is doing her work in this most conceited and most uncritical, as well as truly superficial and (it must be added) thoroughly *unlearned* age.

Will any of those who are responsible for the innovation which has hitherto engaged our attention venture to maintain that it is probably a correct way of rendering the original? We suspect that, were they to do so, 999 unprejudiced men (moderately acquainted with Greek) out of 1000, would be heard to flout them for their pains. How can you pretend (men would be heard to ask) that the phrase *οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι*, which confessedly means '*the Apostles and the Presbyters*,' and no other thing, in ver. 2,—and again in ver. 4,—and again in ver. 6,—and again in ver. 22,—suddenly means something essentially different in ver. 23; where it is clear that the selfsame persons are still being spoken of? Turn the page, and note that in ch. xvi. 4, *with reference to this very document*, the selfsame phrase (*οἱ Ἀπόστολοι καὶ οἱ Πρεσβύτεροι*) recurs; and this time, by your own showing, it means the identical thing it meant in verses 2, 4, 6, and 22 of the preceding chapter. On what principle then do you propose to defend your inconsistency? You have made an ordinary adjective of what, immediately before and immediately after, you recognized to be a substantive noun,—the established designation of a well-known order of men. Do you not know that you may not thus,—only because it is etymologically possible to do so,—entirely shift your ground? The Sultan of Turkey, for instance, five times in succession spoken of as '*the Grand Signor*,' may not on the fifth occasion be translated '*the grand old man*';—more especially if the expression occurs in the superscription of letters from the Sublime Porte to Her Britannic Majesty, and is to appear in a '*Blue Book*.' The supposed case is strictly parallel with what has been actually effected in the R. V. of Acts xv. 23. And let us not be reminded that, in the latter case, the added word (*ἀδελφοί*, claimed to be in apposition,) is harsh,—is even unprecedented. Does not that very circumstance (we reply) bring you to your senses? For *who* is to be blamed for the difficulty of the expression (such as it is) but yourselves?



ART. IX.—1. *Ground Game Act*, 1880.

2. *Rating Act*, 1874.

3. *The Liberal Party: a Letter addressed to T. S. Townsend, Esq.* By the Right Hon. J. Bright, M.P. January, 1885.

4. *Sport.* By the late Bromley Davenport, Esq., M.P. London, 1885.

5. *The Gamekeeper at Home.* By Richard Jefferies. London, 1879.

6. *Report of Select Committee on the Game Laws.* July, 1873.

IT is not, we think, sufficiently borne in mind either by Conservatives or Liberals, except of course such as belong to the extreme Left, that of the measures introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government for the so-called settlement of various important public questions, few or none were intended to be final. We are not using the word 'final' in any impracticable sense, but simply to denote laws whose efficiency is calculated to endure so long as the circumstances last under which they were conceived and framed. These circumstances may be of different kinds, and their duration may be of different lengths, a lustre, a generation, a century. But it will be the object of all legislators, who consider either the usefulness or the dignity of government, so to construct their measures that they shall cover every case that can arise out of the particular set of conditions in which they had their origin. When these have passed away, new laws will be required. But till then we ought to be able to rest with some sense of permanence and security under those which we already possess. This is a practical and reasonable finality, which we have a right to demand of all measures affecting in any essential manner either great interests or numerous classes of the population. The legislator who ensures this result is a statesman; he who does not is an empiric: and governments, which are wanting either in the leisure, the power, or the capacity, required for the digestion of such measures, had better attempt none at all. Few laws or customs are so bad, that habit does not make them tolerable; and any system which has lasted for a long time, and to which the people have grown thoroughly accustomed, though it might be well to exchange it for an improved one which promised equal permanence, is better than chronic instability and the irritation of perpetual change.

The Ministry which came into office five years ago does not appear, however, to have taken this view of its obligations; and, though not unwilling that some people should believe that it did, is too clever to let its followers suppose that all the fun

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is over yet. Thus while many worthy men, shutting their ears to what they do not wish to hear, have been congratulating themselves on the disappearance of this or that troublesome controversy from the political arena, assurances have not been wanting that the measures, to which these happy consequences were attributed, are only instalments. Mr. Chamberlain has said this of the Reform Bill. Confidential supporters of the Ministry, if not Ministers themselves, have said the same of the Agricultural Holdings Act. We are shortly to have a new Burials Bill. Πάντα ῥεῖ; every sore is to be kept open so long as the Liberal party stands in need of sustenance; and among the rest we may be quite certain that so useful a grievance as the Game Laws will not be allowed to rest much longer, ere called upon, like a pair of galled post-horses in the olden time, to convey the Liberal party another stage. Seeing that we are now on the verge not only of a new Parliament, but of a new electorate, which is supposed to be especially interested in this class of subjects, and likely to bring a fresh order of sentiments and sympathies to bear upon them, the time seems opportune for some renewed examination of a question which is systematically misrepresented by the few who have ulterior purposes to serve, and as much misunderstood by the many whose intentions may be laudable enough, but who in this, as in so many other matters, are the dupes of an organized minority.

It is now just twelve years ago since we last directed the attention of our readers to the subject of the Game Laws, and within that time two Acts have been passed materially affecting the interests of the sportsman, the landlord, and the farmer; one which we ourselves ventured to recommend\*—the Rating Act of 1874—the other the Ground Game Act, introduced by the present Home Secretary in 1880. We propose, accordingly, in the present paper briefly to consider the nature of these two measures; in what respect, if any, the Game Laws are still susceptible of improvement; and in what spirit they are regarded, not only by those who make capital out of them, as people make money on the turf without knowing a horse from a donkey, but by those who are thoroughly familiar with, and personally interested in, them.

The old ground of complaint against the Game Laws was removed in 1831, when the right to kill game ceased to be a territorial privilege, and was thrown open to all who chose to pay for it. But on referring to the debates and discussions which preceded the passing of Lord Grey's Act, we at once

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1873.

become conscious of a very marked difference between the reformers of those days and of these. Their object was, first of all, to relieve sporting rights of their exclusiveness, by bringing the pleasure of shooting within reach of all; and secondly to undersell the poacher, by legalizing the sale of game, and enabling the owner in person to supply the public market. These were the two objects which the Liberal party of sixty years ago set before themselves. They had no antipathy either to field-sports in general or to game in particular. They would have said, no doubt, that their reform bill was in respect to the latter 'the truest conservatism,' a phrase which is often used with perfect sincerity and the best intentions, but is seldom worse justified by events than it has been in the case of the Game Laws.

Sir Robert Peel was the only statesman of any note who had the foresight to perceive that the Act would not diminish poaching. One direct result of it was to increase the number of shooters, and thereby to diminish the quantity of game on all unpreserved land. There was formerly a good deal of land in various parts of the country over which 'any body might go' who chose to give the owner or occupier a hare or a brace of partridges in return. But then there would probably not be more than one or two qualified persons in the whole neighbourhood; and as those were the days of long stubbles, the sportsmen had no object in coming till the corn was cut, so that no damage was inflicted on the crops. The country people very likely poached the hares, but large and expensive nets are necessary for partridges, and fifty years ago they were in many parts of the country unknown. Add to this, that the old double hedge-rows, small copses and spinnies, and patches of gorse and fern, then to be found nearly everywhere, but now growing scarcer every day, afforded cover for a fair number of wild pheasants, which are now only to be met with in a few sheltered nooks and corners where the old style of farming still survives; and the reader will easily understand, that game being comparatively safe from both poachers and the multitude of rural gunners whom the new Act has called into the field, there was less necessity than there is now for massing it together in particular spots under the immediate supervision of a staff of keepers. It was more evenly distributed over the whole country, and could be left to itself with less danger. On the 1st of September, 1827, Lord Althorp, shooting by himself over unpreserved ground in Warwickshire, where any one might shoot who pleased, killed 20½ brace to his own gun; a few days afterwards 19 brace, one day 15, and two other days 11 brace. Where  
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could he do this now? The improvement of agriculture, the improvement of firearms, and the multiplication of sportsmen, have gradually made this kind of shooting impossible. The necessity for the protection of game has therefore during the last half century been continually on the increase. This has led to its being all kept together in a few carefully watched preserves; and this, in turn, has led very naturally to a much larger number being reared. The two circumstances have combined to hold out temptations to the poacher, which the sale of game by the rightful owner has not yet been able to subdue. And thus the Act of 1831, instead of leading to the gradual extinction of the poacher's trade, has undoubtedly tended to encourage it.

Not, however, that this is the whole truth. It must always be borne in mind, that the hostility to the Game Laws, with which we are familiar at the present day, runs on two distinct lines, and aims at two distinct objects, which, though they are often confounded together in the popular mind, and the one by esoteric Radicals made a stalking-horse for the other, have next to nothing in common, and no tendency whatever to converge. The excessive preservation of game to which we have referred raised a point hardly recognized by the reformers of 1831—that of damage, namely, to the farmers' crops; and complaints on this score, allying themselves with the feeling which had always been excited by the desperate character of the conflicts between poachers and gamekeepers, gradually created a new Game Law question, and a new demand for legislation. This demand, not in itself unreasonable, there might perhaps have been no great difficulty in satisfying, had it not been connected with another hostile to all proposals, which, in an age of philosophy and democracy, should seek to find a *modus vivendi* for a 'survival of feudalism.' Side by side then with the legitimate effort to place the Game Laws on a footing which should be satisfactory to owners, occupiers, and the public, we must recognize the existence of a deliberate attempt to deprive the landed gentry of all right or property in game itself, partly for the mere sake of annoying them, partly because everything that is done to rob their life in the country of its occupations, and amusements, is one step more towards turning them into absentees, and providing for their ultimate extinction.

This is the political side of the Game Law question, and the one which in future will claim the largest share of our attention. It has of course been pressed into the service of the land question, and used as an engine for setting the farmers against their landlords. But the tone in which the Radicals habitually speak of game and game preservers has tended at the same time greatly

to encourage the poacher,\* and minimize the good effects which might have been expected from the legislation of 1831. He feels that he has a friend and a sympathizer in the garrison; and that among those to whom are entrusted by a confiding public the maintenance of law and order, and the protection of life and property, are to be found men who will speak approvingly of outrages on all four, provided only they are committed at the expense of country gentlemen. The moral effect of Radical diatribes against game has undoubtedly been what is here described; and, whatever the difficulties in the path, there is but one way of counteracting it, and to that we shall presently advert.

By the Rating Act introduced in the first year of Mr. Disraeli's Government, sporting rights in the abstract were for the first time made rateable. Up to that time, where the tenant or occupier had the right of shooting, it was taken into account in the assessment of the land; it was reckoned in the lump with the other elements of value which together made up the rateable value of the whole. But when it was severed from the occupation of the land, and existed in an isolated form, it had not hitherto been rated. The Act of 1874 abolished this distinction, and recognized the abstract right as a rateable possession by whomsoever enjoyed or exercised. The surrender of this privilege by the landowners was a concession which relieved the Game Laws from the last remnant of exclusiveness which clung to them; and if it has tended in any way to lower the letting value of the sporting right, perhaps that is not very much to be regretted. The practice of letting the shooting to rich men, who are not landowners themselves, has been greatly increased, if it was not, in fact, created, by the abolition of the property qualification. Indeed, so far from the legislators of 1831 having seen any harm in such a practice, it was distinctly contemplated by them as one of the necessary consequences of the new Act. But in reality nothing has occasioned so much discontent among the farmers: neither excessive preservation, nor officious keepers, nor the spectacle of half-a-dozen sportsmen walking through their standing beans. To see the landlord or his servant come over their farms to shoot is natural enough. The custom is immemorial. But the stranger, who hardly knows them by sight, and only comes down for a week or two at a time, and then only for the shooting, is odious in their eyes. And so far as the Act of 1874 may have placed any limit on this unpopular innovation, we should say it is an additional feature in its favour.

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\* This was pointed out to Mr. P. A. Taylor in the debate of 1871.

Sir William Harcourt's Act, however, is one of a totally different description. The general effect of it is to give to the tenant the right of killing the hares and rabbits on his own farm, any agreement with his landlord to the contrary notwithstanding: that is to say, that no covenant on the occupier's part to reserve the ground game for the proprietor can any longer be enforced by law. The game in England,\* be it remembered, whether four-footed or winged, had always belonged to the tenant, and only ceased to be his when he transferred it by agreement to his landlord. This transfer he is now, as far as ground game is concerned, forbidden to make, and can no longer therefore do what he will with his own. The Act is only one additional instance of that interference with the freedom of contract and invasion of the rights of property, which the Liberal party since the death of its former leaders, men like Lord Russell, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Palmerston, have set up as a great principle; the corner-stone of a new code of domestic politics. But of course it was never intended to stop there. Mr. Bright has already sounded the advance;† and, when the English aristocracy are deprived of their field-sports altogether, and driven to seek their amusements elsewhere than on their own estates, a far greater step will have been accomplished towards the fulfilment of the Radical ideal than even the infringement of proprietary rights.

It is sometimes said that by the operation of the new principle, men are only prevented from doing what they like with their own, to save them from being compelled to do what they do not like with it. If the law of supply and demand occasionally compels us to make bargains which we would rather not make, in this sense it may be true that Englishmen can be obliged to do with their own what they would rather not do. But in no other. When agriculture is prosperous, it is worth a man's while to give so much rent, and the game besides, for a farm. As the land becomes less valuable, he will give less, either reducing the rent, or deducting the game, as the case may be; till at last a point may be reached at which he is in a position to dictate his own terms, and to say to the landlord, if he pleases, that he will either keep the game or quit the land. When there is no demand for farms, where many are lying untenanted and uncultivated, what is any landlord likely to say to a tenant who can pay his rent? Of course he will have what he asks; and, as a matter of fact, we know that advantage has been taken of the fall in land by numerous well-to-do tenants to

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\* Not in Scotland.† 'The Liberal Party.' *Vide infra*, p. 226.

refuse to renew contracts for the reservation of game. Here, then, it is the landlord who is compelled to do what he does not like with his own: let his land, that is, to a man who refuses him the right of shooting over it. At one end of the scale the law of supply and demand pinches one of the parties, at the other end of the scale the other. Of course if the State chooses to interfere, and say that it shall only affect one, it has the right and the power to do so. But that is not political justice. It is pre-eminently what the Radicals cry out against so loudly as 'class legislation.'

But a further and most important question still remains, and it is this. When we speak of the tenant being able to do what he likes with his own, are we sure that we understand what we mean, and know what it is that he does like to do with it? It might very often suit him to let the ground game as well as the winged game to his landlord; but this he is forbidden to do, except on terms which half destroy the value of the consideration. For if a tenant, on signing his lease, promised to reserve the ground game, he might quarrel with his landlord, and make up his mind to quit, before it had half run out, and kill down every hare and rabbit on the farm with absolute impunity. Naturally the landlord would not allow so much for a privilege secured to him on such precarious conditions, as he would for one that he could enforce by an appeal to the nearest magistrate; and this would be one way in which the tenant would find himself thwarted in doing what he liked with, or making the most of, his own. Let us suppose, however—and this is the most essential point at issue—that he does *not* wish to reserve the game to his landlord, and is willing to forego any pecuniary advantages which such reservation might confer on him—by what motives will he probably be actuated? By impatience of the damages inflicted on his crops by hares and rabbits? By a burning desire to exterminate these creatures as an unmitigated pest and nuisance? Most assuredly not. Fortunately there is abundant evidence to overthrow the argument against the Game Laws, founded on the alleged hardship which they inflict upon the tenant farmer.

For what do hundreds of tenant farmers do as soon as they get the game into their own hands? Why, instead of rooting out the ground game like so much twitch, as if it was their natural enemy, they carefully preserve and cherish it, either for the amusement of themselves and their friends, or in order to let the shooting! There are hundreds of sportsmen in this country who would never get a day's shooting in their lives, except through the kindness of some landed friend, unless they

they could hire it in this manner; and though the farmers may not care much to preserve rabbits for such a purpose, they preserve the hares; and when they keep the shooting for themselves, they preserve both. Not long ago the present writer shot over a farm in the South of England on which the game had recently been given up to the occupier. He had been there before when there were more partridges than hares: on the second occasion there were more hares than partridges. He found from a dozen to twenty in one moderate-sized piece of turnips, and he was asked not to shoot more than one or two, as the tenant was anxious to preserve them. He has seen the same thing nearer London; the tenant insisting on having the shooting, on pain of throwing up the farm, and when he had got it, preserving both hares *and* rabbits, and every other kind of game besides, as strictly as his landlord. We could multiply examples to any extent. All over the country, wherever, from any cause whatever, the tenants have the right of shooting, they always preserve hares, and very often rabbits too. So that it is quite clear, that the clamour raised against game-preserving landlords cannot possibly be founded on any injury sustained by tenants through the maintenance of game on the estate. They may be very willing to have it thought so, but it is not so. For excessive preservation the existing \* law supplies a remedy. To moderate preservation in the abstract he clearly can have no objection, who adopts it himself as soon as he has the opportunity. Damage to crops is an excellent pretext, a most plausible and telling cry. But what the discontented farmer really wants is not the destruction of the game, but the game itself. What really underlies the Radical outcry is not compassion for the ill-used agriculturist, but jealousy of the territorial magnate. It is really the sporting right, and not the game, which all the hubbub is about. The farmer, when he grumbles at all, grumbles for want of the shooting. The righteous indignation of the Radical is really inspired, not by the sight of rabbits nibbling the wheat, but of a country gentleman with a gun, suggesting to his diseased imagination ideas of Front de Bœuf or William Rufus, and sending him back to the commercial room of his hotel to startle all who hear him with his pictures of rural tyranny, patrician insolence, downtrodden serfs, and all the other well-known abominations of 'landlordism.'

Just as the Irish Land Acts have robbed the landlords of that country of a portion of their property, so are the English

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\* By excessive preservation is meant preservation in excess of what the tenant agreed to when he took the farm. See, besides the Ground Game Act, 'Okes on the Game Laws,' p. 143.



Radicals seeking to rob the landowners of England of portions of *their* property; and the species of property known as the sporting right is among the first to be assailed, not only because it is more easily misrepresented than any other, or because it offers an excellent handle at the same time for ulterior demands, but because it is one of those enjoyments which attach the country gentleman to his estate and bind him to the soil. Of course, under existing circumstances, the landlord can, if he likes, make as good a bargain with a yearly tenant, or a tenant even with a seven years' lease, as he could do before the Act of 1880 became law. As a matter of fact, we believe few landlords do. But still it is possible, and *therefore*, say the agrarian agitators, we must have fixity of tenure. The tenant cannot get rid of this devouring plague of hares and rabbits without it: the truth being, as we have already stated, that fixity of tenure for the farmer would mean fixity of tenure for the game. It cannot be too often repeated, then, that this demand for the abolition of game preserving in the interests of the farmer means simply the sacrifice of the landlord's rights to the sporting propensities of the tenant; and that, while the farmer perhaps pursues this object only because he likes the shooting, the Radical pursues it only because he hates the aristocracy. The pretext is the extermination of a destructive animal; the real object is the mortification of a social superior.

Mr. Bright's pamphlet on the Liberal Party contains a curious and typical portrait of a 'A Radical on the Game Laws':—

'Parliament,' says this gentleman, 'may accept the principle, that the creatures which live on and from the land are the property, if there be any property in them, of the farmer at whose cost and by whose labour the farm is cultivated.' [They are so, now.] 'When this principle is admitted in our law, then what is called preservation of game may cease, murderous conflicts on game preserves may be no longer known, and labourers may not have before them an almost constant and irresistible temptation to break the law.'

That is to say, Parliament may accept a principle which is already the law of the land, and has governed all agreements on the subject between landlord and tenant since agreements first became customary! By the Common Law of England the game belongs to the occupier. Now when Mr. Bright wrote this letter, he either did know this, or he did not. If he did not, what value can we attach to his opinions on the Game Laws who is ignorant of a fact so essential as this to any proper estimation of them? If he did, he must have intended by the words which he used to convey some further meaning than they bear upon the surface,

surface, and to suggest that the farmer should have only that limited property in all game which he now has in hares and rabbits: in other words, that he should be unable to make a legal contract with his landlord, conveying to him the right of shooting it. The object of doing so, as we have already shown, is not to protect the tenant from the ravages of game, but to prevent the landlord from acquiring the privilege of killing it. Even before 1880, the landlord usually paid for the sporting right quite enough to compensate the farmer for any injury inflicted on his crops. And if he still requires him to keep a certain head of ground-game, he is not likely to pay him less. Where there is no reservation, then, as we have seen, the farmer preserves it for himself; so that the only possible motive for any further change must be so far to diminish the security for field-sports which the landlord now possesses, as to deprive a country life of one of its principal attractions, and by gradually diminishing the country gentleman's interest in his property, and making him less personally familiar with, and less popular among, his own people, pave the way for converting him into an annuitant. As for the temptation to the labourer, we have already disposed of *that* argument. If the farmer had the shooting, the labourer would be just as much exposed to temptation as he is now.

Such then is the Radical view of the question: and Sir W. Harcourt's Act has doubtless gone some way towards promoting it. The farmers enjoy the sport of ferreting the rabbits, irrespective of damages to grain, and many landlords do not care to interfere with them. A certain number of rabbits can still, of course, be kept in the covers, even where the farmers ferret. But the sport which they spoil is the hedgerow shooting. A gentleman can only beat his covers two or three times in the season; but before the Ground Game Act was passed, he could always have a day's sport outside; and no prettier shooting need be asked for by any genuine sportsman than is afforded by rabbits when pushed out of the hedges by a good spaniel or terrier, and darting off at the top of their speed for another run. Where the farmers insist upon their rights under the Act, or the landlord does not like to interfere, this kind of shooting has become impossible; so that after October the latter is practically restricted to the sport for which he can draw upon his woods. Of course, in very many cases the Act has made no difference at all: there is a perfectly good understanding between owner and occupier, and things go on as they always did, though the law can no longer be invoked. Still it has, no doubt, introduced an element of discord into the relations

tions between the two classes which did not exist before. The landlord is secretly annoyed when the tenant deprives him of his sport. The tenant who has got the power of doing this is sometimes annoyed that he has not got more. The Act altogether has had an unsettling effect, which is perhaps what it was meant to have. But we will readily allow, in spite of these various drawbacks, that if it stopped there, and began and ended with itself, it would be on the whole a beneficial measure. If it was once known to be final, the friction which it causes would subside; and the increased facility afforded to the farmer for checking extravagant preservation, while relieving the Game Laws from the burden of an inveterate prejudice, might gradually come to be no greater impediment to the landlord's legitimate amusement than he should be willing to endure for the sake of so considerable a gain. Long before the Act was passed, many country gentlemen allowed their tenants to kill hares and rabbits, and yet always found plenty for themselves. 'I have no gamekeeper,' said a large landed proprietor in the West of England to a friend of the present writer; 'I make my tenants my keepers, and I tell them when they want a hare or a brace of birds to help themselves. The result is that I always have a quantity of game.' Of course such a system would not do where there are large covers to be looked after, nor is it meant to give the tenant the right of regular shooting over the property. But when a landlord and tenant perfectly understand each other, no doubt it answers very well. But unfortunately this is not all. Just as the Dissenters urged the Burials Bill as a stepping-stone for further innovations, so the agrarians pressed the Ground Game Act as a stepping-stone to more sweeping measures. Its worst effect, which, however, was probably foreseen, is the extent to which it plays into the hands of the organized land robbers. 'The law gives you the hares and rabbits,' say they to the gaping agriculturist, 'but what is the use of that, if what one law gives, another can take away? What was once a legal obligation is now only a debt of honour, which you can repudiate if you please, but where is your freedom if the landlord can punish you for doing so by letting the farm to some one else? Agitate, therefore, for the three F.'s, and then at last you will be safe.'

The Act of 1880 has placed this argument in the mouths of the land robbers, and they are using it freely every day. That they have a majority, or even a third or a fourth of the English farmers on their side, we do not for a moment believe. But they have some; and others, who have really no ulterior objects,  
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lend them a hand without reflection. By far the greater number, however, take a common-sense view of the transaction, understanding plainly enough that if two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind; and that as tenant and landlord cannot both have the shooting, if it is to belong to either, it must naturally fall to him to whom fortune gives the first choice. That the ownership of land should practically change hands, and with all the rights, pleasures, and obligations, appertaining to it, pass from the proprietary class of this kingdom to the tenantry, reserving to the former only an hereditary annuity, is a conception which has not yet penetrated the understanding of the great body of English farmers. But though we do not believe that Radical theories either about land or game have done more as yet than touch the fringe of the agricultural tenantry, there are certain points on which they have long felt very strongly, and which cannot be considered too soon, if such doctrines are to be prevented from spreading.

The practice of letting the shooting over the tenant's head, whether he likes it or not, is probably the most galling of these, and he ought, in our opinion, always to have the refusal of it, when the landlord does not want it himself. The farmer regards this as a kind of unwritten right. He stands next in the succession, so to speak; and if he cares anything at all about the game one way or the other, he is very sore at being passed over. The landlord is not obliged to give the shooting to his tenants any more than to anybody else; and the latter never objects to paying a reasonable amount for it. So much an acre, —a shilling, sixpence, ninepence, according to the character of the shooting—added on to the rent, would always be cheerfully agreed to. And whenever it is possible, some such arrangement should be made. It is not always possible, because in many cases there is a large house to be let also, for which it may be difficult to find a tenant, unless the shooting goes with it. But the farmers, as a rule, would be satisfied with knowing that they were sure to have the shooting themselves when the landlord did not want it, provided no such difficulty intervened.

A second source of irritation, which is more easily understood than described, is connected with the office of gamekeeper. On the whole, we believe that these men are as honest and trustworthy as they are bold, hardy, and diligent. But there are black sheep among them: while even the best occasionally allow themselves to be transported by their professional feelings into excesses of zeal detrimental to their master's interests.

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What the farmer especially dislikes is the idea of being watched by these men. On looking suddenly round from the ploughing or the turnip-hoeing, to catch sight of the keeper's face peering at him through a gap in the hedge; to confront the well-known velveteen jacket and corduroy breeches at every corner of the farm and every hour of the day; to be conscious that his own dogs and cats run the hourly risk of being shot, trapped, or poisoned; to feel that evil tongues may come between himself and his landlord, and suspicions engendered which, though perfectly innocent, he may never be able to obliterate; to know, in short, that in these ubiquitous officials he has perpetual and vigilant inspectors, whose very business it is to encourage spies and talebearers, and who are sure to lend a greedy ear to whatever lies may be poured into it by the first idle, drunken vagabond who owes him a grudge;—to see and feel these things is gall and wormwood to the tenant, and breeds perhaps more ill-blood in the long-run than anything else connected with the Game Laws.

We are very far from meaning that such are the normal relations between gamekeepers and farmers. Each can do the other a good turn; and they ought to be, and often are, the best friends. The keeper can find no ally equal to the farmer, if he really enlists him on his side: while the farmer is dependent on the keeper for many good offices for which he can look to no one else. The keeper can get him fishing, rook-shooting, and coursing. Where rabbits are still kept up, he can get him a day's rabbit-shooting; and he is the arbiter of his fate whenever game is distributed to the tenants. The tenant also in the neighbourhood of populous places often finds the keeper very useful in helping him to keep off trespassers and pilferers, who in some districts are a great nuisance to the farmer. Thus if the two men knew their own interests, they would certainly pull together. Yet they are very frequently at feud; and it should be the landlord's care, wherever it is possible, to probe these squabbles to the bottom. Many gentlemen feel only that their own servant must be supported, and in obedience to this perfectly laudable and generous sentiment, allow themselves occasionally to become the dupes of blackguards, who make them believe anything they choose, and from whom there is no appeal. Keepers, we know, have difficult and delicate duties to perform, which they discharge, as a rule, with great civility and consideration. But let them be perfectly immaculate, they are still sure to make enemies. All this their employers know perfectly well, and their first impulse is to stand by the keeper,

keeper, at all hazards. We cannot impress upon them too strongly, however, the necessity of placing this very natural impulse under the control of prudence and common-sense; of remembering that there are two sides to every story; and that to protect their tenants from slanderous imputations is a duty of equal obligation with that of protecting their servant in the discharge of his duty. They should take care, in a word, that their keepers make no mischief; and they would find if they did, that the business of game preserving went on with much greater smoothness than it does in the absence of such precautions.

Subject to these two grievances, we doubt if the average English tenant farmer looks with any ill-will on the present system of game preserving. The larger and wealthier farmers, the class which came into existence during the second quarter of the present century, but is now, we believe, on the decline, do undoubtedly desire the shooting for themselves, and wish in all respects to be as little under the control of their landlords as possible. Then again there is, or perhaps we should rather say was, a considerable class of farmers who had made money in other ways, and taken to farming in middle age; strangers to the traditions, prescriptions, and immemorial sympathies of English rural life, and who did, no doubt, look on the sporting rights of their landlords with considerable malevolence. But when allowance is made for each of these varieties, only a small percentage will have been deducted from the great body of the English tenantry, who, we believe, as a rule, are satisfied with the existing system whenever the two grievances we have named do not tend to embitter them against it. Treat them liberally with the game killed on their farms; send them pheasants in the winter; ask them to walk with you and point out the coveys; show them that you do not consider themselves nothing, and the gamekeeper everything; if one of them has shooting elsewhere, and takes out a certificate, give him a day's shooting now and then with yourself, instead of having him watched like a returned convict; in a word, make friends, companions, and fellow-sportsmen of your tenants, and you will have no trouble about the Game Laws from one in ten thousand.

We now pass on to the peasantry, and the feelings with which *they* are supposed to regard game and the Game Laws. It stands to reason, in the first place, that the ordinary agricultural labourer has nothing to lose by the preservation of game in any shape or form. That he is forbidden to kill it is no loss to one who cannot preserve it, and who, unless it were preserved by others, would never see a single head. If game in  
England

England were left entirely to itself, like the sparrows or the starlings, in one generation it would perish. That hares and rabbits offer a temptation to the labourer, which ought not to be thrown in his path, is an objection which, even if valid at the present day, would easily be met by making game in the eye of the law what it has long been in the eye of common-sense, namely, property: but which, owing to the purely artificial character which game has now assumed, and the fact that really wild game—game in no degree indebted for its existence to the care or protection of man—has practically disappeared from the more cultivated parts of England, is, even under the existing law, valid no longer. The man who does not pay for them has no more moral right to the pheasants which come out of the preserves, than to the pigeons which come out of the dovecote; and this the agricultural labourer knows just as well as he knows that he has no right to his master's apples or potatoes. There is, therefore, no peculiar temptation in his case to call for our sympathy and indulgence, much less for any sweeping bag and baggage expulsion of all game, game laws, and sportsmen, from the Queen's dominions. Another thing too, the agricultural labourer knows quite well, as well as the Radical, and it is this,—that empty covers mean an empty Hall; and he is not such a fool, in spite of what his friends say of him, as not to know on which side his bread is buttered. He is perfectly well aware of the benefits which he derives in many ways from a resident gentry, and would not be so mad as to set against these any ill-feeling he might entertain about the Game Laws for one single moment.

But as regards the personal tastes and predilections of the agricultural labourer, considerable experience of his habits enables us to state with some confidence that he entertains no such feelings at all; that he rather likes to see game about the fields than otherwise, and takes a good deal of interest in the shooting when September arrives. He enjoys a chat with the sportsman as he rests under a hedge; is proud of marking down a bird, and takes an unaffected delight in seeing it well killed. If he gets a draught of cool ale from the gentleman's keg, or a sixpence to buy some for himself, so much the better. He would think the shooter rather shabby if he gave him nothing. But his pleasure in the sport is unaffected by considerations of gain. It is bred in the bone, and has more to do with his snaring an occasional rabbit, than either hunger or thirst; though the latter is a potent incentive, and the facility for "drinking out" stolen game, afforded by a well-known class of public-houses, is answerable for half the poaching that exists.

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It is there that the occasional depredator meets with the professional, and is overpowered by the fascination of a career in which the charms of sport and the charms of mischief are so delightfully combined.

There is no reason to suppose that the peasant-farmer, whether proprietor or tenant, would feel differently from the agricultural labourer. Peasant farmers exist even now, in considerable numbers. We know what they are. They do not want to shoot; and are very willing that somebody else should preserve the game if they only get their proper share of it. Hares and rabbits they need only endure, *quamdiu bene se gesserint*. And a man with only a few acres of land gets more game for himself, if it is preserved by the neighbouring squire, than if it is left alone altogether. Generally speaking, the small farmer of the present day, who can do as he likes, is almost always anxious to let the game, from the occupier of six or eight acres, who is glad to get five shillings for it, to the holder of eighty or a hundred, who gets his two or three pounds. These men are very seldom dishonest; but preserve the game, hares and rabbits included, to the best of their ability. The present writer has rented shooting from such men over and over again, and always found them civil and obliging, and interested in showing sport. These are the men who make no difficulty about standing beans, or even a late bit of barley. 'Oh, go in, sir; you'll find some birds there, I'll be bound:' is their usual address when they see you hesitating outside any cover of this kind. We have known such men keep large pieces of clover uncut till the end of September, where there were few turnips, in order that their game-tenant might have something to hold the birds as long as possible. No extension, therefore, of peasant-farming or peasant-proprietorship which the future may have in store for us, whatever else it may do, need cause the country gentleman any alarm about his game. It is not from these men, or the class to which they belong, that the real danger is to be apprehended. In point of fact, the multiplication on any great estate of small holdings, varying from fifty to a hundred and fifty acres, would go a long way by itself towards settling the game question, and many other rural difficulties as well.

One who knows the English peasantry well, who is indeed one of themselves, and is admitted to their confidence on all these subjects,—who is, moreover, no bigoted admirer of landlords or parsons, or the territorial system in general,—has recently assured us that the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourers, while leading probably to greater self-government in the



the villages, will be in no way hostile to the privileges, the pleasures, or the property of the landed aristocracy: 'the landlord has nothing whatever to fear for his park, his mansion, his privacy, *his shooting*, or anything else.' These are the words of Mr. Richard Jefferies, who ought to know the minds of English villagers, if any man in England does. And, for our part, we entirely believe him. The English peasantry are fond of sport, and they are attached, as a rule, to the local families. None of that social feeling which poisons the relations in some instances between the farmers and the gentry reaches down to the labourers. No: we agree with Mr. Jefferies, that from the agricultural peasantry, neither now nor hereafter, neither under the present system nor the one that we are told is to succeed it, have the English land-owners, provided they possess the most ordinary tact and liberality, anything to fear whatever on the question of game and the Game Laws. An admirable example has been set by Lord Walsingham,\* who has promised his cottage tenantry in Norfolk a shilling for every partridge killed on the estate; and as the average for the last nine years has been 1900, that would give a total of 95*l.* to be applied to the reduction of cottage rents. The number might easily be increased, and this would give the labourers a substantial interest in the birds, disposing them to protect the nests, and prevent cats and dogs from disturbing them. This is an excellent plan; and though our own opinion is that the peasantry are not hostile to the Game Laws even now, it is wise, nevertheless, by this powerful appeal to their interests, to turn them into fast friends.

We have next to consider poaching and the poacher: and from this question we are happy to say a good deal of the nonsense with which it was formerly encrusted has recently been scraped off, so that the public has at last begun to see it in its true colours. There are many kinds of poaching, and many varieties of the poacher, but they are all capable of being classified under one of these two heads—the occasional and the regular poacher. There is the man who knocks over a rabbit with a stick or a stone as he sees it sitting in the grass; who watches where the hare goes through the hedge while he is at work in the fields, and sets his wire in the place; who strolls along the lanes with a gun, ostensibly for the purpose of killing small birds, and if he sees a hare on its form, or a covey of birds upon the ground in the adjoining field, fills his pocket at a shot; who delights in shooting partridges on Sunday morning when nobody is about, after they have begun to pair; and there is the man

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\* We have copied this statement from a local paper.

who belongs to a gang, who goes out armed at night, with six, eight, or a dozen confederates, and brings home his booty by the cartload. The occasional poacher is to be found everywhere, and though it is absolutely necessary to keep him in check, his offence is of a very different character from that of the regular poacher; differing from it almost as much as the crime of the servant who steals a shilling from her mistress's dressing-table, or a bottle of wine from his master's cellar, differs from the crime of the burglar who goes out equipped for violence, and prepared, if necessary, to resist capture by murder. Of the occasional or petty poacher we need not say much. Where there is an efficient gamekeeper he cannot do a great deal of harm, and indeed among the genuine agricultural labourers offences of this class are in some parts of England very scarce. The late Mr. Bromley Davenport once told the House of Commons, that on his own estate he had never heard of an agricultural labourer being convicted of poaching in his life.

It is the poaching gangs against whom our efforts should be directed; and there ought to be no more difficulty in suppressing them without the destruction of game, than there was in suppressing sheep-stealing without the destruction of sheep. As long as poaching of this kind continues to be profitable, men will be found to engage in it; and it will continue to be profitable as long as the receiver encourages the thief, and as long as a silly and ignorant sympathy with the crime committed induces every poacher to hope that, if caught, he will not be convicted, and, if convicted, will be lightly punished. The receiver can only be abolished partly by underselling the thief, partly by creating a public opinion against the illegal sale and purchase of game, which would make it disgraceful for any respectable tradesman to engage in it. The sympathy can only be abolished by divesting game of that exceptional character which it has too long been permitted to retain, as something essentially wild and common, and placing it on the footing of ordinary property. To do this, indeed, would probably effect both objects—destroy, that is, both the profit and the sympathy. But combined with a proposal which has been favourably noticed in the House of Commons, and to which we shall presently advert, it would in time put an end to poaching, almost as certainly as the reduction of customs duties put an end to smuggling.

The regular or wholesale poacher pursues his favourite occupation for about seven months out of the twelve, and probably works fitfully at some kind of handicraft during the other

other four. From March to August he is a tailor, shoemaker, or bricklayer. From August to March he is more agreeably occupied, spending his mornings in bed, breakfasting copiously about noon on beefsteaks, bacon, and ale, diverting the afternoon with dog-fighting and skittles, and returning at night to the fields, woods, and plantations. During the greater part of this time he may earn from two to three pounds a week, and during the other part perhaps half as much. There is no denying that poaching has a charm of its own, which redeems it from the utter brutality of the house-breaker or garotter; and accounts to some extent for the mischievous indulgence extended to it by persons who do not look below the surface. Ground-game is taken by the night-poacher in long nets, from two to three feet in height, and pegged to the ground at short intervals, along the edge of a plantation. One man can set a hundred yards in three minutes. When the net is ready, the adjoining fields where the hares and rabbits are at feed are beaten with mute dogs, who drive them to the shelter of the cover, where they are at once, of course, entangled in the meshes, and speedily find their way into the poacher's cart. The wonderful silence with which all this can be effected must have been experienced to be understood. The practised ears of watchers and keepers may be close at hand, and yet fail to catch a single sound; the faintest whisper, the lowest whistle, even the crackling of a leaf, being sufficient to put them on the alert. We have lain in a ditch ourselves, while six or seven poachers passed within a dozen yards, and never heard the slightest noise; for it is necessary, of course, to let them set their nets before showing yourselves, as in that case you not only catch them in the act, but at the same time secure their implements, always an object with the game-keeper, as they cost a good deal of money, and the loss of them falls heavily on the poachers' fund, out of which all such expenses are defrayed. The great danger while lying in ambush is that the poacher's dog may get wind of you, in which case you may be taken at a disadvantage, with very disagreeable consequences.

These gangs, whether they come from distant towns, or the large manufacturing villages, which are common in the midland counties, are often formed of desperate men, who are formidable antagonists even when unarmed with guns. They are as regularly trained in stone-throwing, for instance, as our soldiers are in musketry, and with pockets full of the sharp Mountsorrel stone, used for mending the roads, they will keep at bay any but a very resolute assailant. Serious wounds are often

often inflicted by these missiles ; for at eight or ten yards the poacher is a dead shot with them, and if the blow only stuns the keeper, his purpose is answered just as well as if it cut his head open. With guns, of course, they are still more dangerous. But we cannot agree with the dictum recently delivered from the Bench by one of our learned Judges, that keepers should always be allowed to carry guns when they expect a conflict with poachers ; and for this reason, that a poacher is not deterred from coming to close quarters by the sight of firearms, while he will feel all the more justified in carrying them himself if he knows they will be carried by the keepers. The latter, moreover, can never fire till they are fired at, so that the poacher has a double chance, and he will run the risk of a return shot with the most perfect hardihood. A relation of the present writer fell in one night with some poachers, for whom he was on the watch ; and in the course of a struggle that ensued, he and the keeper succeeded in separating the leader of the gang from his companions, and, after a long pursuit, brought him to bay at a narrow foot-bridge spanning a small but deep brook. On the other side of the plank the poacher took his stand, and levelled his gun at the keeper. 'Very well,' said his master, 'if you shoot him I shall shoot you, so I give you fair warning.' The Squire was known far and wide for a man of his word, who if he said he would shoot you, was like Sir Thomas Picton, 'damned likely to do it.' But the man pulled the trigger without a moment's hesitation. Fortunately for all parties, the cap missed fire, and before he could replace it his pursuers rushed in upon him and took him. Here was certain death staring him in the face, but it did not stop him. The fact that two men stood in front of him with loaded guns, which, as he well knew, they were fully prepared to use, would not have prevented murder from being committed, had not an accident intervened.

Another case we remember of much more recent occurrence, when a keeper, himself unarmed, was shot dead by a poacher with whom he came up after a long run, and whom he gallantly attempted to seize. In this case, if the unfortunate man *had* carried a gun, of what use would it have been to him ? We do not think, therefore, that keepers ought to carry guns at night ; but we do think, that poachers who carry them should be held guilty of an offence distinct from mere night-poaching, and liable to a much heavier penalty. For it is impossible, as the reader will easily perceive, for the keepers to allow themselves to be intimidated by  
firearms.

firearms. If they did, every poacher in the country would carry them, and would be secure of impunity. For these murderous gangs there is no excuse whatever; and there is no reason in the world why the full severity of the law should not be brought to bear upon them. The most rigorous measures against these professional ruffians are perfectly compatible with forbearance towards petty offenders, as long as there is any hope of weaning them from their lawless propensities.

In the first place, then, there should certainly be a penalty for carrying firearms at night in execution of an unlawful purpose, over and above the punishment imposable on night-poaching.\* Guns, be it remembered, are only required by the gang men for one kind of poaching, and not always for that. Hares, partridges, and rabbits are always netted; and pheasants very often. It is of course the night-poacher's object to make as little noise as possible, and therefore to use guns as little as possible; and very frequently when he takes one with him there is nothing for him to shoot, except the keepers. Night-poaching, therefore, should be divided into two kinds, the greater and the less. And the first should be punished very heavily. One great advantage of this plan would be that the poacher, if he was caught with a gun, would know that he had no chance of escape. Guns are not usually discharged till the struggle has begun, and the men are all mixed up together, so that it is often very difficult to say with certainty by whom they were fired, and whether at a dog or a man, or by pure accident. Thus the really guilty person frequently gets the benefit of the doubt. But there would be much less difficulty in swearing to the fact that A, B, or C, had a gun in his hand when the two parties met, and if that were made a serious offence by itself, the comparative certainty of conviction and punishment would

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\* By the Act of 1828 it is enacted, 'That if any persons, to the number of three or more together, shall by night unlawfully enter or be on any land, whether open or enclosed, for the purpose of taking or destroying game or rabbits, any of such persons being armed with any gun, crossbow, fire-arms, bludgeon, or any other offensive weapon, each and every of such persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and being convicted thereof before the Justices of Gaol Delivery or of the Court of Great Sessions of the county or place in which the offence shall be committed, shall be liable, at the discretion of the Court, to be transported beyond seas for any term not exceeding fourteen years, nor less than seven years, or to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three years, and in Scotland any persons so offending shall be liable to be punished in like manner.'

But this is not enough. What we wish to see is some change in the law by which carrying fire-arms shall be constituted an exceptional offence, distinct from carrying bludgeons, flails, or life-preservers. These are all 'offensive' weapons; but a gun is a deadly weapon.

go some way towards ensuring the disuse of firearms by these unscrupulous marauders.

Could the conflicts between poacher and keeper be robbed of the tragic incidents which now too often accompany them, a great step would have been gained. The Game Laws would be relieved from one great source of odium, and poaching be brought more on a level with vulgar and commonplace offences. The next quarter into which our enquiries must be carried is the game-dealer's back premises, where he keeps whole rooms full of game, in a cool place, to replenish his front as they are wanted. It is already unlawful by the Act of William IV. for game-dealers to buy game from any unlicensed person, or for any unlicensed person to sell game. But the law seems to have remained a dead letter ever since it was passed, owing, we suppose, to the great difficulty of enforcing it. Some gentlemen are of opinion that one of the provisions of the Dutch Game Law might be advantageously introduced into our own, and that is 'the certificate of origin' required from every one who is found with game about his person, not being on a highway or footpath, and from any sender of game out of one province in which the fence months have expired, into another where they are still in force. The object of this last-mentioned provision is, of course, to prevent game killed in one district during the continuance of the close time from being passed off as game killed in another, where it has terminated; and in a very extensive country, where there are a great many different dates fixed for the beginning and end of the shooting season, such a provision is obviously necessary. But we hardly see that it would meet the abuse which is our principal difficulty in England. What we stand so much in need of here is some means of compelling the dealers to buy only from persons who are authorized to sell, either from the owner of the game, or those deputed by the owner. If the game-dealer could be compelled to produce a certificate of origin for all the game in his shop, the thing would be done. But how could that be managed? How, that is, could the dealer be prevented from making one certificate do duty for half-a-dozen different consignments? The police or the inspectors could not always be rushing about the country to ascertain if these certificates were genuine. And on the whole we seem obliged to fall back on the two propositions to which we have already referred, and which are to some extent dependent on each other; the one, that game should be made property; the other, that gentlemen who sell their game should condescend to be licensed dealers, and pay their annual tribute to the Exchequer.

To the first of these proposals the one objection, which to many people seems insuperable, is the difficulty of identification. But although the Committee of 1873 reported against it, chiefly on this ground, in the evidence taken before them, there is a considerable body of opinion in favour of it. Why should not game be the property of the man on whose land it is found, in which case it would be the property of any other person to whom he had given it? This question was asked by several witnesses, and in answer to it the Committee can only say, that 'it seems unreasonable to include in the category of property animals which, by their own act, and against the will of the person on whose soil they happen to be, without any right in him to retain them, transfer themselves to the soil of another.'\* *Why* is it unreasonable? This seems to us a mere prejudice. The proposed change might, of course, lead to some difficulties in the way of prosecutions; but if it facilitated the conviction and punishment of men who were caught in the act, game preservers would certainly be the gainers by it. It is not sufficiently remembered that game is very domestic, and that partridges and pheasants generally come home at night to the place where they were bred, even if they have wandered from it by day. Hares and rabbits on the outside of an estate will be found, of course, occasionally on another man's land; but they will make for their own cover when disturbed, and would be caught on the ground to which they properly belonged, even if not started on it. A good deal of course would depend on public opinion. If juries refused to convict men of theft whom they readily convict of poaching; if, in other words, the 'moral sense of the community' is against making game property, of course the attempt would be a failure. But we know of no evidence whatever to show that such is the state of public feeling. It is the practical difficulty, not the moral repugnance, which always comes uppermost whenever the proposal is discussed. We should have said that public opinion in the abstract was entirely in favour of the change. And our own belief is that, if it were adopted, the ideas of the poulterer or fishmonger would speedily adjust themselves to the new standard of right and wrong created by it, and that after a few years they would no more think of buying stolen game than the butcher thinks of buying stolen beef.

We must not be the slaves of words. The game on an estate is now reared, fed, sheltered, and protected by the owner or occupier of the soil, and is virtually *his own* as much as his

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\* Rep. ix.

pigs, his poultry, or his bees. That there is a technical difficulty in proving it to be his property does not make it not his property. The difficulty of the proof is one thing, the nature of the chattel is another. And there need be no practical difficulty whatever in nine cases out of ten, where the keepers see it actually taken upon the owner's ground. The tenth case, in which they have not seen it, and could only proceed against the men as poachers, we should think they would willingly give up for the sake of the advantage they would gain in dealing with the other nine.

There still remains to be considered what the old Game Law reformers expected to be a death-blow to poaching, and that is the supply of the market by the game preservers themselves: and the only two things, as it seems to us, which have interfered with the fulfilment of this expectation are the absurd prejudice entertained against the sale of game by gentlemen, and the equally ludicrous sympathy with the professional poacher which has been displayed, both by ignorant sentimentalists and crafty politicians. To make game property, and thoroughly to habituate the public to look on it as such, would go a long way towards removing the prejudice against trading in it; and if, in addition to this, all persons who are now qualified to sell game in virtue of their licence to kill it were required to take out a dealer's licence as well, public opinion, we think, would soon come round to the side of common sense, if it has not really done so long ago. The present Lord Hampden, addressing the House of Commons on the 19th of April, 1871, expressed his approval of this suggestion.

‘In respect of the over-preservation of game a check would be put upon the practice by making game rateable, and a further check would be provided by making it expensive. He agreed with what had been put forward, that landlords who sold their game should be required to take out a heavy licence. With such a provision in force, landlords would either preserve game for purposes of trade; or give up preserving, and save the cost of the licence.’

And when game was once placed on so prosy a footing as this, nobody could object to the sale of it on sentimental grounds. The landowner would either pay for the licence and make game breeding a regular business, in which case he ought to be able, if he had fair play, to drive the poachers out of the market; or he would not pay for the licence, and then, as he could not sell the game, he would preserve less, and public opinion be propitiated from another point of view.



The present age is said to be intolerant of shams, but the outcry against the Game Laws is probably the most gigantic sham which has ever attained currency in this country. Here are a number of living creatures, pleasant to the eye and good for food, reared and protected at considerable cost by the owners and occupiers of land; and these are told either that other persons have just as good a right to them as themselves; or else that they must not keep them, because they are a temptation to crime! All kinds of property are a temptation to crime; and if the freedom with which game is exposed makes it a greater temptation than property which is kept out of sight, the distinction affects only the occasional poacher whose case has already been considered. The gangs are wholly unaffected by it. Many members of a gang never see a head of game by daylight. They are not suddenly tempted by the sight of a rabbit in a tuft of grass or the discovery of a hare's run in a hedge. To them the pheasants in a preserve are as much locked up and invisible as the diamonds in a jewel-case or the spoons and forks in a plate-chest. They know that in such and such a wood the Squire or my Lord has two or three hundred pheasants carefully fenced in, fed every day like his chickens, and watched from infancy to maturity with still greater solicitude. They do not see these birds. They only know of their existence, as they know of the existence of other valuables. They are aware that they will have the same difficulties to encounter, and the same resistance to overcome, as the burglar has. Their temptation, then, is the same as his, neither greater nor less, and to pretend that it is anything else is sheer hypocrisy. The pretence, in fact, would never be made, were it not hoped to wound through the Game Laws a class which is obnoxious to the Radical, and to be hunted down by every means at his disposal, like a wolf or a wild cat.

If, however, the Radical hopes to use the peasantry for this purpose, he believe he will be disappointed. At all events, it will be difficult to enlist the agricultural labourer in a crusade against game or field sports: and if the whole of the two million voters about to be enfranchised, instead of little more than a third of them, belonged to this class, the members of Parliament in the next House of Commons in favour of any sweeping change, would probably not be so numerous as they are in this.

We have said a good deal of the country gentleman's interest in field sports, and of the motive they supply for constant residence on his estate. To those who would dispute the value of a resident landed gentry we can offer no better answer than  
has

has been given by Mr. Gladstone himself.\* But to many who would not, it may, nevertheless, occur to ask, why game must necessarily be preserved for their amusement? Why, it may be said, should not a country gentleman take his three months' holiday in the year, and come back to the management of his estate, like a professional man to his business? Several answers of various degrees of weight may be given to this question. In the first place, our Parliamentary system opposes a very serious obstacle to the introduction of such habits. All the House of Lords, and half the House of Commons, are landed proprietors, and have consequently but five months for residing on their estates, often very extensive ones, and giving that personal supervision to the management of them which is considered so valuable. If from these five months we cut off three, or even two, we reduce the proprietor at once to the condition of an absentee. But, besides the inspection of their properties, such men have other duties to perform of an equally indispensable character. Members have to mix with their constituents; great peers have to preside at county meetings, impart and receive information on various important subjects, feel the pulse of public opinion in their respective districts, and exercise a popular and liberal hospitality. That noblemen and country gentlemen who are members of Parliament should be absent from their estates during the autumn and winter months seems impossible. Gentlemen, on the other hand, who are not members of Parliament, are bound to be on the spot on such occasions, as they are the leading men of the constituency, and the leading men of the county, in the absence of peers and representatives. That they should enjoy as many opportunities as possible of intercourse with the latter is of the highest importance, and is, in fact, absolutely necessary to the efficient working of the whole machine.

Of those again who have no Parliamentary duties to keep them in England during the spring and summer, a large proportion visit London in the season. And if any one doubts the beneficial effects of this custom, we refer him to a work above the suspicion of prejudice on any such subject as this, if not on any subject whatever—*The Office and Work of Universities*, by John Henry Newman. What Oxford or Cambridge is to the youth, that, says he, is London to the grown man, and intercourse with the best society of the Metropolis helps to fit him for the discharge of the duties of his station in a way that climbing up

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\* Speech on Irish Land Act, Feb. 15, 1869.

Mont Blanc would never do. If it is said that this, then, is his amusement, and let him be content with this, the answer is, that no man can judge for another on points of this kind, and that, practically, men do not find that relaxation in London ball-rooms which they do find in hunting and shooting. For these sports the only substitute is travelling. And by the terms of our argument, even gentlemen who are not members of Parliament, cannot have both a season abroad, and a season in London as well. We leave the reader to judge for himself now, how much of that kind of amusement, which combines relaxation and excitement, would be left to a resident proprietary, if field sports were abolished. That the owner of an estate should find his principal amusements at home; that these should be of a manly and invigorating character, and such as to bring him into contact as much as possible with all classes of society; are propositions which nobody will dispute except the Radical zealot who wishes to destroy the whole system, or the effeminate philosopher who is afraid of wetting his feet, and looks down with literary contempt on all physical exertion and feats of hardihood as worthy only of savages, or soldiers.

This may seem a small matter. But it is evidently the desire, the scarcely veiled desire, of a certain class of reformers in this country to effect a complete dissolution of the structure of rural society, and to banish at the same time all those ideas, traditions, and associations, which still haunt the village and the manor house, and constitute one of the chief strongholds of Conservatism. To this end misrepresentation, exaggeration, calumny, and even gross unadulterated falsehood, are set actively in motion far and wide, high and low, by the agents of the Radical confederacy, in order to kindle the torch of discord, and inflame against each other the various classes of the rural community, who have so long presented an unbroken front to the progress of revolution. Nothing is of small account on which the promoters of this great change rely for the success of their attempt. We are far from underrating the conservatism of the large towns, the conservatism of reflection and conviction, which is still destined to play so important a part in moulding the history of this Empire. But there is also a conservatism of the heart and the affections, the conservatism of Wordsworth and George Eliot, which we cannot afford to lose in the great struggle that is at hand; and this is born of the woods, and the hills, and the streams, and the eloquent immutability of nature. To destroy this will be impossible till England becomes one huge city; but it may be so divided and  
distracted

distracted as to be reduced to impotence; and this is the object with which ninety-nine persons out of every hundred approach the subject who complain of the injustice of the Game Laws.

If the commercial aristocracy choose to challenge the territorial; if the mill-owners choose to say to the landowners, 'You are a selfish, luxurious, and tyrannical class, living on the sweat of the poor, between whom and yourselves all the sweet sympathies and charities of life have long since disappeared; who, by buying out smaller proprietors, have created a gigantic monopoly, and now dictate terms to your miserable serfs to whose very faces you are strangers: for this grinding despotism we wish to substitute the milder and more benignant system of the commercial aristocracy, who never do anything of the kind, whose leading members are self-denying philanthropists, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and tending the sick, as often as they hear of their necessities, whose power, all who come within its range, love, venerate, and bless: and for whom all their dependants, should a civil war break out to-morrow, would fight knee-deep in blood;'—if our manufacturing millionaires appeal to the British public to act as umpire between themselves and the county families in a struggle based on this contrast, who should say them nay? Let the battle be fought, and let the truth win: and as in war all stratagems are fair, we cannot find fault with them for any disguise which they may think proper to assume in order to gain the day. But we may claim the right of plucking it off; and we have therefore thought it our duty to expose the hypocrisy which cloaks the outcry against the Game Laws. All honest attempts to ease them where they still pinch, and to prevent injustice from being done to either proprietor, farmer, or labourer, command our heartiest approval. But we would set the agricultural classes on their guard against those pseudo-benefactors who, under cover of promoting their welfare, are only pushing forward their own jealous and malicious projects; and, while apparently intent on assisting the tenant or the labourer, are only waiting their opportunity to stab the landlord in the back.

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- ART. X.—1. *Proceedings in the House of Commons, June 8th, 1885.*  
 2. *Mr. Gladstone's Letter to the Midlothian Electors, June 27th, 1885.*  
 3. *Manifesto of the National Liberal Federation.*  
 4. *Speeches of Sir W. Harcourt, Sir C. Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain, June, 1885.*

IN the early part of last month, an event occurred which took by surprise the whole country, with the possible exception of three or four members of the Ministry, who appear to have been in the secret. It is a most important part of our business to place upon record in these pages materials for future history, and consequently it now becomes our duty to describe the facts in connection with a series of incidents which will long be memorable in our political annals.

It happened, then, on the 8th of June, that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach brought forward a motion condemning the new duties on beer and spirits, which were embodied in Mr. Childers's Budget. It was further proposed to postpone 'fresh legislation on real property,' until effect had been given to the resolutions of the House of Commons passed on the 17th of April, 1883, and the 28th of March, 1884. It is quite evident that, in framing this resolution, Sir M. Hicks-Beach had not the least suspicion, that he was loading a piece which was destined to deal out destruction to the renowned Gladstone Administration. He assured the House, that he had no wish 'to express any censure on the Government, or to move a vote of want of confidence.' His object was merely to 'invite the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remodel his Budget.' It is obvious, indeed, that he could not have meant to do much more than this, for the Government still had a nominal majority over all opponents of 120, and although the new taxes were exceedingly unpopular, no great pressure from outside had been brought to bear upon the Ministry. It could not be pretended, that it was unusual or improper to require a Chancellor of the Exchequer to reconsider his proposals. Mr. Gladstone himself has been obliged to modify his Budgets; Mr. Lowe, when serving under him, was forced to abandon his match-tax, and in the same Budget an increase of the legacy and succession duties was thrown overboard by Mr. Gladstone, who dreaded the result of a motion of which Mr. Disraeli had given notice. No one seems to have thought the worse of Mr. Lowe for his failures—quite the contrary. He secured a peerage, and one of the last acts of

Mr. Gladstone

Mr. Gladstone in quitting office recently was to decorate the author of the match tax with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

There was, therefore, nothing unreasonable or especially alarming in the position taken up by Sir M. Hicks-Beach. Under a *régime* of economy, the great apostles of the 'retrenchment' doctrine had brought the national expenditure up to the almost unprecedented amount of 100,000,000*l.* During the last year of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration it had been little more than 84,000,000*l.* Mr. Gladstone's Government increased this to the extent of between four and five millions a-year. Liberals and Conservatives alike might well stand aghast at this result of all the great promises and professions of 1880. A remonstrance was inevitable, and there was nothing in its nature or terms to render Mr. Gladstone's resignation imperative. But the plain truth of the matter was, that the Ministry had come to its 'last ditch.' There was not another move left for it in any direction. In Egypt, in Ireland, in India—at home or abroad, far or near—there was absolutely nothing to be done which was not almost certain to bring new perils and disasters upon the country. The public received with impatience a scheme for increased taxation from a Ministry which had staggered blindly and helplessly from one quagmire to another. The storms which continually went on inside the Cabinet became at last so loud and so frequent, that it was impossible to keep them secret from the nation. They were a public scandal. One of Mr. Gladstone's loquacious colleagues has since come forward to reveal the secrets of this wonderful Cabinet. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre tells us\* that on one occasion when the Government escaped defeat by a majority of 14 only, Ministers were very anxious to resign. Here is his account, given with a freeness and a circumstantiality of detail, which we have not been accustomed to expect from a Cabinet Minister:—

'The occasion will ever be impressed on my mind, for I had very recently been favoured by admission to that interior body of members known as the Cabinet, who alone are responsible for the general policy of the Government, and the Cabinet which met immediately after this division was the first important one that I attended. It was decided, not without considerable hesitation, that to give up the Government at that moment would be running away from our difficulties. . . . We decided then to hold on.'

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\* Speech in Chatham Hall, Battersea Park Road, June 25, 1885. On June 26, the following notice appeared in the 'Daily News': 'A political pension of the second class has been conferred upon the Right Hon. George Shaw-Lefevre. The value of the pension is 1200*l.* per annum.' Mr. Shaw-Lefevre had only been in the Cabinet a few months.

Some day, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre will probably tell us more of what he saw and heard as a Cabinet Minister; the first instalment of his reminiscences is decidedly amusing. It not only proves how great an acquisition he must be to any government, but also that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had some thoughts of a 'bolt' months before they felt able to carry out their wishes. By the time June had come, their troubles had increased, and their desire to run away from them had increased in proportion. Everything was unsettled in Egypt, the Russian difficulty was by no means removed, and another Coercion Bill for Ireland was impending. The whole world could see that the Gladstone craft was waterlogged; scarcely could it have kept afloat under any circumstances twenty-four hours longer. It fell to the lot of Sir M. Hicks-Beach to give the Government a decent pretext for cutting loose from the wreck. His resolutions against the Budget were carried by a majority of 12.

It is unnecessary to go minutely into the controversy which followed. Whether the Liberal Whip misled his usual supporters, as some of them contend, or whether the chief of the Caucus passed round secretly the word of command for retreat and flight, may never be known; but the majority which had stuck by the Ministry in its ruinous blunders in Ireland, in its desertion of Gordon and of the Egyptian garrisons, and had encouraged it in all its purposeless, costly, and cruel wars—this servile majority suddenly melted away. 'I can no more forget,' writes Mr. Gladstone in his Letter to the Midlothian electors, 'than I can repay its confidence and kindness.' Undoubtedly he owes it a large debt of gratitude, especially if the convenient defeat of the 8th of June was privately planned—not, of course, by Mr. Gladstone—without the consent of the rank and file. In any case, the Liberals were at first greatly elated over their discomfiture. 'The feeling is abroad,' remarked one of their organs, 'that the leaders, released from office, will be able to "fire the prairie," and sweep the constituencies with overwhelming force.'\* 'The resignation of Ministers,' said another, 'has cut some knots hard to untie, and it will set Ministers at large, and "unmuzzled."'† 'If the Tories come in,' said Mr. Chamberlain's local newspaper, 'they will expect to be . . . compelled to explain and justify every step they take.'‡ Mr. Chamberlain himself rushed forth in hot haste, proclaiming that his 'hands were free,' and that his voice might 'now be lifted up in the cause of freedom and justice.' The voice of a

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\* 'Spectator,' June 13th, 1885.

† The 'Nonconformist.'

‡ 'Birmingham Post,' June 11th.

man in power, it seems, can only be lifted up in favour of oppression and misrule—and certainly the history of Mr. Chamberlain's brief career as a Minister lends some support to the inference his words suggest. He went on to describe the new Conservative Government (not then formed) as mere 'caretakers,' a 'stop-gap Government,' holding office on sufferance, until 'the new tenants are ready in November for a prolonged—and I hope, permanent—occupation.\*' His Caucus at Birmingham hastened to follow up the master's hints. It issued a 'manifesto' declaring that 'popular freedom' was endangered, and that Lord Salisbury had endeavoured to 'employ the influence of the Crown in order to compromise the liberties of the House of Commons.' This is the sort of 'fair play' that the new Ministry has to look for from the Liberal party. We need not deceive ourselves for a moment on that point. Scarcely had the Government been formed, before the campaign of slander and misrepresentation was reopened. Sir W. Harcourt tried to impress upon the public that Lord Salisbury had rushed into office with 'great alacrity,' and Mr. Chamberlain accused him of 'indecent haste,' the fact being that Lord Salisbury consented to take office with the utmost reluctance, and after a delay which called forth the inconsiderate censures of some Conservative journals. The correspondence read by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the 23rd of June proves, that nothing but a high sense of duty to his Sovereign and his country could have prevailed over Lord Salisbury's extreme disinclination to take office without power, and to face the overwhelming difficulties created by the retiring Government in the teeth of an adverse and unscrupulous majority. What man in his senses would be eager to jump into the chaos in which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues left the country? Who does not see that Lord Salisbury has incurred grave risks for his party and himself by rendering himself even superficially responsible for the appalling blunders of the last five years and a half? No one, we believe, denies that Lord Salisbury is a shrewd and clear-sighted man. Is it likely that he was blind to the dangers of taking up the wild tangle which the Liberal party have left behind them, and which no human foresight or skill can possibly enable him to unravel properly? Yet, because he felt it incumbent upon him to accept what Mr. Gladstone had refused, he was instantly accused of 'indecent haste' to get into office. His efforts to secure reasonable facilities for the despatch of business are described by Schnadhorst and Co. as

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\* Speech at the Cobden Club Dinner, June 13, 1885.



an attack on 'popular freedom.' If there ever was any one simple enough to suppose that the new Ministry would receive 'fair play' from the Radical rank and file, it is to be hoped that by this time he is satisfied that the millennium has not yet actually opened.

It now appears that several members of the late Government were impatient to get their hands 'free' to begin electioneering, and they were particularly desirous of not going to the country with the opprobrium upon them of having attempted to put a tax upon beer. Much will be forgotten before the elections. No one is better aware than Mr. Gladstone that the public memory is like a sieve, and that his own powers of re-shaping and remodelling facts, so as to render them available for any purpose required at the moment, are still inexhaustible, after forty years of incessant use. 'No memory is so short,' he has told us, 'as political memory. The party which can count upon forgetfulness need not trouble itself with repentance or conversion.'\* We know of no passage in all Mr. Gladstone's writings or speeches in which a profound truth is put into so few words. If people *remembered*, it would go hard with the Radical party. But they do not remember—they only forget; and upon that unalterable characteristic the Radicals are now relying for success. In four months' time, their misdeeds will be sunk out of sight. This is their confident expectation, and they have reason for clinging to it. The Conservatives are not particularly handy in using the weapons which their opponents thrust into their hands, and therefore we may almost take it for granted that the beer tax, for example, will be quietly dropped into the 'wallet of oblivion.' Who will remember next November the exact circumstances under which a divided and discredited Ministry crawled out at the back-door last June? Who will be in a position to challenge the statements, sure to be put forward, that when Mr. Gladstone resigned, the country was on terms of peace and good-will with all the world? A beginning in this direction was, indeed, made before the fatal month of June had passed. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, perhaps inspired by gratitude for his new pension, perhaps by a higher motive, made the following statement on the 25th of that month: 'By patience and perseverance, by a wise mixture of conciliation and firmness, we have cleared the ground of almost all the difficulties which we then had, and at the present moment you will find that there is scarcely any difficulty of importance to be dealt with, and, consequently, no

\* 'England's Mission,' article by Mr. Gladstone in the 'Nineteenth Century,' September, 1878, p. 563.

great danger, as respects foreign policy, from the admission of the Tory party to power.' The meaning of all this is that you cannot presume too much upon the short memory of the British public. And the Radicals are right. The bombardment of Alexandria, the terrible waste of blood in the Soudan, the blundering with Russia which brought us to the verge of war, the misgovernment of Ireland—the vacillation of one day, the misdirected and savage rigour of the next—about all these things a sort of haze is already beginning to gather in the popular mind. Did not Mr. Gladstone himself attack Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons, for asserting that the bombardment of Alexandria preceded its destruction by fire? He—the Prime Minister of England—insisted upon it, until somebody set him right later in the evening, that the 'conflagration took place *before* the bombardment.' What right have we to expect the general public to be more exact or better informed than Mr. Gladstone? Tell them a thing over and over again, and they may perhaps remember it. Unfortunately, the speakers who address them most frequently are those who have every interest in covering up the humiliating history of the late Administration, and it is well within the compass of Mr. Gladstone's powers to prove that he had nothing to do with the Egyptian wars, and that the sole blame for them rests with the Conservatives.

In this way, then, it may be an advantage to the Liberals to go to the country with a clear interval of several months between their failures and the election. The fate of Ministries of recent times seems to prove that any party, which has been in power for five years or more, has lived quite as long as the people desired. The nation by that time has had enough of it, and 'wants a change.' It will not be the fault of the late Ministry, if a large share of the odium of increased taxation is not dexterously transferred to Conservative shoulders. Mr. Gladstone has once or twice indicated that this will be his line, and we should recommend our friends not to take it for granted that he will not be successful in it. He is, justly or not, a great authority upon finance, and his word alone is received as a sort of revelation. It is true enough, as public records show, that the taxes invariably increase under his rule, but there is generally a 'surplus,' at least upon paper, and it is always produced by increasing the income tax. This is the great secret of the 'magic' of his finance. He lost no time, on coming into office in 1880, in bringing forward a 'Supplementary Budget' putting on the inevitable penny, and thus making his mind easy about the surplus for the following year.

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Sometimes he adds fourpence, as he did in 1859—but, until now, there has been a surplus to boast of, and people have gone about saying, ‘how very wonderful it is that Mr. Gladstone always gets one.’ In reality, it is not genius, but the extra penny that does it. Yet, despite every contrivance that experience and ingenuity could suggest, the Gladstone Government provided for the people in 1885–86 a deficit of 15,000,000*l.*, an ordinary expenditure of 88,000,000*l.*, and a total expenditure of 100,000,000*l.* This is the great financial exploit of the men who talk of ‘honouring’ Cobden by going once a year to eat and drink in his name. Mr. Bright has already repudiated them as violators of the moral law. Still more emphatic would be the language applied to them by Mr. Cobden, if he could return to see how his name has been abused and his principles burlesqued.

Now the most vigorous attempts will be made by the Radicals to deceive the public concerning their management of the finances, and to cast the responsibility for it upon Lord Salisbury’s Government, which will have the burden of providing for the debts of their predecessors. The impossibility of making this provision by ordinary means is one of the causes which led to the stampede of the Gladstone Ministry. The income tax cannot be depended upon to do everything. The sources of our revenue are singularly inelastic, compared with other countries, and the inventive powers of the late Cabinet could devise nothing more brilliant, in the way of exceptional imposts, than an additional duty on spirits and a tax on beer. That was the last crowning product of ‘all the talents,’ and it did more harm to the Government in twenty-four hours than their costly and suicidal blunders abroad had done in years. The orators will go about telling the working-men that Mr. Gladstone inherited his financial difficulties, but they will not be able to say that he was driven by the evil genius of Lord Beaconsfield to levy a tax upon beer. Failing that plea, a totally new ground of defence will be requisite, and some supporters of Mr. Gladstone have luckily hit upon something that seems likely to answer the purpose. They have discovered that the Gladstone wars and extravagant expenditure are to be traced simply to the ‘irony of Providence.’ Sustained by this conviction, they propose to win the next election, as they did the last, by staking everything on his name. Sir William Harcourt was naturally the first in the field. He told a meeting\* that they proposed to place ‘upon that honoured head, which the Tories have defamed, insulted, and reviled, the worthy

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\* Held at St. James’s Hall, June 16.

crown of final victory.' This is the same man, strange to say, who insulted and reviled Mr. Gladstone through an entire Session, who taunted him with holding office merely by virtue of a 'blustering majority,' and who never ceased to throw dirt at that 'honoured head' until he was silenced by another good place. Such is the lofty standard of principle and good faith by which Sir William Harcourt is guided.\* He is prepared now, he gives us to understand, to nail the flag to the masthead—an exhibition he is never tired of repeating; and he added, 'We shall fight it out for the old cause and the old man.' Politics are thus reduced to the simplest elements. When inconvenient questions are put, such as—what are your principles? what policy do you advocate? what course do you intend to pursue? the answer is so easy that any child might repeat it: the Same Old Man. With a packet of these cards in his pocket, no Liberal candidate need fear failure. Say nothing about the Irish Coercion Bills, about the Transvaal, about Egypt, about Gordon, about the hundred millions, about the beer tax, about anything that has taken place since 1880. Foreign policy is a thing of nought. 'The truth is,' another Cabinet Minister has recently told us,† 'that when you talk to a hard-working Scotchman or Welshman or Englishman about Merv and Cyprus, and the necessity of keeping the Germans out of Africa, and the necessity of keeping Russia out of Asia Minor, and the necessity of keeping the Bulgarians out of Macedonia, with the view of making him a Conservative, you are talking to him about matters for which he cares very little.' This is the ground upon which the Radicals are now building. The people know little about our foreign relations, and care less. Mr. Gladstone himself has stated that as a great fact with which the modern statesman has to deal. We do not undertake to challenge it, but it must not be allowed to prevail just now. The first duty of Conservative candidates is to 'educate' the people, and it will only be a prudent beginning if some of them will resolve to educate themselves. They will do well to look closely into the actual facts connected with the late Ministry, and to study with great care that 'ancient history,' going back to 1880, which the *flâneurs* of the daily press treat with so much contempt. These writers know everything, but the general public do not.

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\* 'Amid the hubbub [in May, 1877] it is generally agreed that it would be more decorous if Harcourt did not quite so loudly utter his reprobation of Gladstone's conduct. If Sir William forgets that it was Gladstone who took him from below the gangway and made him a knight, other people have better memories.'—'A Diary of 'Two Parliaments,' by H. W. Lucy, vol. i. p. 226.

† Mr. Trevelyan at Galashiels, June 3rd, 1885.

Assume a large degree of popular ignorance as to the course of public events during the last five years, and there never will be any occasion to regret it. Take the opposite course, and it will be found that the people do not even profess to know what you are talking about.

The first thing which should never be forgotten, although the fallen Ministers will try their hardest to deny or conceal it, is that the late Government collapsed amid general and complete disgrace and failure—failure more signal and more notorious than any Government of modern times has incurred, unless it be that of Lord Aberdeen. To vary one of Mr. Gladstone's own phrases, 'there is not an instance, there is not a spot upon the whole map, where you can lay your finger and say, "There the Gladstone Administration did good."' In the Transvaal, in India, in Egypt, in Europe, either actual disasters have been brought upon us, or a train has been laid which must inevitably produce them in the future. The Liberals often take credit to themselves for having had a definite policy to lay before the country in 1879; but, so far as it was definite at all, it has been dishonoured, repudiated, and reversed in every detail since 1880. The programme was sketched out in the Midlothian Speeches, and those speeches, when compared with the deeds of the late Ministry, will be Mr. Gladstone's all-sufficient condemnation in history. No public man ever before framed so ruinous an indictment of his own reputation. It needs no adversary to assail his career, or to attempt to destroy his character as a statesman. Nothing more is requisite than for some impartial hand to make an abstract of his principles as formulated between 1876 and April 1880, and place it side by side with a plain unvarnished record of his acts as a Minister since the latter date. To that record Mr. Gladstone's worst enemy would scarcely desire to add a word. It would tell its own tale, and such a tale there is not to be told of any public man who has flourished during the present century. We cannot now undertake to present this contrast with all the fulness that would be desirable, but every man who wishes to influence public opinion in favour of truth and justice should make himself master of the case. It is absurd to suppose that the general body of the public will recollect all about it. The 'man in the white hat,' to use Lord Palmerston's phrase, has only room in his head for one thing at a time. Moreover, to recal all that Mr. Gladstone has said and done would require an unusually retentive memory, or a power of research and analysis not possessed by the majority of mankind. But there are certain broad features of

of the history which almost everybody ought to be able to carry about with him.

For instance, it can be proved beyond all cavil or doubt that Mr. Gladstone came into power—apart from the Irish vote—mainly through his solemn, distinct, and reiterated promises of peace. The country had been disturbed, it wanted rest, and under Mr. Gladstone there would be, happen what might, no more bloodshed. This was the foundation stone of the whole Gladstonian edifice. All over the country—in corn-markets, in music-halls, from the windows of railroad carriages, from carts, apple-stalls, and the stumps of trees—Mr. Gladstone played incessantly on this one string—peace. He invoked sacred names, and all the powers, human and divine, to bear witness that war was a crime, and that he would never be led, driven, nor enticed into it again. The great aim of foreign policy, he said on occasion, ‘ought to be to preserve to the nations of the world—and especially, were it but for shame, when we recollect the sacred name we bear as Christians, especially to the Christian nations of the world—the blessings of peace.’\* And he wished very much to know how Bishop Butler, ‘were he still walking in his garden at Bristol,’ would ‘estimate the prevailing forgetfulness that a war without a cause, besides being contemptible in the eye of reason and ruinous in policy, is a crime in the sight of man, and a sin of deep dye in the sight of God?’† He drew a picture of what might happen under those convenient dummies, of whom he made much use of at that time—Lord Hartington and Lord Granville:—‘The sacrifices of the national interest and honour may be redeemed; the stain of blood [here a dexterous allusion was made in a footnote to a “striking and powerful sermon of Mr. Spurgeon”] may be effaced from our coming though not from our past annals; finance may be re-established, public confidence restored, and public affairs may again, as a great stream returning from flood within its banks, set onward in a course of strong, yet tranquil, movement.’‡ Any one who will take the pains to toil through the mountain of words, which Mr. Gladstone piled up at this period, will find scores of passages to a similar effect. The sum and substance of them was this: he was to bring back prosperity and peace to an afflicted country, while Lord Beaconsfield was determined to drag it into war. This is what Mr. Gladstone meant when he said, ‘I have become an agitator in my old age for the sake of thwarting what I believe

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\* Speech at West Calder, November 27th, 1879.

† ‘Nineteenth Century,’ March 1878, p. 592.

‡ Ibid. August 1879.

to be the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield.' There never was a greater calumny perpetrated on one public man by another than that which attributed to Lord Beaconsfield a desire to involve his country in war; but it answered its purpose. Every Liberal newspaper, and most Liberal speakers, took up the cry. At last, the Minister who was supposed to be thirsting for war was turned out, and the Minister who was all for peace came in. 'The political nightmare is over,' exclaimed one member of Parliament;\* 'we are breathing a freer, purer atmosphere, and instead of having our hands red with the blood of semi-civilized tribes fighting for their homes, we have taken a new departure on the path of commercial development, peace, and concord among the nations.'

These words were scarcely uttered before a reign of bloodshed, scarcely equalled in our generation, began in Ireland, and was carried on in Egypt until thousands of lives had been sacrificed—the lives of men who had committed no other crime, according to Mr. Gladstone's own statement, than that of 'struggling to be free, struggling rightly to be free.' It is estimated that fully 9000 British soldiers have been killed or invalided in Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian campaigns, and 60,000 at the very least have perished on the other side. If Sir William Harcourt wishes for a few names to inscribe on that 'old flag' which he wraps round his form at election time, we recommend him to make his selection from the following: Alexandria, El Teb, Tamasi, Tokar, Sinkat, Berber, Khartoum. Every one of these places is indelibly associated with that wanton and useless waste of blood which 'is a crime in the sight of man, and a sin of deep dye in the sight of God.' The commonest foresight or prudence would have sufficed to prevent the loss of a single man in Egypt, for it would have averted war altogether.

Never was blood spilt so utterly in vain, for no country and no cause has been benefited by it. It has injured England, weakened Egypt, and brought the name of our Government low before all the world. Mr. Gladstone, when he has taken breath, will probably attempt to show that, in some mysterious way, he only 'inherited' these wars; but it will be the duty of the party, which he has so industriously vilified ever since he deserted it, to expose this misrepresentation. The sequence of events, which was signalized by the revolt of Arabi, and ended—for the present—with the surrender of the Soudan to the Mahdi, began with that Joint Note of January, 1882, which the Radicals themselves have described as the 'unluckiest move' ever made.

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\* Mr. Baxter at the Cobden Club Dinner, July 1880.

That was the origin of all the troubles which afterwards befel the Gladstone Ministry as regards Egypt. Then came the revolt of Arabi, the demand from our Government for his expulsion, the gradual destruction by us of the Khedive's authority, and the long catalogue of blunders and misfortunes which has to be recorded against the Radical Administration. One day we avowed our determination to turn our backs upon the Soudan, and the next we demanded that 'the Soudan *in toto*, including Khartoum the capital, should be immediately abandoned' by the Egyptian forces. The garrisons were to be withdrawn, and Gordon and Stewart—two more names to be inscribed on Sir W. Harcourt's flag—were sent out to bring them away. At every step, Mr. Gladstone was like a man groping in the dark. He deceived himself, and he succeeded in deceiving the country. He saw everything upside down. He was not at war, but merely engaged in 'military operations.' Gordon was not 'surrounded'—he was only 'hemmed in.' On the first night of the present Session he was beginning a tortuous statement to prove that General Gordon might have escaped from Khartoum had he chosen, when the indignation of the House abruptly stopped him.\* He referred to the 'condition of those persons to whom General Gordon felt himself to be bound, and for whose sake he contentedly forbore—indeed, *more than contentedly*, he *determinedly forbore*, to make use of the means of personal safety which, so far as I know, were *largely at all times*, or, at all events, *long*, within his power.' This was Mr. Gladstone's epitaph on the 'remarkable person' whom he despatched on a crazy and hopeless mission, and whom he coldly abandoned to his fate.

When, therefore, the Radicals set to work, as they soon will, to persuade the people that all our embarrassments in Egypt are owing to Lord Salisbury and his new Government, let it be constantly borne in mind, that the Gladstone Government originated everything, and that at various times its members have condemned themselves. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre can only say, 'I hope it will be a lesson to us in the future not to embark in such expeditions . . . the withdrawals from which, I admit, cannot be effected without a certain loss of honour and prestige. Then hear Mr. Bright on the bombardment of Alexandria:—

'The House knows—many members at any rate who have had the opportunity of observing the facts of my political life know—that for forty years at least I have endeavoured from time to time to teach my countrymen the opinions and doctrines which I hold,

\* House of Commons, February 20th, 1885.



which is that the moral law is not intended only for individuals, but is intended also for the life and practice of States. I think the present case is a manifest violation of International law and of the moral law. Therefore it is impossible for me to give my support to it. I cannot repudiate what I have preached and taught during the period of a rather long political life. I cannot turn my back upon myself, and deny all that I have taught to many thousands of others during the forty years, that I have been permitted both in public meetings and in this House to address my countrymen.\*

Now take a certain declaration made by Mr. Chamberlain :† 'We thought—and I think you thought too—that we could not desert General Gordon in his need'—the very thing the Government did—'and that it would not be honourable or creditable to the British name that we should leave to *their probable fate the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan*, who had no other help but what they could expect from us.' Yet this also was done, and Mr. Chamberlain's statement conveys as severe a censure as could be passed on himself and his colleagues. Then we must also recal Mr. Gladstone's definition of his position, and his plans as given in the House of Commons at the outset of this very Session :—

'It became, as Lord Wolseley explained to us, a necessity for him to know whether he was to shape the measures that he might have immediately to take upon the supposition, that he was either now or eventually to proceed to overthrow the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum, or whether he was to proceed upon the opposite supposition, because the framework of those measures and their character would essentially depend upon our adoption of the affirmative or the negative upon that important point. The Government, giving the best consideration in their power to the question from the state of facts before them, decided in the affirmative—that it was their duty to instruct Lord Wolseley to frame his military measures upon the expectation and upon the policy of proceeding to overthrow the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum. The military consequences immediately flowing from that decision were these—in the first place, that there should be immediate action from Suakim against Osman Digna as a matter of essential necessity to open the route to Berber ; secondly, the decision to commence the construction of a railway ; and thirdly, the intention I have already described, which is the basis of the whole—to use Her Majesty's forces for the purpose of overthrowing the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum.'‡

This was the programme which Mr. Gladstone thought quite practicable only in February last. Past failures had taught

\* Speech in the House of Commons, July 18th, 1882.

† At Birmingham, January 29th, 1885.

‡ February 20th, 1885.

him nothing. He was prepared to go on to Khartoum or anywhere else—to spend the public money in making railways which he was afterwards to throw away, and to run after the Mahdi all over Africa. Hitherto, when any one has wished to cite a memorable instance of rashness and want of foresight in our warlike ‘operations,’ it has been usual to mention the Walcheren expedition. But that was wisdom itself compared with Mr. Gladstone’s Egyptian Expeditions. The Walcheren expedition was a miserable failure, no doubt, but it cost us less than 7000 lives. Mr. Gladstone in Egypt has thrown away half as many again, taking no account of the wholesale massacres of Soudani patriots. The ex-Prime Minister is sometimes compared with Pitt, sometimes with Canning, sometimes with Peel, sometimes with Palmerston. They were four very dissimilar men, and any one man who resembled them all would be a great curiosity. In the pages of history, it will be admitted that though Mr. Gladstone did not eclipse the fame of his more distinguished predecessors, he was fully equal as an organizer of foreign expeditions to the Duke of Portland.

Every candidate in the Conservative cause, and every Conservative writer, should be obliged to pass through an examination on the Egyptian war of the late Government. The public will stand in need of having the rugged, bare outlines of the history—if they will not attend to the details—shown to them day after day. The order of events, at any rate, ought to be stamped firmly upon the memory. There was the ‘*fons et origo mali*,’ the Joint Note of January, 1882, thus described by a well-known Radical: ‘It undid in a moment the work of years, and at the same time that it made an enemy of Arabi, it arrayed the Sultan, the Notables, and all the other Powers on his side.’ And again—‘to that unfortunate step we owe no small part of our present difficulties.’ So, too, our contemporary the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ (October 1882) admitted, that the Joint Note was ‘a mistake, and the diplomatic results of it only tended to strengthen the party of disorder.’ Well, then, after the Joint Note came the revolt of Arabi; the bombardment of Alexandria and the destruction of the city; the practical deposition of the Khedive; the slaughter on the Egyptian battle-field; the insurrection of the Mahdi; the massacre of Hicks and his army, and afterwards of Baker Pasha’s army; the waste of life at Suakim; the despatch of Gordon to slow torture and certain death; the massacres at Sipkat, Tokar, and Berber; the desertion and death of Gordon; the massacre at Khartoum; finally, the abandonment of Don-

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gola. What this abandonment means is set forth in a letter from a staff officer in Egypt, which deserves to be put on record \* :—

‘I wonder whether the English nation—taken as a nation—has any conscience at all. I do not think so. As far as I can see, our evacuation of Dongola province has not caused the slightest stir of any sort or kind at home. People have treated it with absolute indifference—12,700 wretched refugees have cleared out of the place, every one of whom is ruined, and the mass of whom will starve; for if you take these people away from their little patch of river frontage, with its sakeeyah and its cow, they have no means of livelihood whatever. Now, when we went up to Dongola last autumn, the whole province was, as things go in this country, well to do and prosperous. The result of our occupation has been to ruin it completely. The whole place is desolate, and the town is absolutely deserted. There is not a native in it, except such few as may be employed by our rear guard. We have turned all the inhabitants, who were fairly thriving before, into wanderers and beggars, and many of them, no doubt, will die of hunger; and nobody at home, so far as I can judge, gives all this a thought. I do not believe that any nation ever committed a more cold-blooded, cowardly, wicked act of selfishness than we have done in our evacuation of Dongola. However, it is done now. These poor wretches must starve as a sop to the philanthropic Liberal, and as the price which the late Government paid for its vote of credit. It bought its 11,000,000*l.* with the misery of some 15,000 poor creatures who had never done it or us any harm.’

The hands of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues forged every link in this chain. And it is worthy of note at the present moment—for the fact will be strenuously denied a few weeks hence—that one of the ex-Ministers, Mr. Chamberlain, has admitted the responsibility of the late Government for the disasters in Egypt. ‘To begin with,’ he said not long ago,† ‘let me answer the question, “Why did you go to Egypt?”’ And this was his answer :—

‘We also have got interests in Egypt. I do not speak now of the sums of money which are invested there, whether in the debt or in public works and national enterprises. I do not speak merely of the great trade with that country, of the cotton and corn which come from Egypt to England, and which are purchased with our manufactures. But Egypt is the highway to India and to our colonial possessions; four-fifths of the ships that traverse the Canal are under the English flag, and probably a great deal more than one half of all the merchandise which they bear is either going or

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\* Published in the ‘Times,’ July 9th, 1885.

† Speech at Birmingham, June 3rd, 1885.

coming between England and her own possessions. It is quite impossible that any Government with a sense of its duty and responsibility should ignore these vast and important interests, and if we had allowed Egypt to become the prey of anarchy and disorder, and if subsequently some other Power had interfered and taken possession of the country, I do not believe that this Government would have been forgiven; I do not believe that it would have been held to have done its duty; and I do not believe that its action would have contributed in the long run to the peace of the world.'

There is a great deal of truth in all this, though how a Government professing such views and opinions could reconcile them with the decision it arrived at just before its fall, to leave Egypt to its fate, it would require more ingenuity than Mr. Chamberlain possesses to explain. That his ingenuity will lead him very far, we have not the slightest doubt. We must be prepared to hear him demand the entire withdrawal of all British forces from Egypt—the swift reversal of the entire policy which he advocated as a Minister. It is essential, therefore, that we should remember the scheme which he propounded just before the defeat of the Ministry:—

'Now, gentlemen, what are the objects with which we still remain in that country? In the first place, we are bound to secure the independence of Egypt. It cannot be tolerated that after the sacrifices we have made our going away should be the signal for another Power to take up a preponderating position there. We have a right to ask, we have a right to expect, that some guarantee will be given to us that other nations will be as self-denying as we intend to be ourselves, before we can leave the country. But we have also something else to do. We have a duty which we owe to the Egyptians. We have to provide them with some form of government which is likely to be a settled one; we have to relieve the peasants from excessive or unjust taxation, which might be a cause of discontent and trouble in the future; and we have to create some kind of native or other army which may answer for the defence of the country against external enemies and against internal disorder.'\*

If Lord Salisbury and his Government attempt to carry out that policy, or any portion of it, they may be quite sure of the constant opposition and denunciation of Mr. Chamberlain. Thus, in the Birmingham manifesto of June 27th, it is stated that the Tory Ministry proclaim a policy of 'menace to European Powers in regard to Egypt.' Not one word of the kind has been uttered by the Ministry, but it *has* been uttered by Mr. Chamberlain. One of the 'smart dodges' of that eminent politician is to attribute to the Tories the very proposals which

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\* Speech to a deputation at Birmingham, June 3rd, 1885.

he has made himself. Thus, the Schnadhorst document absolutely has the hardihood to assert that the new Government advocates 'the maintenance of a repressive system in Ireland.' It is notorious that the very reverse is the case. The Gladstone-Chamberlain Government were the men who rode rough-shod over Ireland, as Irishmen are not likely to forget, no matter how industriously Chamberlain may fiddle and Schnadhorst dance. But we will deal with Irish matters presently—they are much too important to be left entirely in the hands of the Birmingham fiction-manufactory.

If the ex-Ministers had any success to put before us as a set-off to their great and undying disgrace in Egypt, some of them might not be driven to the device of falsifying facts. But there is nothing of the kind. They let havoc loose in the Transvaal; they sent back Cetewayo to South Africa, where he died miserably; they stirred up immense discontent in every part of India, through their Viceroy, Lord Ripon; they gave away Angra Pequena, and allowed themselves to be cheated in New Guinea; they brought us to the brink of war with Russia about Penjeh, and then discovered that Penjeh was of no value to anybody. Brag and bluster were put into requisition; the House of Commons was made to give eleven millions to coerce Russia; Mr. Gladstone clapped on the lion's skin and roared as loudly as Snug the joiner, and then there was the usual termination of the drama—Mr. Gladstone collapsed. It was like the scene in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream':—

*Lysander.* This lion is is a very fox for his valour.

*Theseus.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Demetrius.* Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.'

On the 27th of April Mr. Gladstone's words were full of war; on the 4th of May he gave up everything. He had blundered once more at every stage of the difficulty. At first he thought we ought to fight about Penjeh; then he came to the conclusion that the place was quite beyond our jurisdiction; then he found out that the Ameer of Afghanistan did not want it; then that we could not possibly hold our own if we went to war with Russia; finally, he came to the conclusion, that the best way out of the muddle would be to let Russia have her own way and say no more about it. The Conservatives did not refuse to vote for the eleven millions, because it is their rule to stand by the Government of the day in any dispute with Foreign Powers. But they were not blind to Mr. Gladstone's astounding blunders. 'I blame the Government,' said

the present Prime Minister,\* 'for ever having allowed the issue to be raised on such a question (Penjdeh). It is a distant inaccessible oasis, in which we could not have fought if we had wished. To send a British force to Penjdeh would have taxed all the energies and power of the Empire.' Mr. Gladstone could not see this. He made his warlike speech, Russia laughed in his face, and he sat down meekly to his usual dish of humble pie. We have wasted some millions in warlike preparations, and Russia is left master of the field. What has been done with the eleven millions? Thrown away, as completely as if they had been cast into the Baltic or the Red Sea.

It can scarcely be said that Parliament is responsible for the foreign policy of the late Government, for as a rule Parliament has been kept almost entirely in the dark, until it could no longer exercise any effective control. So much word-spinning and word-twisting, so many evasions of plain questions or dogged refusals to give information, we have never seen since Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, when he gradually embittered the whole country against him, and alienated his own followers by exhibiting a conspicuous want of candour and common sense. The late Government has made it a great offence that the Conservatives 'asked so many questions,' but it might at least admit that very few of the questions were properly answered. The art of equivocation was sedulously practised by every member of the Ministry. Each subordinate tried to equal his chief in weaving meshes of words so dense and confusing, that no ray of light could penetrate through them. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has recently stated † that 'it had been his lot, following his valued friend Sir Charles Dilke, for three successive years in the House of Commons to resist, with the support and approval, as he was glad to know, of his political leaders, that system,'—that is, the system of questioning the Government on its foreign policy, which the late Under-Secretary called 'crippling the Government.' This is an important admission, and no doubt Lord E. Fitzmaurice, and his 'valued friend,' and his political leaders will now and then be reminded of it. Lord Beaconsfield's Administration was badgered from morning till night by questions which could not be answered without injury to the public service; and then it was accused of hiding all its doings in a cupboard, and of enveloping itself in mystery. A similar charge will soon be

\* Speech at Hackney, May 6th, 1885.

† Speech at Glasgow, July 3rd.

made against Lord Salisbury's Government, for it is part of the Radical's stock in trade; and therefore it will be well to remind the public of the ex-Premier's habitual conduct in this respect. We are prepared to prove that it will be extremely difficult to find a single case in which he gave a straightforward and candid answer in the House of Commons. Sometimes he resented question or discussion as a bitter grievance. He could not see, being in 'office,' why Parliament should want to talk so much about Egypt, although he had actually begun a war there. 'Why in the world,' he exclaimed on one occasion, 'is this pressure exercised? Why two or three times a week have we these debates? *One might suppose that Egypt and the Soudan were in England!*'\* These memorable words serve incidentally to show in how extraordinary a manner Mr. Gladstone misconceived the Egyptian question, and underrated the magnitude of the task which he had undertaken. He was unfeignedly surprised at the interest which the public took in the fate of British troops, and in the hard struggle which General Gordon made for Khartoum. The popularity of Gordon surprised him beyond measure. He thought it quite unaccountable that people should want to know more than he chose to tell them about the progress of his various expeditions. Hence, too, it arose that despatches were kept back a long time, or were carefully 'edited' before publication. Thus, when the 'Joint Note' was under consideration, the Government suppressed Sir E. Malet's despatch concerning it, although—perhaps we should rather say *because*—it was known to be unfavourable to that Note. Gordon's despatches were invariably pruned before being submitted to the public, and Lord Granville defended this course, on the ground that 'justice to Gordon' required it! Communications with Russia were withheld until the subject of them had 'blown over,' and meanwhile Mr. Gladstone had given his own interpretation of them, as in the famous case of the 'Sacred Covenant.' If Lord Salisbury had only been guilty of the misstatements and quibbles which surround that Covenant, vessels of holy wrath would have been poured upon his head from Hawarden even unto the Tabernacle in Newton Butts.

On the 13th of March (1885), Mr. Gladstone went down to the House and informed it that the Russian Government had arrived at an '*agreement*' with Her Majesty's Government not to advance beyond the positions they then held on the borders

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\* Speech in the House of Commons, April 3rd, 1884.—'Times' report, April 4th.

of Afghanistan. This so astonished Lord Granville that he sent a message to Sir Edward Thornton, to enquire whether Mr. Gladstone had correctly stated the views of the Russian Government. It turned out that he had not, and then there came the usual outpouring of words, and the shambling apology. 'It was a long time after the facts,' pleaded the Prime Minister, 'and it was impossible for me from memory in a matter which certainly required verification to make an accurate statement'! But—there is always a saving clause in Mr. Gladstone's explanations—certain words could be found which, when wrenched from their context and turned from their true significance, might be made to appear to justify the original assertion as to the existence of an 'agreement.' When this second statement came to be sifted, it was found that, on the 18th of February, the Russian Minister had said, in reference to a totally different matter, 'the Russian soldiers should remain where they were.' Suppose once more that Lord Salisbury had done this? The whole land would have resounded with denunciations of his perfidy. Pulpits, platforms, press—all would have been set going at full speed, and Mr. Gladstone would have exhibited the culprit to young and old as an awful example of the consequences of departing from the love of truth. We have missed this great sight, because Mr. Gladstone was the sinner, and the Pope is not half so infallible.

It was a bad case, but it was not much worse than the Secret Treaty with M. Ferry, concluded by Mr. Gladstone just before the abortive Conference of July, 1884. That Conference, like the 'Concert of Europe,' was to liberate us from all our perplexities, and great were the rejoicings over it—*before* it met—in the circles of the faithful. When it came to so ludicrous a termination—Lord Granville bundling the plenipotentiaries out of the room, and shutting the door in their faces—the loud boastings stopped, and we saw that once more we had to depend on the sole aid and support of Mr. Gladstone. The Secret Treaty was enough in itself to ruin our cause, had the Conference gone on; and all information concerning it was systematically refused by the Government. The subsequent proceedings were quite worthy of a hole-and-corner Administration. A night was appointed for the discussion of the matter, the Conservatives were invited to be ready with their charges, and they *were* ready; Mr. Gladstone was there, to defend himself, as some people supposed. Suddenly the whole arrangement was seen to be a stage trick. Mr. Goschen stepped forward and said something about the discussion being likely to prove 'inconvenient,'—the Ministry were delighted, and the Conserv-

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vatives were dished.\* This was a sample of the 'open-hearted' dealing of the late Government with the Opposition and with the country. We hope it will not be imitated by the Conservatives, and at the same time that it will not be forgotten. As for our other difficulties, since demands for information touching the war in Egypt were so scornfully received, it is not surprising that Mr. Chamberlain should have treated the affairs of South Africa, for instance, with flippant contempt. 'I am compelled,' he said on the 29th of October, 1884, in reply to a weighty speech from Mr. Forster, 'to compress what I have to say into the few remaining moments rather than that another day *should be wasted on this subject*!' This despised subject involved nothing less than the whole of our interests in South Africa, and yet Mr. Chamberlain could see nothing more in its discussion than a waste of time, and he advised the House not to 'deal with *this thing* exclusively from a British point of view.' This is the kind of statesmanship which the nation is supposed to desire, and Mr. Chamberlain has taken it for granted that he will be called in to supply it. We shall see.

It is not, however, upon foreign policy that the late Government and its followers are inclined to stake their prospects of winning at the elections. Incredible as it must seem, they are going to rely once more upon the Irish vote!—that vote which they won over by deceptive promises and cajolery in 1880, and which they are confident of gaining now by the same unscrupulous means. The breath was scarcely out of the body of Mr. Gladstone's Government before the wires were laid for the new campaign. Mr. Chamberlain—who was still a Cabinet Minister when he spoke†—had the consummate coolness to ask whether we were prepared to 'renew the dreary experience of repressive legislation;' he denounced a system 'founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country,' and called for the total reform of Dublin Castle and the 'alien boards of foreign officials,' and the 'substitution for them of a genuine Irish administration of purely Irish business.' When intelligent Irishmen read all this, they must have rubbed their eyes with amazement. Did it actually come from the same Joseph Chamberlain who had been instrumental in carrying the harshest and most despotic measures of 'repressive legislation' ever known since the Union—a leading member, in many respects the governing spirit, of the Ministry which turned Irish members out of the House, and filled the Irish prisons

\* The history of this affair will be found in the 'Quarterly Review' for July 1884, pp. 272-280.

† At Holloway Hall, Islington, June 17th, 1885.

with 'suspects' who were not even allowed to know what offence was charged against them? We are accustomed in these days to marvellously sudden conversions in our public men. It surprises us no longer to find them on one side of the hedge to-day and on the other side to-morrow. Extravagant bids are made for power; sheets of white paper are handed round, and each class in turn is humbly requested to write down anything it may choose to demand. The idea of consistency, or of steady adherence to principle, is dead and buried. The true man of the time is he who changes his opinions as often as it may be necessary to enable him to secure votes. We are getting used to this, but still no one could have been quite prepared for Mr. Chamberlain's new coat and made-up visage. Not we, but his friends, have said that he will 'do anything to get power,' and he has made it very clear that scruples of conscience will not be allowed to stand in his way. But to the credit of Irishmen it must be owned, that his present impudent attempt to hoodwink them has been met with honest indignation. The 'National League,' at a meeting in Dublin, promptly protested against the visit which Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke have graciously promised Ireland. The Mayor, Mr. O'Mara, declared that these Ministers had never raised their voices against Coercion, and that Mr. Chamberlain's language 'showed the rankest hypocrisy.' It appears, then, that Irishmen begin to strip off disguises, and to find out their real enemies. Let us see how Mr. Chamberlain and his late colleagues treated Ireland, and whether they deserve to be regarded as enemies or friends.

In the first place, then, pray let us all remember that on the 31st of March, 1880, Mr. Gladstone declared that there was at that moment—just before he took office—'an absence of crime and outrage, with a general feeling of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of the country.' Lord Beaconsfield expressed a different opinion, but Mr. Gladstone knew better. We have it on the ex-Premier's own authority, that he found Ireland quiet and contented. And yet, in less than two years, every prison in Ireland was crowded to overflowing with 'suspects,' and a new and complicated piece of machinery was invented to silence the Irish party in Parliament and out of it. Mr. Parnell was sent to jail—Mr. Chamberlain consenting—the Land League was suppressed, members by the dozen were turned out of the House of Commons, and 'the Castle' ruled with a stronger grip than ever. In each of these measures, Mr. Chamberlain concurred; for aught we know, some of them he may have originated. This lover of Irishmen, this gushing defender of their liberties, had them gagged in the

House

House of Commons, and gave his vote at the Council Board for casting them into prison. Not a word had he to say for any of them until the very day he was turned out of office, and then, seeing that their votes alone could put him back in office, he went crawling to them on his knees, promising them anything they liked to ask, and throwing all the dirt he could rake together upon his own acts during the previous five years. Hogarth himself could scarcely have done justice to such a man and such a scene.

Mr. Gladstone came in. In 1881, he produced the Land Act which was to settle all Irish grievances for ever. It was an Act which, while impoverishing the landlords, gave no satisfaction to the people, and it was promptly repudiated by Mr. Parnell, who described Mr. Gladstone as 'a public plunderer.' All sorts of efforts were made to silence the Home Rulers, but they continued to speak with inconvenient frankness—Mr. Dillon, for example, declaring that Mr. Gladstone's reputation was a 'false one, based upon a most extraordinary gift—perhaps the most extraordinary possessed by any man in England, of, I will not say conscious, but deliberate, whether conscious or unconscious, *skilful misrepresentation of facts*.' Then what Mr. Gladstone called the 'resources of civilization' were called into play. Almost immediately after Mr. Dillon's speech he was thrust into jail, and Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Mr. O'Kelly, and others, were sent to keep him company. They were set free by virtue of the Kilmainham Treaty, which the other day Mr. Chamberlain boldly declared 'never had an existence.' It is as easy to make wholesale denials of facts as it is to ignore one's past acts, but Mr. Chamberlain must not be allowed to palm off upon the country a fabricated history of his connection with Ireland. That he is afraid of having the truth brought in evidence against him is quite evident, and for that very reason he should be made to confront the truth, wherever and whenever he shows himself in public, with his Joseph Surface tale about his anxiety to deliver Ireland from the yoke of the oppressor.

The Irish members were imprisoned by the Cabinet of which Mr. Chamberlain was a member, Sir Charles Dilke being also in the Ministry. Neither of them uttered a word of protest against this extreme measure. In the same way, they both concurred in the Cromwellian Coercion Bills passed by the late Government—Bills which deprived Ireland of freedom of the press, of trial by jury, of the right of public meeting. One of them was said by a Radical journal at the time to be 'as sharp a measure as has been introduced into a British Parliament

ment since the days of Henry VIII.' The Liberals have, in fact, always passed the severest Coercion Bills; they have invariably lured Ireland on to a course involving disaster, and then betrayed it. During the present century, three Coercion Bills out of four have been the actual work of the Liberals, and the fourth has been rendered necessary by their intrigues when out of office. So it was again with Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. They led Ireland on, when Lord Beaconsfield was in power, to the very verge of insurrection; they talked of crime and violence as affording an 'opportunity' for concession; and of acting upon the English Government like the call of the 'chapel bell;' they encouraged hopes of plunder, promised land to the labourer, used tempting language about Home Rule—just as Mr. Chamberlain is doing now—and taught the Irish members how to practise 'obstruction' in the House of Commons. In the Session of 1879, on the Army Regulation Bill, Messrs. Chamberlain, Dilke, and Courtney, gave systematic lessons in Parliamentary obstruction, while Mr. Gladstone defended the system in articles which had their influence in securing him the Irish vote. Obstruction was a weapon devised by the Liberals, used under the very eyes of Mr. Gladstone, publicly defended by him, and only borrowed at second hand by the Irish members. The Irish were fooled to the top of their bent—and then, when they began to make themselves unpleasant, they were treated to a violent dose of Coercion Bills. Now Mr. Chamberlain protests with all the apparent energy of an honest man against 'repressive measures,' and whines about the Conservatives having formed an alliance with the Irish members. He is making frantic bids for the Irish vote, and in the same breath he denounces the Conservatives for having—as he says—secured it already! Then he winds up the farce by a vociferous denial that there ever was a Treaty of Kilmainham.

Well—was there, or was there not? It is a question of considerable importance now, and will be of still more hereafter, for Mr. Gladstone and his entire Ministry will be judged chiefly by his dealings with Ireland and Egypt. We once more advise the Conservatives to prime themselves well with the *facts*, for there will be ample necessity, and many an occasion, for using them, during the next few months. It may be 'ancient history,' but they will be very foolish if they do not get it by heart.

It was in April 1882, that Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Michael Davitt, and the other Irishmen who had made themselves offensive to the Government, were imprisoned. In the first week of May, the whole party were suddenly released, greatly

to the surprise of the public. Why were they released? Because, said Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons,\* 'the Government had *received information*, tendered to them, which they deemed to be of great importance, and which justified them in releasing the prisoners. *I do not enter into any details.*' He left out the details, with his customary skill—for no man is so skilful in politics as Mr. Gladstone. The public deem him to be the most simple and ingenuous of men; but the public know little of the reality. The details were judiciously omitted, but we, who have to set forth the truth, cannot afford to omit them.

On the same evening, Mr. Forster announced his resignation as Irish Secretary, and gave his reasons for it—but a feeling of allegiance to the Government induced him to set a guard upon his tongue. In spite of that, he let fall some ominous hints about 'paying blackmail to the law-breakers,' and purchasing 'obedience to the law by concessions.' And again, he alluded to an 'arrangement,' and said, 'no public good is really advanced by an act of private dishonour.' All this was much too significant to be passed over in silence, and there were prolonged discussions, in the course of which Mr. Gladstone more than once made mysterious allusions to the 'information' he had received as to the 'intentions of these imprisoned members.' The newspapers had no difficulty in reading the riddle. 'The fact,' said the 'Times,'† 'that there is substantially an arrangement between the Government and the Land League party is no secret to any body.' The Prime Minister was pressed for explanations, which he evaded with the dexterity so much admired by his friends, but he declined to produce any documents, on the ground that they might 'diminish the responsibility of Her Majesty's Government.' On the 15th of May, Mr. Parnell produced one of the concealed documents, and read it to the House, with the exception of an important sentence, which he thought proper to suppress. In fact, he 'edited' the letter, as the Government was in the habit of editing its despatches. It was a letter from Mr. Parnell to Captain O'Shea, the 'go-between' in the negotiations, dated Kilmainham, April 28, 1882, and it stipulated for a settlement of the arrears of rent, on the understanding that if this were consented to, 'outrages and intimidation of all kinds' would be brought to an end. When Mr. Parnell had finished, the following scene took place:—

'Mr. Forster desired to ask the hon. member for the City of Cork whether he had read the whole of the letter?'

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\* May 4th, 1882. We quote from the 'Times' report of May 5th.

† May 5th, 1882.

‘Mr. Parnell said that he had not read from the original letter, but from a copy furnished him by the hon. and gallant member for Clare (Captain O’Shea), and it was possible that a paragraph had been omitted.

‘Mr. Gladstone.—When I spoke in answer to a former question, I spoke in the plural number. It is obvious that I had some information over and above the contents of that letter, though nothing, I am bound to say, in the slightest degree qualifying or contradicting it.’

Mr. Forster then produced a full copy of the letter which Mr. Parnell had professed to read, and it then appeared that a vital clause had been suppressed, and this clause it was, coupled with the *almost immediate release of the ‘suspects,’* which constitutes the Treaty of Kilmainham. We print the suppressed clause in small capitals:—

‘The accomplishment of the programme I have sketched would, in my judgment, be regarded by the country as a practical settlement of the land question, AND WOULD, I FEEL SURE, ENABLE US TO CO-OPERATE CORDIALLY FOR THE FUTURE WITH THE LIBERAL PARTY IN FORWARDING LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.’

Mr. Gladstone added: ‘I may say that *I had seen that letter.*’ But he denied that there was any compact. Yet he read the letter, and then, and not till then, he released the prisoners. O’Shea, who delivered the Parnell letter to Mr. Forster, hoped ‘it would be a satisfactory expression of union with the Liberal party,’ and offered to make the expressions ‘stronger,’ if necessary. ‘The conspiracy which has been used to get up boycotting and outrages will now be used to put them down.’ This was Mr. Forster’s statement to the House, and O’Shea did not contradict it, except in so far as to suggest that he used the word ‘organization’ instead of ‘conspiracy.’

The prisoners were released, and the Arrears Bill was introduced, but within four days there came the Phoenix Park murders, and the whole country was in a flame. ‘The history of this transaction,’ remarked the ‘Times,’\* ‘though its details may be decorously veiled, is perfectly understood by the public, and if we know the temper of the English people, it will be judged as it deserved.’ Earl Cowper, the Lord-Lieutenant, knew nothing of the proposed release of the prisoners, and he stated that the telegram from Downing Street took him ‘completely by surprise,’ and that the only effect of the step would be ‘to make the restoration of law and order more difficult than it was before.’† The prediction was too truly

\* May 8th, 1882.

† Statement in the House of Lords, June 5th, 1882.

verified. Mr. Gladstone was obliged to go down to the House on the 3rd of July with the admission that Ireland was in a 'terrible state,' a state to 'fill the mind with horror;' and then came another Coercion Bill.

Such was the Kilmainham Treaty, and there is only one other fact that we need state with regard to it. It was partly negotiated by Mr. Chamberlain himself.\* Those who have watched his public career will not be at all surprised to find that he now roundly denies the very existence of the Treaty. As for the long and startling narrative of duplicity and misrepresentation which is associated with it—the offer of Mr. Gladstone† to give an opportunity for enquiry into the circumstances of the Treaty, and his subsequent denial of that offer—the attempts of Sir Stafford Northcote to elicit the truth, and the absolute refusal of all ordinary means of discussion—the disclosures which leaked out concerning the negotiations between notorious outrage-mongers and the Government—this story, one of the most scandalous in the history of any English Government, must be sought for in the Parliamentary records of 1882–83. We cannot enter into it at length here, but history will decide upon it, and its verdict will alone suffice to affix to Mr. Gladstone's Ministry an undying stain.

The second Coercion Bill was introduced by Sir William Harcourt. We may therefore confidently expect to see this great statesman coming out shortly with an accusation against Lord Salisbury's Government of 'undue severity' in 'repressive legislation.' He is constantly charging the Conservatives with being in alliance with the Home Rulers; it is a part of his outfit when he goes forth to abuse the party which refused to accept him at his own valuation. He reproduced it at Derby at the very time his colleagues were concluding the Kilmainham Treaty; for, as we have shown, it is accounted an excellent *ruse* in modern political warfare to accuse your opponents of the very acts which you have just committed, or are about to commit. When there is work of this sort to be done, no one volunteers with so much alacrity as Sir William Harcourt. Even he, however, with all his proficiency in this branch of his art, has admitted that for the past fifty years, the party to which he now belongs has been mainly responsible for the government of Ireland. The state of the country during the greater part of Mr. Gladstone's Administration shows how that solemn responsibility has been discharged. In 1868, Reform,

\* This is rendered clear from Mr. Forster's statements at the time, and from Mr. Gladstone's speech, May 16th, 1882.

† On November 13th, 1882.

which down to that time was generally used by the Liberals as their stepping-stone to power, was no longer at their command, in consequence of the Conservative Reform Bill having been so recently passed. The agitator had to look in some other direction for his fire. He found it in Ireland. Irish disaffection was adroitly traded upon, and used as an excuse for disestablishing the Church. But everything became darker and more unpromising than ever in Ireland, and the Liberal party continued to foment agitation when they were out of power, and to dragoon the country into sullen submission when they were in. Mr. Chamberlain complained, the other day, that there were 30,000 soldiers in Ireland. Who put them there? There were scarcely half as many when Lord Beaconsfield was turned adrift. The Compensation for Disturbance Act, the Land Act of 1881, the Arrears Bill,—all the measures that could be hurried through Parliament failed to convince the Irish people that Mr. Gladstone was their saviour. He has ruined hundreds of persons, and satisfied no one. He goes out of office more detested by the Irish than any Prime Minister who has ruled this country for half a century. His Land Act of 1881 was universally denounced as a measure of confiscation, and yet it did not give the Irish people what they wanted. Remonstrances from every quarter poured in against it, but the country was assured that a ‘Divine light’ led Mr. Gladstone on, and they believed it. The Bill was passed, and within two months, Mr. Gladstone had to be protected wherever he went, and announcements of the following kind made their appearance regularly afterwards:—

‘Mr. Gladstone read the lessons at Hawarden Church. He was, as usual, guarded by the police.’

‘Mr. Gladstone occupied himself yesterday (Easter Monday, 1883) in felling a large cherry-tree on the estate of the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower at Holmbury. The right hon. gentleman borrowed an axe from the gardener, and completed the task in half an hour, a heavy snowstorm prevailing during the time. A detective-serjeant from Scotland-yard is in constant attendance on the Prime Minister.’

The Home Secretary and other members of the Government had to be protected in the same way, so much were they in dread of the gratitude of their Irish friends. We doubt very much whether Mr. Gladstone shares the eagerness of some of his late colleagues to go to Ireland for the next party battle cry.

He had the forethought to provide his friends and followers with another ‘umbrella,’ of a well tried and useful pattern, in the shape of a new Bill for the extension of the franchise. Failure, and only failure, was visible in every direction, and



popular indignation was growing so rapidly, that the most strenuous exertions of the caucus-mongers failed either to check or conceal it. The Administration was approaching its last year, for Mr. Gladstone, in his very first Midlothian speech, laid it down as a principle binding upon all generations, that no Ministry should go on after its sixth Session. Therefore the preparations were made, and a Reform Bill was introduced to divert attention from the terrible mistakes and follies of five long years, and, as a Radical—one of the members for Northampton—plainly put the matter, to ‘frighten Radicals into condoning those aggrandizements of Empire, and those schemes of foreign meddling, which Mr. Gladstone so eloquently denounced in his Midlothian speeches.’ The attempt to pass the Bill without any Redistribution scheme, the outcry against the Lords for resisting it; the clause disfranchising agricultural labourers who had accepted medical relief from the parish, a clause agreed to by the whole Government, defended by its Attorney General, and supported by Ministers in more than one division—these incidents cannot yet have been cast into the universal dust heap. The medical disqualification clause was agreed to by Mr. Chamberlain; he was a party to the ministerial opposition to Mr. Davey’s proposal for its excision from the Bill; therefore he now accuses the House of Lords of devising it for the sake of doing a wrong to the poor friendless labourer. This is very much like the piece of jugglery, much praised in certain circles, which Mr. Chamberlain recently applied to a speech of Lord Salisbury’s. A year-and-a-half ago, Lord Salisbury quoted some remarks made by Lord Carlingford, which might be construed in a sense hostile to Ireland. In the report of the speech, *before* being taken in hand by Mr. Chamberlain, the quotation was thus prefaced:—‘As Lord Carlingford boasted last night,’ &c. These words were carefully suppressed by Mr. Chamberlain, and the whole quotation was made to appear as a statement of Lord Salisbury’s own. In Birmingham, they appear to regard these performances as qualifying a man for the position of Cabinet Minister, but Englishmen generally must be changing their old character very rapidly if they do not view them with contempt and disgust.

Now, what have the Liberal party to show the country besides this Franchise Bill, brought in as an electioneering move, and in principle at once adopted by the Conservatives? There may be many honest Liberals who are unable, on the spur of the moment, to supply an answer to that question. Let us come to their assistance with a little epitome which they may find useful from time to time in refreshing the memory:

## 1. The

1. The Gladstone Ministry began by encouraging Irish agitation until outrages and murders were of daily occurrence all over Ireland; the system of Boycotting was first started, and the number of troops in the country was increased to over 30,000. In April, 1880, when Mr. Gladstone entered office, the outrages reported were *sixty-seven*; in December they were *eight hundred and sixty*.\*

2. It suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, abolished freedom of speech and of the press, passed two of the most stringent Coercion Bills ever known, refused to allow the Irish Members to be heard in the House of Commons, imprisoned Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and others, arrested Michael Davitt on his ticket-of-leave, and kept hundreds of persons in prison at one time, without trial.

3. It entered into a treaty with the imprisoned Home Rulers, by which they were to be set at liberty on condition of their ordering the 'organization' to put a stop to outrages, and of their co-operating 'cordially for the future with the Liberal party.'

4. It increased the national expenditure from 84,000,000*l.* (in 1879-80) to 100,000,000*l.* (1885-6), and raised taxation to 2*l.* 10*s.* per head—an amount never known before in our time.

5. It threw the Transvaal into civil war, having first encouraged the Boers to take up arms against us, and it surrendered our just rights to our enemies after the disgrace of Majuba Hill.

6. It caused great bloodshed among the Zulus, by sending back Cetewayo among them, and by leaving them to the mercy of the Boers, and it left in peril the whole of our possessions in South Africa.

7. It destroyed Alexandria, and carried on four disastrous campaigns in Egypt, at a sacrifice of at least 70,000 lives.

8. It sent General Gordon out to extricate it from its difficulties, and then abandoned him to his fate. When it was too

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\* These were the *official* figures, given by the Marquis of Hartington in the House of Commons, Jan. 11th, 1881. In the course of his speech he said:—'For the law of the land has been substituted the law of the Land League; for the judge and the magistrate, an irresponsible Committee; for the police constable and the sheriff's officer, for those who work in the service of the law in the full light of day, the midnight assassin and the ruffian who invades the humble cottage, disguised, at midnight.' Compare this description of Ireland, after eight months of Liberal rule, with the account given by Mr. Gladstone of it just before he came to power: 'There is an absence of crime and outrage, with a general feeling of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of that country.' (Speech to the Liberal Club of Edinburgh, March 31st, 1880.)

late to save him, it despatched an expedition to his relief, thus involving the useless sacrifice of other valuable lives.

9. It cruelly sacrificed the garrisons of Berber, Tokar, Sinkat, and Khartoum, and left Egypt in a state of anarchy which has entailed great calamities upon the helpless people.

10. It denounced Lord Beaconsfield for asking for a vote of credit of *six millions* to prevent Russia from taking Constantinople, and it ended by calling for *eleven millions* in order that it might threaten Russia with war, and pursue its crazy schemes in Egypt.

11. It stirred up great agitation in India, by a measure professing to render Europeans subject to the authority of native magistrates, and it excited the natives to an extent unknown since 1857.

12. It alienated from England nearly all the Great Powers in the world, especially Germany and Austria; it offended France, allowed the 'Concert of Europe' to be turned against us, and left us without a friend or an ally.

13. It has disorganized commerce, left trade more depressed than ever, overthrown public confidence, disturbed our great industries by reckless extravagance and by continual wars or rumours of war, and refused even to make enquiry into the distresses of many thousands of working men.

14. It has carried on the work of government almost wholly in the dark, systematically refusing to give information until it was too late to be of any use, resenting all reasonable questions as a personal wrong to 'our honoured chief' (Mr. Gladstone); it has stifled discussion whenever it was possible to do so, or deprecated it as an insult to the Prime Minister, suppressed or garbled important letters and despatches, and broken or evaded distinct pledges to allow opportunities for the due consideration of its policy.

Now here, under fourteen heads, we have enumerated the most famous achievements of the Gladstone Ministry, ready to be 'emblazoned' on the Liberal 'banners,' or to form texts for great actors and preachers when the new campaign opens. Doubtless the list might be extended; but as it stands, is it not enough—we appeal to all just and impartial men to decide—is it not enough to consign to perpetual shame the Ministers and the party which are responsible for it?

But instead of looking for any such result as that, the Radicals confidently lay claim to the greatest reward which can be conferred on men who have rendered great and noble services to their country. They demand as a right to be reinstated in power;

power; they boast arrogantly beforehand of their victory; they tell the nation that it cannot do without *them*, that others entrusted with its affairs can only be regarded by *them* as caretakers and stop-gaps—that the reign of cajolery and false pretences, of extravagance, anarchy, and bloodshed, must begin all over again, in the sacred name of GLADSTONE! No principles are to be considered, no pledges exacted, no questions asked. The person to be put in authority is simply to recite the prescribed creed, ‘I believe in Mr. Gladstone,’ and office is to be given to him; and afterwards a peerage or a pension, or both. This is how it has all been ordered by the Radical leaders, from the highest to the lowest. That the nation should have a will of its own, or should be in the mood to exercise it, seems never to have occurred to a single one of the leaders. Will the people consent to be thus treated? We take leave to doubt it, and we will give a few reasons for entertaining that doubt.

In the first place, one great influence, fatal to so many Ministers, is at work against the party which has held power so long, and misused it so greatly—the depression of trade. The Liberals deny the existence of this depression, or underrate it, and quote Income-tax returns, and other figures, to show that the people are really better off than ever they were. Nevertheless, every man engaged in commerce knows that profits are declining, that great industries are stagnant, and that an immense reduction of wages hangs over the working classes. Employment is scarce, and trades which were prosperous a few years ago are now neglected. The ‘statisticians’ are as busy as ever in compiling tables and calculating ‘averages,’ and in dinning it into the ears of the nation that it is very rich, is growing richer every day, and that no other nation is ever likely to get abreast with it. Meanwhile, the great bulk of tradesmen, the majority of artisans, and a very large percentage of agricultural labourers, find their profits or wages declining; and even the statisticians are driven to manipulate their figures all over again, in order to explain away the distress which will insist on making itself seen and felt. Thus, an elaborate calculation has recently been prepared by the ‘philosophers’ of the Board of Trade to show that *if* prices had not fallen, we should be doing a better business than ever—though what comfort is to be derived from that ‘*if*’ no man but a figure-mystic could explain. The one thing worthy of observation in connection with this latest shuffling of the figures is, that during the process ‘it was discovered by our statisticians that the sacred totals themselves were at fault, and presented a very inaccurate

inaccurate picture of the facts.'\* And yet when any rash and presumptuous interloper has dared to question these sacred totals, or to deny the soundness of the conclusions drawn from them, he has been set upon with volleys of stones and brickbats, and no words at the command of the Board of Trade have been adequate to describe his ignorance and stupidity. The time will come when all these 'calculations' and 'tabulated phenomena,' will be seen to be mere impostures and delusions, and therefore if there are any more baronetcies or other rewards to be given to the chief priests of the temple, the Liberal party have no time to lose. The hour of the public awakening cannot be very long delayed.

Now what it behoves the working classes to remember, and what Conservative candidates must lose no opportunity of impressing upon their minds, is that the Liberal party can and will do nothing for them, except to tell them that they *cannot* be poor, because they are not in the workhouse, and that if they are not absolutely rich, it is because they persist in living too well and having too many children. That has been the burden of the song of the Radicals whenever a demand has arisen for an inquiry into the actual state of trade and the condition of the working classes. It is all that the artisans and labourers will ever get from that quarter. For the Liberals are bound hand and foot to the maintenance of the present system, while the Conservatives are free. It has already been announced that Lord Salisbury's Government will grant the Royal Commission for which the working men of Lancashire have been vainly asking for two or three years past. Rightly, prudently, and justly dealt with, this issue alone might lead the Conservatives to a great and solid victory. Let them put aside all cut-and-dried theories, and turn a deaf ear to the doctrinaires and antiquated theorists who fancy that the world has not turned round since 1846, and look closely into the veritable condition of the country, and they will see, that for the first time in half a century there is a popular cause open to them, if they have but the wisdom and resolution to take it up. They must not judge from what they hear or read in London, but go into the manufacturing districts, and there they will find that every Liberal, who roundly refuses to make any change whatever in our commercial system, is trembling for his seat. The result is that the Liberals are beginning to fence with the question, or are getting ready to take it up themselves, and, if the Conservatives cannot make up their minds about it, or try to play fast and loose with it much longer, the Radical caucuses will save

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\*. 'Times' leading article, July 2nd, 1885.

them any further anxiety or trouble by taking it out of their hands. Nobody wants Protection back again, or anything like it; but what the workmen want, and mean to have, is *justice*. 'Conversions' in the Radical ranks are now of daily occurrence, and they would be still more frequent if it were not for the fear of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. The chance is still open to the Conservatives: it cannot remain open for ever. Let them lose it, and well will they deserve to be known to all future ages as the 'stupid party.'

Another reason for doubting the accuracy of Liberal prognostications concerning the result of the next election is this,—the people everywhere have been disappointed with the Gladstone Ministry. No class is better off than it was in 1880—most classes are much worse off. The common belief was, that Mr. Gladstone, the 'greatest financier in the world,' would, somehow or other, set everything straight, and put the country in a position to advance, by 'leaps and bounds.' Instead of that, he has made the national expenditure more galling and burdensome than ever, harried a great number of struggling shopkeepers with another turn of the income-tax screw, and set a variety of important trades in the direst confusion. The interests thus injured and provoked will not be in a hurry to place Mr. Gladstone's yoke upon their necks again. Slighter causes than these have upset many a party, and the Radicals in ignoring them, and shouting out their cries of triumph before the fight begins, are doing exactly what all parties do when they are rushing straight upon defeat. It remains only to be seen whether the Conservatives have the wit and skill to profit by the blunders of their adversaries.

In the third place, the people may really be in the humour to give the Conservative party an honest trial. They see that they can get any number of promises from the Liberals, but of performances very few, and these few of little value. Like *Hamlet*, they feed 'on the chameleon's dish—promise crammed.' Can the Conservatives possibly do worse? Are they not likely to do much better? These questions will naturally present themselves to intelligent working men, and that they will necessarily answer them by voting for the Radicals is a very rash assumption. Lord Salisbury is a man of originality, of courage, of public spirit, animated by a high sense of his country's position and destiny in the world; never truckling to demagogues, and yet with a mind freely open to the reception of new ideas. Suppose that the people resolve in their own minds that he shall have fair play, and to that end give him a working majority! It is quite possible, it is highly probable, if the Conservatives will

will only work with a will, and rub up their rusty electioneering machinery, and break loose from 'family influences' and 'social connections.' Let them take able men wherever they can find them, and prove to the nation that the 'party of rational, secure, and beneficial progress, is that which is now led by Lord Salisbury. Such we believe to be the truth, but the Conservatives must make it clear to the nation, who have been told for years past by great orators, and by five-sixths of the press, that the Radical is the true Moses to lead them to the promised land. We must change all that. It must be shown that the Conservatives have always dealt more generously with labour than the Radicals, from the time of the Factory Acts downwards, and that they are prepared now to render it the justice which is refused by the motley throng who are huddled together under the 'Gladstone umbrella.' This, we say, *can be done*; all that we should like to feel sure about is, that the Conservatives mean to do it.

There is no sense or reason in talking of 'discouragement' in this emergency, or in taking a gloomy view of our prospects. Never did a Ministry leave a blacker record behind it than that of Mr. Gladstone; if we cannot make the public see that, if we cannot cause it to recognize the danger of again entrusting the Gladstonites with power, it will be owing to our own mismanagement and inefficiency, not to any difficulty in the circumstances with which we have to deal. If a Ministry so utterly discredited, so covered with ignominy, so despised by the whole world—a Ministry which made every blunder and committed every folly possible to men in power, and added the guilt of needless and bloody wars to the long roll of its offences—if such a Ministry as *that* is to be reinstated as the reward of its merit, and urged on to pursue again the same path of ruin, then it will be for the first time in our history that public judgment has gone so wildly astray. But we ought not to anticipate anything of the kind. We must work in the confidence that justice will be done. We must first prove, that we believe in ourselves, that we look for victory, and deserve it; and then the nation will come over to our side, and it will be possible once more to have a Ministry in England which will govern for the good of the whole people, and not for a mere party, and which will be respected and honoured at home and abroad.

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## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Holy Bible containing the Old and New Testaments, translated out of the original tongues, being the version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities, and revised.* Oxford, 1885.

WE have to congratulate the Committee of the Revisers of the Old Testament on having at last completed the arduous task on which they have been engaged for fourteen years. The magnitude of the work is to be appreciated only by Biblical Scholars. It is enough to say that the Revisers have evidently consulted Manuscripts of the Old Testament,—that they have investigated Jewish tradition as contained in Jewish writings,—and have consulted most modern Commentaries. An immense amount of labour and self-denial must have been exercised by them in the intellectual work which they have accomplished. Further difficulties, we know, they have been forced to encounter; not the least of which has been the rule of the two-thirds majority which tied them hand and foot, so to say, when a small minority of the Committee were anxious to introduce some important, and, perhaps, necessary change, but were outvoted. Perhaps in such cases the minority may have consisted of the best scholars,—perhaps the minority had prepared their work more carefully; (for Committees of Revisers, after all, are like other Committees; all members of them not being of equal ability, all not taking the same amount of trouble;) and unless we are mistaken, the Revisers' Preface pp. ix. x. points to some such facts. But at any rate the work has now been completed, and it would be ungraceful on our part if we were to examine their work in detail without first expressing our congratulations on their having completed their Revision.

At the very beginning of their Preface, the Revisers assert a probability which we cannot suffer to pass unchallenged. (1) They claim that it is probable 'that *other Recensions of the text of the O. T. were at one time in existence:*' and (2), They



base their opinion on 'the variations in the Ancient Versions.' Now, this is nothing else but to assume at the outset (1), That there exists a *large amount of uncertainty* in the Text of the O. T.; and (2), That the measure of such uncertainty is to be found in the *variations of the 'Ancient Versions,'*—both of which propositions we take leave in the most unqualified manner to deny. Having thus effectually aroused in their readers a grave suspicion, that they will be found to have handled the text of the O. T. with the same freedom which has already proved fatal to the Revision of the New, the Revisers hasten to explain that,—moved by the consideration that

'the state of knowledge on the subject is not at present such as to justify any attempt at an entire reconstruction of the text on the authority of the Versions,'—

they have thought it more prudent to adopt the Massoretic Text as the basis of their work; departing from it only in exceptional cases.

Grateful to them for their forbearance, we yet take the liberty of saying that we are distrustful of their method. No one can have bestowed attention on the problem thus abruptly introduced to the reader's notice, (the authority namely of '*Ancient Versions*'), without being aware that the ancient idea of 'Translation' differed essentially from that of modern times. To paraphrase and expand,—to supplement and explain, to withhold, to transpose, to abridge, and in various other ways to *alter*,—was evidently held to be not only allowable, but even to be the Translator's characteristic function and essential privilege. Freely admitting therefore the importance of 'Ancient Versions' of the O. T. as subsidiary helps, we should no more think '*at present*,'—no, nor at any future time,—of '*attempting an entire reconstruction of the Hebrew Text on the authority of the Versions*,' (which however is evidently the Revisers' ideal of the work of Revision), than we should dream of approximating to the autographs of 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' by the aid of a collection of French and German paraphrases. To write with all seriousness,—the Revisers are reminded that when they speak (as they freely do) of 'Recensions' and 'Families' of the Hebrew Text, they are speaking of what, for aught that appears to the contrary, are absolute non-entities. We shall, for our own part, take leave to regard them as such until their existence has been established. The *onus probandi* rests wholly with the Revisers of the O. T., who (like their brethren, the Revisers of the New) seem to forget that they are not permitted to assume at the outset a fundamental position which they are wholly

wholly unable to prove. In the meanwhile, the observation which stands in the very forefront of their Preface imposes on ourselves the necessity of stating certain preliminary facts, which will put the reader into a better position for understanding what it is that the Revisers have actually ventured to do. And first,

(1) We shall exhibit evidence of the immense pains that the Israelites took to preserve a correct text of the Sacred Scriptures which were entrusted to them.

(2) As the Revisers refer us to the Ancient Versions for evidence of other recensions of the text, and as the LXX. is the Version to which they appeal with the greatest confidence, we must offer a few preliminary words concerning the true character of those Versions, so far as it is known.

The Revisers make the remark in passing that

‘The Received, or, as it is commonly called, the Massoretic text . . . has come down to us in MSS. which are of no very great antiquity, and which all belong to the same family or recension.’

But we cannot receive this statement without qualification. All that we have before us is the fact that the oldest MS. of the whole O.T. extant, being of the Xth century,\* exhibits no important variations in reading. On making this discovery, a thoughtful person, instead of jumping to the conclusion of Families or Recensions, enquires how this phenomenon of a *single Hebrew text* is to be accounted for. And it is due (he discovers) to the extraordinary pains,—say rather the religious care,—which was taken to preserve the Text unaltered in respect of its every jot and every tittle. Our Lord’s familiar saying† is a solemn and striking witness to this familiar historical fact. At some very remote period, between 300 and 600 A.D., the Old Testament text underwent the only Revision of it which is

\* Although it is true that the earliest known MS. of the whole O. T. is not more ancient than the Xth Century, yet parts of the Scripture are extant (such as the Codex Babylonius of the Prophets) which are earlier. There is also reason to believe that portions of the Scripture exist in MSS. of a still earlier date. Nor may it be overlooked that traces remain of certain MSS. which are at present entirely lost. The Foremost of these is the Codex Hilleli.

It is uncertain when its author lived, but it appears to have been known in the VIIth century A.D. The readings refer for the most part to the orthography, though Kennicott observes that in his MS. No. 357 it is stated that Josh. xxi. 35, 36 are absent from the Codex Hilleli. For the principal readings see Ginsburg, ‘The Massorah,’ vol. i. p. 605.—Three other ancient MSS. are cited, namely the Codex Sambuki, the Jericho Pentateuch and the Sepher Sinai, but hardly anything is known of them. It is important to observe that all that is known by tradition about the authority of Hebrew MSS. points back to a uniform text that existed in the earliest times. Even the division into verses (not of course precisely those of the English Bible) dates from præ-Massoretic times.

† S. Matth. v. 18.—S. Luke xvi. 17.

certainly known to have taken place. The Massoretes, (for so these revisers were called,) took immense pains. From the MSS. before them, they culled out certain various readings which are to be found in the margin of any good Hebrew Bible at the present time, and are known as the 'Qri' or 'Kthib,' i.e. Read or Written.

It must be remembered that the Massoretic text is without vowels. A student must in consequence acquire some skill in Hebrew before he is able to make out the 'Qri' and 'Kthib' from a vowelless text. Practice, however, will make this a comparatively easy task, and the more a reader attends to the 'Qri' and 'Kthib' the more astonished does he become at the scrupulous zeal which they evince for the faithful conservation of every letter of the sacred Text.

So great was the concern of the Massoretes on this behalf, that they constructed a gigantic work called THE MASSORAH. In this, they gave an account of the exact number of times that each letter of the Alphabet occurs in the Law, and other parts of the Scriptures. They called this the *Massorah finalis*. There was besides a *Massorah* which in the printed Rabbinic Bibles, and in certain MSS., appears in the outer margins of the page. This contains a record of certain facts which appeared to the Massoretes worthy of notice; such as that 'In the beginning' is found three times at the commencement of a verse; or that 'the earth' appears three times at the end. This is called '*the greater Massorah*.' To it must be added the '*lesser Massorah*,' which is found in the inner margin, and contains in a concise form the most important details of the Greater Massorah.

We have entered into all these details merely as supplying some of the many facts which go to prove that, though there do not exist any Hebrew MSS. of higher antiquity than the Xth century, yet the text which those MSS. contain is certainly older by very many centuries: in fact, is *indefinitely* old. And, while on this head, another dry matter of detail deserves mention in further illustration of what has been already offered. In the XIth century of the Christian era lived two Hebrew scholars, known as Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali, the latter representing the Eastern as the former represented the Western Jews. A collation of the variations between the texts adopted by these two scholars is to be found in some editions of the Bible. In the edition at present appearing under the superintendence of Dr. Baer, these will be found at the end of each part; in other editions they occur sometimes as footnotes, sometimes at the end of each part of the Bible. A perusal of them leads to nothing but disappointment. The variations are concerned

concerned almost exclusively with vowel points and accents. These, however, must not be confused with the Eastern and Western Readings, amounting to about 220, collected by an unknown author, and to be found in some editions of the Bible.

This is all that we possess to supply the want of very ancient MSS. in any attempt to criticise the Hebrew Scriptures. The literature of the race can scarcely be said to have produced anything analogous to, (certainly nothing at all corresponding with,) the quotations from Holy Writ which abound in the writings of the early Christian Fathers. What we have of this kind is of little authority, the text of it having been considerably tampered with,—many passages having been omitted, and some inserted. As a matter of fact, out of 110 known Biblical citations which differ from the Massoretic Text, *six only* contain readings of any importance whatever.\*

If therefore we were gravely asked how we should ourselves set about improving the Text of the O.T., we should without hesitation make answer that except in a few minute, and (to speak plainly) wholly unimportant particulars, the thing *cannot at present be done*. Enough is not certainly known to justify the attempt. We are without the necessary critical materials. In the words of an unexceptionable witness, Dean Payne Smith,

‘To commission any body of scholars, however competent, to undertake a completely new Version, or at present *even a general Revision of what we have, would be, in my opinion, at least premature*. . . . In the Old Testament, a lengthened period of far more profound study of Hebrew literature than at present prevails, carried on by many different minds, is required *before anything more could be done than to bring the Translation, in a few unimportant particulars, nearer to the Masoretic text.*’ †

Satisfactory to us it certainly is to have our own views on this subject thus confirmed by a leading member of the O. T. Revision Committee. Until in short an entire change comes over the Textual problem,—as by some astounding discovery of fresh MSS. which shall unequivocally exhibit a new family or recension, or by some wholly unforeseen advance in Palæo-

\* These six passages are Zech. xii. 10, ‘on him whom they pierced’; Ps. xvi. 10, ‘Thy holy ones’; xxv. 10, ‘hear’ instead of ‘publish’; Ps. xvii. 7, ‘let all the angels’ (comp. Heb. i. 6); 1 Chron. xxvii. 34, ‘Benaliah son of Jehoiada’; 2 Chron. xxvi. 5, ‘in the fear of the Lord.’ On the alterations which have been made in the Jewish books see Dr. Pusey’s introduction to Isaiah liii. p. xxiv. The omissions in the Talmud have been printed in a book known as חסרונות המשׁ. The citations of the Old Testament in the Talmud, which vary from the Massoretic text, are printed in Strack, *Prolegomena Critica in Velus Test. Leipsic*, 1873, pp. 94–111.

† Preface to his Translation of Cyril on S. Luke,—pp. xvi.–vii. Eleven years after writing this, the learned Dean became a member of the Revision Committee.

graphical science,—the introduction of changes into the Text of the O. T. Scriptures is only guess-work : and whether purely conjectural criticism be a lawful thing, when the purity of the sacred Oracles of GOD is at stake, our readers are fully competent to decide.

The claim is freely allowed that the absence of ancient MSS. of the Hebrew Scriptures is to some extent compensated for by the venerable Versions of it which we possess. But those who cherish the illusion that it may be a safe thing by the help of the Versions to reconstruct the Text of the O. T., evidently forget —(for they cannot but *know*)—that our Massoretic Text professes to be older by some centuries than the oldest Version of the Old Testament ; and that the probability is strongly in favour of the identity of that text with the text of the antecedent ages. The earliest citations known are those which we find in the writings of the Prophet Jeremiah himself. He cites every Old Testament writer who lived up to his own date, and there can be no doubt that he had the same text before him that we have. The Prophet Daniel was acquainted with the writings of Jeremiah, but he does not cite them verbatim. Our Saviour referred to a text practically identical with our own. He never reproves the Jews for having corrupted the Scriptures. On the contrary, He speaks of *the immense pains which were taken by the Scribes to secure a correct text*, and contrasts their scrupulous solicitude for the outward form with their disregard of the inward signification. As already stated, when Revisers speak of ‘recensions’ or ‘families’ of the Hebrew Text, the *onus probandi* lies with them. To refer readers to ‘the Septuagint,’ or ‘the Targum,’ is a facile proceeding, truly. Do the Revisers overlook the probability that the latter did not exist as a written document till the IIIrd or IVth century of our era ; and that the so-called ‘Septuagint’—(we shall endeavour to show grounds for believing this to be the case),—is, with the exception of the Pentateuch, a work of comparatively modern times ? We proceed however to speak particularly of the claims of the Versions on which the Revisers rely.

- (1) LXX. (including Aquila and the other Greek Versions).
- (2) Targum (including Onkelos).
- (3) Syriac (including Syro-Hexaplar).
- (4) Vulgate (including Jerome's *Bibliotheca Sacra*).
- (5) Samaritan (including both Text and Version).

Before we enter into any particulars concerning these several Versions, let us consider for a moment what is meant, in plain English, by employing the Versions to correct the *Traditional text* of the Old Testament. Here are certain books which claim

to have been written (roughly speaking) between B.C. 1500 and B.C. 500.\* It is proposed to correct the text of these books by means of Translations, the oldest of which is supposed to have been made, (but only in part,) some 300 years after the latest book was written. It is very like a proposal to employ a German translation of 'Macbeth' in order to correct the text of Shakspeare. But in fact it is even more absurd. For what do we know about the history of these Versions? What evidence have we that the received text of any one Version is in a satisfactory condition? Were the translators capable men? And finally, are we sure that the texts which we possess represent faithfully what those translators committed to paper?

The unreasonableness of making extensive use of the Versions, in order to correct the Traditional Hebrew Text, is clear. But to make our appreciation of this circumstance more definite, let us approach the subject with some care and attention; and, for every reason, we will begin with that Version on which the Revisers chiefly rely,—viz. (1) The SEPTUAGINT.

This is frequently stated to have been made about 200 years before CHRIST: is usually spoken of in the highest terms: is placed, as an authority, almost on a level with the Hebrew Scriptures themselves, in consequence of its having been quoted by our SAVIOUR and by His Apostles. We believe however that, on the contrary, its claims to antiquity are very slight. The greater part of it, (all, that is, except the Pentateuch), we believe is of post-Christian origin. The Septuagint, properly so called, except in that part, has irretrievably perished.†

For where and what is the LXX.?

Printed editions of it vary from each other to such an extent that in certain passages it is hard to recognize translations of the same original text. The translations do not differ in idiom,—(as, for instance, Hobbes's 'Thucydides' differs from Mr. Jowett's),—but fundamentally. Of this we will presently offer one or two examples.

The received texts of the LXX. are based partly upon manuscript, partly upon printed authorities. Upon the latter, because early in the history of printing it was a race between the printer and the copyist, which could achieve the greatest accuracy and produce the neatest page. For this reason we admit as authorities the text of the Complutensian Polyglott A.D. 1514, and the text of the Aldine edition of 1518. We are

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\* We must dismiss the conjectures of Dr. Wellhausen as unproved hypotheses which will yield in their turn to others, as the hypotheses of Ewald did to those of Wellhausen.

† This view is stated to have been adopted by Dodwell in the XVIIIth century.

not entirely certain as to the MSS. employed by the printers from whose presses these editions issued, but their many points of divergence from the Hebrew Text makes it improbable, to say the very least, that they originated in a LXX. manuscript which had been corrected to agree with the Massoretic text,—an assertion which has frequently been made though never as yet proved. \*

With regard to the manuscript authority for the LXX. it is sufficient to observe that there are two streams of traditional text, flowing in parallel channels, represented by the Vatican MS. on the one hand (denoted by B), and the Alexandrine MS. on the other (denoted by A). The former (being the original Roman edition of 1587) is best known to students, and is the basis of Tischendorf's edition of the LXX., as well as the Text of the Oxford Edition. Supplementary to it is the Sinaitic text, a careful collation of which with the Vatican text (by Dr. Nestle) is found in an appendix to Tischendorf's last edition of the Septuagint. The Alexandrine Text was edited by Dr. Grabe, with a valuable preface by Bishop Pearson in 1706-21.

We will now introduce the reader to two passages from these two texts which will justify our assertion made above that they are hardly recognizable as translations of the same original text:—

Judges xii. 6. B.

And *they said to him say thou now ear-of-corn, and he did not succeed in speaking so, and they took hold of him and sacrificed him at the fords of the Jordan. And there fell at that time from Ephraim two and forty thousand.*

A.

And he said to them, say ye now a password. And they succeeded in speaking so, and they took hold of them, and slay them at the fords of the Jordan. And there fell at that time of Ephraim two and forty thousand men.

The italics will point out to the reader where the two texts vary from each other. Out of 35 words in the Greek of B we find that A varies in 13. Take another instance, Psalm xlv. 14:—

B.

All the glory of her the-  
daughter-of the King of Heshbon.

A.

All the glory of the daughter  
of the King is from within.

\* On the condition of the Septuagint see Prof. de Lagarde, *Anmerkungen zur griech. Uebersetz. d. Proverbien*. The same author has recently (1883) published the text of Lucian's recension of the LXX. so far as he has been able to recover it from the various MSS. which are cited in the great edition of Holmes and Parsons and elsewhere. See the Preface to '*Librorum Veteris Test. Canoniorum Pars Prior*,' Göttingen, 1883, and also '*Ankündigung einer n. Ausgabe d. griech. übersetz. des A. T.*' von P. de Lagarde, Göttingen, 1882.

Here again the notice in B about 'the King of Heshbon' \* is quite at variance with the simple translation in A, and it is hard to conjecture how these two versions could have arisen except upon the hypothesis that the writer of B has been guilty of a stupendous blunder.†

We shall have occasion to return to some of the marginal references in the Revised Version which have been taken from the Septuagint. The above passages, out of many that might have been cited, are quite sufficient to show the enormous divergence that exists between two copies of what is claimed to be a single text. And now, we beg to ask a plain question. Which of these two copies is the Septuagint? Is it the Alexandrine or Vatican Codex? The Revisers simply quote the *Septuagint*. Which edition of it do they mean? and what is their authority for preferring the Vatican to any other edition?

It is frequently stated that the antiquity of the Vatican codex assigns the palm to the Vatican text. But then the question arises—What is the value of 'antiquity' in a case like this? How is it known that among the many MSS. collated by Holmes and Parsons we may not possess the readings of an older text than either A or B,—even though the Manuscript which contains them may happen to be written in the cursive and not in the uncial character? We shall presently ask whether the Syriac, the Targum, and the Latin Versions, do not furnish a text quite as ancient as that of the Vatican MS. But indeed this is not all.

Granted that the Vatican *codex* is a century older than the Alexandrine, does it in any way follow from this fact that it represents the older *text*? Certainly not. Why should it? Both alike must needs be copies of yet older manuscripts than themselves; but what has all that to do with the question at issue? What we want to know is,—*Which of these two manuscripts represent the Septuagint?* We believe that neither the one nor the other does, but that each Codex exhibits a

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\* We are surprised that the Revisers have not given us a note on Psalm xlv. 18, 'or as the Sept. King of Heshbon.' They are evidently quite determined (text and margin) that the king's daughter shall not be 'all glorious *within*;' and yet the Psalmist has done his best to make it plain that she *was*. See Dr. Kay's excellent annotations on this place.

† For other instances of divergences between these two texts see Jud. x. 16, xix. 2, 3. 1 Sam. xiv. 18. We shall have occasion to notice other instances further on from which an interesting fact will appear, namely that the Revisers ignore the Alexandrine Text, and look upon the Vatican alone as representing the LXX. Ought they not to have apprised the public of this assumption, which, to say the least, is arbitrary? Our readers may remember that the same Codex B is the rock on which the Revisers of the N. T. struck and foundered.



separate (and *one* of them exhibits a very licentious) recension of a Greek translation. They may well represent some independent early Christian efforts at rendering the Hebrew into Greek.

We are not the first to entertain grave doubts on this important subject. It is notorious to students that in the time of Jerome there was great difficulty in deciding what was the Septuagint, and what was not. The passage is too long for citation in the text, but we give it in a foot-note.\* Nor was Jerome alone in his difficulties. Two centuries later we have the Syrian Church adding her testimony to the dictum of the great Latin Doctor. At the beginning of the VIIth century Paul of Tella attempted to produce in Syriac an equivalent of what was considered in his day to be the Septuagintal text. Accordingly, he adopted certain grammatical rules which were to be observed in rendering different Greek forms, and then made a literal translation of the Hexaplar Text of the Septuagint, adding all the obeli, asterisks, and lemnisci, which he found in the manuscripts that lay before him. Very valuable indeed is Paul's work so far as it has been printed. At all events, it establishes how great were the uncertainties about the Septuagintal text some twelve centuries ago.

How then did this confusion arise? The author of the mischief was no less a man than Origen himself. In his time [A.D. 185–253] the text had become intolerably corrupt. He attempted to revise it. But his enormous labours were misdirected, and he gave us a 'conflate text.' No doubt some of the original Septuagint is extant in what yet remains to us: but we know that two whole books (namely, Ecclesiastes and Daniel †) do not give us the Septuagint at all, but Aquila and Theodotion. Is it not then highly probable that *elsewhere* we may have traces of the Septuagint blended with Symmachus Theodotion and other Greek Translators? ‡

We are not pretending to solve a problem which must occupy

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\* 'Si Septuaginta Interpretum, pura et ut ab eis in Græcum versa est, editio permaneret, superflue me . . . impelleres ut Hebræa volumina Latino sermone transferrem. Nunc vero, cum pro varietate regionum diversa ferantur exemplaria, et germana illa antiquaque translatio corrupta sit atque violata: nostri arbitrii putas, aut e pluribus judicare quid verum sit, aut novum opus in veteri opere eudere. . . . *Præf. in Libr. Paralipomenon.*' See also Jerome's prefaces to Job and Isaiah for further important information, and the conclusion of his preface to the Pentateuch.

† The LXX. text of Daniel has been recovered, and is printed at the end of Tischendorf's edition. A glance at it will enable the reader to discern its unsatisfactory character.

‡ Perhaps the late origin of the Septuagint may account for some of the missing passages. We can hardly believe it possible that a man like Justin Martyr would have appealed to a passage unless he had actually found it in his copy.

students many years to come. Scholars must arise who will do for Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion what Dr. de Lagarde has done so nobly for Lucian's version. When this gigantic task has been accomplished, and all these Versions are arranged side by side in parallel columns, we may be able by the process of differentiation to arrive at the text of the Septuagint itself. We believe that the work, to which the Revisers refer with so much confidence and complacency, and by the help of which (beyond any other Version) they are disposed to correct the Hebrew text, exists only in the same fragmentary form as the other Greek versions of Aquila, Symmachus, Lucian, Theodotion;—that neither A nor B represents the true Septuagint text, but rather two recensions of some translation (or perhaps two different translations) of the Hebrew;\*—and that our printed text has no more critical authority than the Syriac or the Targum, and not so much as the Latin of Jerome.

(2) The next ancient authority to which the Revisers refer us, and by the aid of which they now propose partially to restore the Hebrew text to its original purity,—and on the authority of which they anticipate that they shall be enabled hereafter to attempt its entire reconstruction,—are the TARGUMS. Of these there are several, but only three exist in a complete form, viz. (1) Onkelos, or the Targum (that is '*explanation*') of the Law; (2) the Targum of Jonathan on the prophetic books (that is the books from Joshua to the end of the second of Kings, and all the prophets, as we call them, except Daniel); and lastly (3) the Targum of an unknown author (or authors) upon the Hagiographa. These three works differ widely in quality as well as in date. Onkelos is a very sensible translation of the Hebrew text. It is at times more of a paraphrase than a translation; and in general, when the author was acquainted with more than one translation of a passage he combined the two in his paraphrase. The Targum on the Prophets is occasionally more diffuse than that of Onkelos on the Law, yet it gives some interesting explanations, and bears witness to certain readings which were known at the time of the compilation of the work. Most uncertain are the dates of these two Targums. It is generally agreed, however, that Onkelos was reduced to writing previously to the end of the IIIrd century A.D., though as an oral tradition it existed earlier.

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\* We have given considerable attention to the citations in Philo. We must remember that he cites very few passages outside the Pentateuch, and even then he is not very exact. For instance take Philo (*ed. Mangey*) vol. i. pp. 119, 120, and examine the citations from Ex. xv. 1, xvi. 4, 15. It is interesting to observe that the readings of some passages in which Philo differs from the LXX. are found in certain MSS. collated by Holmes and Parsons. Are we here upon the track of this lost Version?

The Targum on the prophets is of later, but also of uncertain date. That upon the Hagiographa is frequently very wild indeed. The portion which deals with the Psalms is nevertheless valuable. The bulk of this work, however, belongs to a comparatively modern time; possibly no part may be earlier than A.D. 800, and some may be as late as the XIIth century.

It is plain therefore that we are dealing with a very precarious instrument of Criticism when we employ the Targums to correct the Hebrew of the Bible. The Targum on Genesis is an 'Ancient authority,' no doubt, in comparison with some parts of the Targum on the Hagiographa: but then it is 1500 years later than the text which the Revisers propose to improve by its means. As for the Targum on the Canticles, if age is to be the criterion of value, it is of no more critical importance in the present investigation than an Anglo-Saxon translation would be. And we may add that to the uncertainty of the critical value of the different Targums, resulting from our ignorance of the date at which they were written, accrues the difficulty of ascertaining with certainty the true text\* of the Targum itself. We pass on to the next of our proposed critical guides.

(3) The SYRIAN is a most important Version: but evidently the work of various translators, and, by consequence, somewhat unequal in merit. Here again the great difficulty under which the student suffers is the want of a trustworthy Text. We have made use of that in Walton's Polyglott and the Photo-lithographic reproduction of an Ambrosian Manuscript of about the VIth century, published by Dr. Ceriani, which furnishes some valuable readings.†

(4) The same difficulty attaches to the LATIN VULGATE as to the Syriac version. We are absolutely without a critical edition, and therefore never know whither to betake ourselves for what is 'the Vulgate' indeed. As a critical authority we prefer the text of Jerome edited by Vallarsi to any so called 'Vulgate.' We know that Jerome is a competent witness to the text which he found in Hebrew books in his day.—It only remains further to notice,

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\* The forms in which we have found the Targum most useful are Onkelos edited by Dr. Berliner, 1884; Targum on the Prophets edited by Prof. de Lagarde, 1872; Targum on the Hagiographa by the same, 1873.

† The want of a critical edition of the Syrian Version of the Old Testament is sadly felt by those who seek to verify their references. Some years ago when our attention was first directed to Dr. Geiger's *Urschrift*, we were surprised to learn (p. 456) that in Gen. iii. 17, the LXX. and Syrian translate the words 'for thy sake' by 'in thy works.' There is no doubt about the LXX. and Symmachus and Jerome's 'in opere tuo,' but as yet we have not found in any Syrian copy any reading except 'for thy sake,' as in Onkelos and Aquila. On the other Syrian versions see the late Cardinal Wiseman's *Horæ Syriacæ*.

(5) The SAMARITAN Text,—which is really nothing more than a transliteration of the Hebrew into Samaritan characters, and must not be confounded with the Samaritan *Version*,—applies to the Pentateuch only, and may be found in Walton's Polyglott. It differs considerably from the Hebrew text, and there are many reasons for supposing it to be not independent of the Septuagint.\* As this version is only once cited by the Revisers it is needless further to discuss its demerits. The Versions of the greatest importance then are the GREEK, the SYRIAC, the TARGUMS, and the LATIN.

Now we must at once plainly state that a careful examination of the internal characteristics of the present Revision does not serve in any way to amend our judgment, which was based upon our first glance at the book. Accordingly we shall take certain texts, each of vital importance, each bearing upon the Christian's hope, familiar to every grown up man or woman who knows anything about the Bible at all, and see how the Revisers have dealt with each. We also add that our remarks are for the most part directed to the margin of the Revised Version and not to the text.

(1) GENESIS iii. 15. It is well known that this verse is the earliest foreshadowing of the hope of the Gospel. Adam and Eve had by their Fall entailed sin corruption and death upon all their posterity. The penalty follows: yet is the curse tempered with mercy. Evil shall not triumph for ever. The Seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head; that is, shall utterly destroy him, though the Serpent in turn shall bruise the heel of the promised deliverer.†

Not so our Revisers, who might have learnt an admirable lesson about the proper use of the margin from the new German Revision. According to the Revisers the sinful sorrowing pair were to be comforted by the thought that a mutual '*lying in wait*' should always be going on between the human race and the serpent species. For we presume the margin explains the

\* For further information on the Samaritan Text see '*Fragments of a Samaritan Targum*,' by Rev. J. W. Nutt, 1874, pp. 83-98. On the Samaritan Version see '*Das Samaritanische Targum*,' Dr. A. Brüll, 1875, and the same author '*Zur Geschichte und Literatur der Samaritaner*,' 1876.

† So the '*Probeibibel*,' '*Dieselbe soll dir den Kopf zertreten und du wirst ihn in die Ferre strechen*,' Rom. xvi. 20. 1 Jo. iii. 8., &c., Heb. ii. 14. Rev. xii. 17. The full title of this work is '*Die Bibel oder die ganze Heilige Schrift ... nach der deutschen Übersetzung D. Martin Luthers. Erster Abdruck der im Auftrag der Eisenacher deutschen evangelischen Kirchenkonferenz revidierten Bibel (sogenannte Probeibibel)*,' Halle a. S. 1833.' See a review of this by Dr. de Lagarde in the *Gött. gel. Anz.* 1885, part 2. The review is reprinted at Göttingen, 1885.

text,\* and furnishes a version which shall remove all doubt as to its meaning. Let us therefore understand that according to the Revisers, 'to bruise' means 'to lie in wait for.' And now let us see what amount of authority they are able to produce in support of their view.

The Septuagint renders the Hebrew verb *תִּרְהֹסֶי*. Aquila exhibits *προσπρίψει*. Symmachus proposes *θλίψει*. The Syriac translates 'shall crush.' The Targum paraphrases, 'He shall remember what thou didst to him at the first, but thou shalt watch him' (or 'for him') 'until the end.' Jerome has '*Iipse conteret caput tuum*,' which he prefers to the Latin ordinarily employed in his day, viz. '*ipse servabit caput tuum*.' So far as the Versions go, they cannot be brought forward as witnesses to this marginal illustration. But we shall be told that, of course, it was the Septuagint version to which the Revisers referred. To which we answer,—If it was, why did they not say so? But next,—It cannot be: seeing that *τηρεῖν* does not mean 'to lie in wait for,' but 'to keep' (*servare*),—whether in the sense of 'observing' a command, or 'preserving' a thing of value. Remarkable it is that in Job ix. 17 and Ps. cxxxiv. 11, (which are the only other places where the verb occurs), the Septuagint rendering should be *ἐκτρίψῃ* and *καταπατήσῃ*, without any various reading. This appears to us to make it not improbable that the text of the LXX. at Gen. iii. 15, has been at some remote period tampered with, and if so the only pretext for this marginal gloss disappears. The Fathers' citations show that this reading (*τηρήσει servabit*) was known at an early period, and further, that it was the only reading with which they were acquainted. Very cruelly did it cripple them. A feeble, fanciful comment on the grandest prediction which Prophecy ever uttered is all that is anywhere to be met with, in East or in West. The words of Jerome prove however that the only true translation, '*calcabit*,' was not absolutely unknown.

It must be remembered however that the Revised English Bible was not intended by Convocation primarily for persons capable of reading Hebrew, and of estimating the value of

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\* Alternative renderings introduced by 'Or' are either different meanings of the word or passage, or else serve to connect it with other renderings elsewhere. So the Revisers tell us, p. ix. (2). The word 'to bruise' occurs elsewhere only in Job ix. 17. and Psalm cxxxix. 11. in the former of which it is rendered 'he breaketh me,' in the latter 'overwhelm' with 'cover' as marginal alternative. We presume that the Revisers do not wish to connect this rendering in Genesis with the others, as they give us no references. It must follow then as a natural consequence that by 'Or' is meant that the marginal version is as good as that contained in the text. In other words, if it should ever become lawful to read the Revised Version publicly, the congregation might be treated to the marginal reading at the Minister's option.

alternative readings, or ancient Versions, or ancient MSS., but for ordinary English readers who, finding certain obsolete words and phrases interfere with their understanding the sacred text, cry out for help. May we venture to ask what help they obtain from such a marginal note as this? Against this grand prediction, which takes the span of all the future ages until the personal Advent of Him Who alone of mankind was the Seed of the Woman indeed; this precious verse of Scripture which is the summary of every book that follows; this prophecy which is literally all that was given to the unhappy protoplast in order to sustain his hopes when driven out of Paradise, and therefore may with truth be called 'his Bible':—against Gen. iii. 15, the Revisers have written 'Or,' which of course induces the reader to infer that the text means just the opposite of consolation. Other specimens will be given further on of what we are sorry to declare appears at first sight to be a determination on the part of the Revisers to throw doubt, either in text or margin, upon passages which have always been regarded by Christians as Messianic.

(2) GEN. xlix. 10. We pass over the 'ruler's staff' which the Revisers have substituted for 'lawgiver' of the A. V., and the word 'obedience' for 'gathering.' In this passage though it is true that the word 'Shiloh' has been retained in the text, yet the marginal notes leave an unsuspecting reader in great difficulty as to what he is to believe. He has been taught to believe with the Jewish Church, that Shiloh was a name of the Messiah, and has learnt that this passage means that Judah shall maintain its corporate existence as a tribe until the coming of the Prince of Peace. And so Judah did.

Not so, say the Revisers, the text may mean any one of the three following things equally well. It may mean (a) 'Till he come to Shiloh having the obedience of the peoples': or (b) (if you like to follow the LXX.), 'Until that which is his shall come': or (c) (if you prefer to follow another ancient rendering), you may translate it 'Till he come whose it is.' Now we will not ask why they did not add the versions of the Vulgate and of Jerome (*donec veniat Qui 'mittendus est'*): but we think it quite reasonable to enquire why they did not put into the margin what the Targum of Onkelos tells us (a work which they cite on Lev. viii. 31). This, in Dr. Berliner's edition as in more ancient ones, reads,—*Until the Messiah cometh, whose is the 'kingdom.'* We find no fault with them for leaving 'Shiloh' untranslated,\* but we think that the insertion of these two ancient

\* The Probabibel translates Shiloh by 'Der Held,' referring us to Num. xxiv. 17; 1 Chron. xxviii. 4; Heb. vii. 14.

renderings to the exclusion of the Targum is a serious blot upon their work. It would appear as if a portion of the Revisers not only wished to minimize the Messianic prophecies which occur in the text, but were anxious to suppress any distinct ancient evidence of a Messianic Interpretation having ever existed.\* They might have left the verse as the A. V. did without note or comment; but they have, to say the very least, introduced confusion where none existed before.†

(3) *LEV. xvi. 10, 26.* With this passage the ordinary English reader is perhaps not so familiar as with some others; but it requires a cursory notice, as the action of the Revisers in altering the text, and adding a meaningless alternative reading has made complete havock of the context. With the A. V. 'scape goat,' and the A. V. margin 'Heb. *Azazel*,' the English reader was well aware that there existed considerable doubt as to the meaning of the phrase; but he had a general idea of the sense of the passage, viz. that two goats were taken, one of which was drawn by lot and offered for a sin offering, while (after certain ceremonies) the living goat was let loose alive into the wilderness. We were taught when young to see in all this, the same doctrine conveyed typically, which by Isaiah in his liiird chapter is enuniated prophetically, viz. that there was a vicarious atonement for sin; and that though the Law of GOD had laid it down that 'the soul that sinneth it shall die,' yet in His mercy and wisdom He had comforted those who had sinned, with the revelation of life being still possible, provided Another is content to bear the Death which Sin merits.

This, we say, was the plain teaching on the subject which we received from our fathers, and it made a very difficult part of the Scripture tolerably plain to us. But who can make anything whatever out of,—'Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats, one lot for the Lord, the other for Azazel,' or the still less intelligible alternative of 'dismissal' for Azazel?‡ We have not the space to discuss what is meant by this term. The

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\* It is worth notice that the Revisers have with perfect consistence omitted to notice the Messianic reference in the other passage of Onkelos where it occurs, Num. xxiv. 17. Here the word 'Sceptre' is translated by the Targum 'The Messiah.' The whole passage runs 'The king shall arise from Jacob, and the Messiah shall become glorious from Israel.' The authorized version recognized this, spelling the words Star, and Sceptre with a capital S.

† Two of the Revisers have both given up the translation of Dr. Dillmann in favour of another which is Messianic in character. See Dr. Driver in the Expositor for July 1885, pp. 1-16, and a more elaborate article by him in the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. xiv. pp. 1-28. Mr. Cheyne, Isaiah, vol. ii. pp. 189-194.

‡ Here the Revisers have followed the Probeibel 'Das andre dem Asazel,' which however gives the important reference Matt. xii. 14. The original words of Luther were 'das andero dem ledigen Bock.'

LXX. and Philo understood very much the same as we did by the word 'scapegoat,' translating it by ἀποπομπαῖος; and in a similar sense Symmachus and in one copy Aquila, though another reading of Aquila is also given. The Syriac and Targum transliterate the word, the Vulgate and Jerome '*caper emissarius*.' We do not deny that the Revisers had a difficult task before them, but they might 'quite consistently with faithfulness' \* have retained the A. V. reading and the margin unaltered in this passage. We think they deserve censure for making more obscure what was sufficiently obscure already.

We pass over certain passages in which it is questionable how far the Revisers are right—for let us remember that if Dr. Friedr. Delitzsch is correct in his views about the dependence of Hebrew upon the Assyrian instead of the Arabic, a great amount of change will take place in our views of Hebrew grammar and etymology, and many things which are now regarded as undoubted, the results of the labours of Schultens, Schroeder, and last of all Ewald—(we abstain from referring to living scholars)—will require to be amended, and a newly Revised Bible will be imperatively called for. We pass over especially the very confusing annotations in the margin on Job xix. 25–27, and proceed to PSALM xxii. 16,—‘They pierced my hands and my feet.’

(4) This passage is one that speaks in unmistakable language of the crucifixion of the SAVIOUR. All Christendom has so regarded it for many generations. The Revisers suffer the received translation to stand, but they entirely evacuate its meaning by their marginal note. Having admitted that the Sept., Vulgate, and Syriac support the text, they volunteer the information that other ancient versions have, ‘*They bound,*’ while ‘the Hebrew text as pointed reads like a lion.’ † If the Revisers were really bent upon being critical, why did they not add, that this is probably one of the eighteen passages which are known to have been tampered with by the Scribes? ‡ But why encumber the margin at all?

We should have thought that the present was a case where

\* General Principle (1).

† The Probelibel has ‘sie haben meine Hände und Füße durchgraben,’ with the highly important references ‘Luke xxiv. 39, 40, comp. John xx. 25, 27.’

‡ See Dr. Ginsburg’s *Massorah*, vol. ii. p. 710, where three lists of passages occur claiming to be corrections of the Scribes. In the first list there are 17 texts, in the last two 18. The three lists do not agree with each other, but this passage is found in neither of them. Bp. Pearson (on the Creed, Art. 4) says that only 16 passages were really mentioned by the Scribes. ‘The other two without question are Psalm xxii. 16. and Zach. xii. 10.’ See also Raymund Martin Pugio Fidei, p. 244 (Paris 1651).



persons entrusted to revise the A. V. would have abstained from introducing any alteration whatever, especially as they had three ancient versions to support them. But finding the Targum—a post-Christian work—in favour of ‘biting’ and ‘like a lion;’ Aquila and Symmachus with their ‘binding,’ we suppose in their account nullify the LXX. testimony *ᾠρυξαν* which they had just cited. The Syro-Hexaplar reads the same as the Peschito, or Syriac Version. Jerome has ‘fixerunt’: some MSS. ‘vinxerunt,’ and the Vulgate reads ‘foderunt.’ Then, as to the Revisers’ remark about the ‘Hebrew text as pointed,’—*Where is it so pointed?* Only in certain MSS. Others actually read ‘they pierced.’ The Complutensian text also prints it so, (though by the way it does not occur in Dr. Ginsburg’s *Massorah*, p. 106). We believe that there is no doubt about the true reading in this passage. (1) A verb is wanted. ‘*Like a lion*’ makes absolute nonsense, either with the preceding ‘*have inclosed me*’ or with ‘*my hands and my feet*’ which follow. (2) The Chaldee implies a verb when it translates ‘*biting*’—a word especially used in Chaldee of the biting of a serpent.\* That a verb originally stood here in the Hebrew is shown by all the versions. It may well be that in after times as the Christian and the Jew entered into controversy, the reading was altered into a substantive, which the Chaldee Paraphrast also adopted as well as the verb.

We have dwelt at some length upon this verse because of its vast importance. We have not pressed certain points that might have been made, because ‘cut and dried’ answers are ready for us. If we bring forward Jacob Ben Chaiim, who certainly states that he found ‘they pierced’ in certain correct copies, and that ‘like a lion’ was written in the margin to be ‘read’ (the Qri), it will be said that Jacob became a Christian, and that his testimony is unworthy of credit as he wrote with interested views.† But men should remember that it is perfectly possible for a Jew to become a Christian without becoming a liar. For ourselves, to avoid any ambiguity we have stated what cannot be denied, the plain testimonies of the Ancient versions to our Authorized Version. We think that when the Revisers made up their minds to retain the text unaltered, they should have left the margin as it was in the A. V., *with references to the four holy Gospels*. But if

\* Dr. Levy (*Chald. Wörterbuch*, Leipzig, 1881, p. 112a) gives a various reading, *רִנְנָן*, which means butting like an horned animal. How this can apply to a lion, or how even an ox could butt any one’s hands or feet is more than we can tell.

† See the note on the passage in Hupfeld’s *Commentary* (2nd ed.) vol. ii. p. 65. Delitzsch (3rd ed.) vol. i. p. 224.

they must needs state what the 'Sept., Vulg. and Syr.' say, they should not have omitted the 'Targum.' If they gave us 'Aquila and Symmachus and Jerome' with their '*binding*' or '*fixing*,' they should have also given us the Syro-Hexaplar text. If they gave us what the 'Hebrew as pointed' says, they should not have omitted to tell us that some MSS. and an ancient and valuable printed copy read '*they pierced*.' They have in reality omitted much which they were bound to insert if they said anything at all.

(5) PSALM xlv. 6. The text we have been discussing (it has been remarked by many persons) is nowhere *directly cited* in the New Testament as applying to the Crucifixion, though of course this application of it is *implied* by S. John and indeed by our Saviour Himself.\* Upon that ground (viz. that the Revisers have not directly contraverted Scripture), some may consider that they have committed no very grievous offence in slurring over so much important matter connected with the Messianic interpretation of Ps. xxii. 16. Let us however now take Ps. xlv. 6 as an instance of what the Revisers have done with a passage which *has* received an inspired interpretation (Heb. i. 8). Here we have no authorities cited, but the reader is presented with an alternative, introduced by 'Or,' as follows:—

Text.	Margin.
Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.	Or, ' <i>Thy throne is the throne of God,</i> ' &c.

Let us then proceed to ascertain on what amount of authority, the proposed alternative reading rests. We find in the—

- (1) Septuagint, 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.'
- (2) Syriac, 'The throne of God is for ever and ever.'
- (3) Targum, 'Thy glorious throne, O Jehovah, is established for ever and ever.'
- (4) Jerome, 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.'
- (5) Vulgate, 'Thy seat, O God, is for ever and ever.'
- (6) Aquila, 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and further.'
- (7) Symmachus, 'Thy throne, O God, is eternal and further.'
- (8) Theodotion, 'Thy throne, O God, is unto the eternal of the eternal.'

The Probabibel † follows the same translation, referring us to 2 Sam. vii. 13; Heb. i. 8.†

\* It is impossible to read Luke xxiv. 39, 40 followed up so speedily by the reference to the Psalms in ver. 44 without being struck with this.

† 'Gott dein Stuhl bleibt immer und ewig.'

‡ We pass over the translations of Cahen, Reuss, and others just as we do those of Delitzsch or Hitzig, because they are merely private translations and do not come with any authority. For the same reason we have omitted to notice Mendelssohn's instructive version and Commentary.

It would really seem as if the Revisers had here presented us with an alternative rendering, which is condemned by all important ancient Versions, as well as opposed to the most recently revised edition of one of the greatest and most widely known translations after our own, namely, that of Martin Luther.

Here again we have to ask,—What will be the meaning which the unsuspecting reader will assign to this Gloss? When young we were taught from this verse before us that a Person who had hitherto been addressed as a mighty human sovereign—a Man, but above all men—was suddenly and solemnly apostrophized as GOD. Knowing from the N. T. who this Person was, we believed and wondered. Believing that this Person was distinct from, yet One with the first great Cause of all things, we felt no difficulty in the words, v. 7, ‘God, Thy God hath anointed thee,’ &c. But what possible sense can be attached to the words, ‘thy throne is the throne of God’?—does ‘the throne of God’ mean no more than ‘the throne of the LORD,’ 1 Chr. xxix. 23; an abridgment for the full phrase, ‘throne of the kingdom of the LORD,’ 1 Chr. xxviii. 5, which Jeremiah explains to mean ‘Jerusalem’? Does the verse mean ‘Thy throne is at Jerusalem for ever and ever’? This is a bathos to which we are not accustomed in Hebrew poetry.

One of the Revisers has already spoken on this point. In his admirable book on the Hebrew Tenses (2nd Ed., p. 285), Dr. Driver gives us three renderings which have been proposed of this passage; and this marginal reading (the third one) he dismisses as no more tenable than the other two, ‘the predicate... being conceived always in the nominative not in the genitive; so that the insertion of “*throne of*” is plainly unauthorized.’ This is straightforward language, which acquires additional weight in its bearing upon this passage when we remember that early in 1881, when the new edition of Dr. Driver’s book was published, the Revision must have been nearly completed. Yet here is a translation not only without support from Ancient Versions, but actually pronounced ‘untenable’ by the author of a book who is respected as much in Germany as he is in England. Here is an interpretation which not only the Catholic Church never dreamed of, but actually a member of the Revision Committee has pronounced to be ‘plainly unauthorized’—yet it takes its place in the margin of the Revised Psalter. Here are Revisers going deliberately out of their way to contradict the New Testament. What can they mean? We are sorry to have to speak so severely of them, but this is a question which concerns

cerns all who love their Bible; and it is only fair that men should know upon what grounds some of these vital changes have been introduced, either openly in the text, or surreptitiously through the margin.

(6) Considerable interest attaches to the next passage we have selected for notice; a passage which anciently enjoyed painful celebrity, though perhaps not many are as familiar with it now-a-days as with some of the places already adduced. PROV. viii. 22, (*'the LORD possessed me [in the LXX. ἔκτισέ με] in the beginning of his ways'*), was much relied on by the Arians, fifteen centuries ago, as distinctly asserting that CHRIST is a created being, and therefore not co-eternal and consubstantial with the FATHER. Athanasius contended at great length, (in fact his 2nd Oration against the Arians is occupied with the proof), that even if ἔκτισεν be accepted as the rendering of Prov. viii. 22, his opponents were not warranted in finding therein an assertion that the SON OF GOD, (who in early Christian days was universally allowed to be the speaker in this passage), is a created being, and not very and Eternal GOD.

Here again however we find our Revisers suggesting in their margin the very interpretation (*'formed'*) on which the Arian heretics insisted and relied. English readers henceforth are invited to take their choice between the heretical gloss, and the rendering which the Hebrew verity requires, and which the voice of Catholic antiquity unequivocally attests to be the only true one. The versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, together with the Syro-Hexaplar, exhibit *'possessed me.'* It may be thought that the Syriac and the Targum yield hostile evidence: but it is not so. The Hebrew word (ברא) which those Versions here employ, does not necessarily mean *'to make out of nothing,'*—although that is clearly the meaning of the word in Gen. i. 1. The verb *'bara'* seems, in the Semitic languages, to be connected with the word *'bar'* which means *'son.'* Hence, the primary meaning is to *'bring forth.'* In reality therefore neither Syriac nor Chaldee is here opposed to the other versions. By our Revisers, the *Arian gloss on the ἔκτισε of the LXX.* has been regarded as constituting sufficient authority for introducing the heretical rendering into the margin of the English Bible.

Fortunately the Origenian Hebrew has been preserved to us by Epiphanius, and Jerome gives \* ADONAI CANANI BRESITH DERCHO as practically the equivalent in Latin letters

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\* See Dr. Field's 'Hexapla' on the passage.

of our present Hebrew Text.\* Now, this word transliterated CANANI does not necessarily mean 'he created me.' The primary signification of the verb seems to be 'to acquire' as a father 'acquires' a son. (See Gen. iv. 1 and Deut. xxxii. 6.) And this is precisely the profound significance of purpose with which the word is employed in the place before us; which (in the judgment of Catholic antiquity) conveys the sublime doctrine of the eternal generation of the second Person in the Trinity. Wisdom is personified and is introduced as claiming to have been 'gotten' or 'possessed' as a son by the LORD.† We fear that the Catholic interpretation of Scripture was by no means an object of concern with some of the Revisers. But there shall at least be no doubt that Churchmen will resent the furtive introduction of an exploded heretical gloss into the margin of our English Bible. Since the present Revision claims to have been produced under the sanction of Convocation, we venture to suggest (as a *pendant* for their famous Socinian gloss against Rom. ix. 5) that the Revisers' marginal note should have been,—'Or, as explained by the Arians, *formed*.'

(7) We have next to speak of another controverted passage, in which an article of the Creed of Christendom is concerned, where the Revisers though they have not ventured to eject the true translation from the text, seeing that they enjoy the assurance of the Evangelist S. Matthew (i. 23) *that the translation in the text is correct*, yet foisted into the margin a well-known alternative that has been over and over again condemned. In ISAIAH vii. 14 the famous words occur 'Behold a virgin shall conceive.' Upon this are two notes, which being of course alternative leave the reader in a state of fourfold uncertainty what the passage really means. If he does not (1) prefer the text shall he adopt (2) 'Behold *the* virgin,'—or (3) 'Behold *a* maiden,'—or (4) 'Behold *the* maiden'?

Waiving the question of the definite article, we invite the reader's attention to the proposed substitution of '*maiden*' for '*virgin*.' It will be sufficient to notice as we have hitherto done the principal versions. The LXX. reads *παρθένος*. Aquila, Symmachus, Theodotion—*παῖς*. The Syriac has the same word as it has in S. Matt. i. 23.‡ The Targum has the same word as the Hebrew (*עַלְמָה*). Jerome and the Vulgate—'*virgo*.' For this alternative reading therefore, the only certain

\* The B in Bresith has most probably crept into the text from the habit of the copyist to write the name of the first book of the Bible, which was called by this name in Hebrew from the first word, which means 'In a beginning.'

† The Probelibel has 'Der hat mich gehabt,' and refers to Job xxvi. 10.

‡ Where the Revisers translate the Greek '*the* virgin.'

evidence on which the Revisers rest are 'Aq. Symm. Theod.' For the meaning of the Syriac is clear from the parallel passage in the Gospels, and in Chaldee the word *ܐܘܢܝܬܐ* or *ܐܘܢܝܬܐ* is used much the same as in Hebrew to signify 'an unmarried young woman.'

What then, let us ask, did the Revisers mean by putting the word 'maiden' into their margin? If it is really synonymous with the word in the text, it is a sheer superfluity, and they might have made their book appear symmetrical by putting 'maiden' into the text and leaving the margin blank,—as in Levit. xxv. 14, where they have substituted 'wrong' (text) for Authorized Version 'oppress'; and in Num. xx. 27, where 'established' (text of Revised Version is read) for the Authorized Version 'prepared.' If 'maiden' is *not* synonymous with 'virgin,' why did the Revisers not give their authority for introducing a change?

The fact is, as Athanasius observes in his remarks upon the Arians, it is not necessary to make much strife about words. An orthodox Christian may inadvertently use a heretical phrase without meaning to deny the Catholic faith; and a heretic may use Catholic phrases while supporting his blasphemy. What you must do is to see what the man really means. We fear that this caution of an ancient Father conspicuous for his orthodoxy requires to be observed with regard to the Revisers. Had we been presented with 'maiden' in the text we should not perhaps have thought much about the matter; but as we have observed other passages dealt with in such a way as either to oppose the recognized Messianic character of the passage, or the Deity of the Saviour, or to contradict plain Gospel teaching,—we cannot overlook the fact that this is another passage in which a decided 'animus' against the Catholic Creeds is recognizable in some of the Revisers.

(8) The prophecy in HAG. ii. 7,—'And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory,'—requires a short notice. Christian men have always been taught that this is a clear prediction that the promised Messiah should come before the temple at Jerusalem was destroyed. In fact all Messianic prophecy was intended to enable men to recognize the Messiah when He came. Accordingly, as one prophecy pointed out that His Mother was to be a Virgin,—as another that He was to be born at Bethlehem,—as another, that He was to be cut off and to have no people of His own after a period of so many weeks,

so Haggai, by the Holy Spirit, limits the time still further by assuring despairing Israel in the time of Zerubbabel, that the latter temple shall be rendered more glorious than the former by the personal advent of 'the desire of all nations,' and the LORD 'will fill this House with glory.'

Our early belief is at once reproved and repulsed by the Revisers' text,—*'the desirable things of all nations shall come.'* The margin gives an alternative—Or *'the things desired'* of all nations. But the same Revisers in the same margin after *'the things desired'* (is it to bewilder the reader?) proceed,—*'Heb. desire.'* Now if they mean, or rather since they admit, that the 'desire of all nations' is the 'literal rendering of the Hebrew,' why did they not leave it alone; seeing that it not only makes excellent sense, but actually stands in the Authorized Version, into which the Revisers were pledged to 'introduce as few changes as possible consistently with faithfulness'? If this note does not mean what they tell us in their preface it ought to mean, why do they introduce it at all?

The LXX. may be cited as an authority by the Revisers for their gloss,—*τὰ ἐκλεκτά*, 'the choice things.' The Syriac has 'that they may bring the desire of all nations,'\* The Targum has the same in substance, while Jerome and the Vulgate both translate *'et veniet desideratus cunctis gentibus.'*

Common sense, surely, makes it highly improbable that the prophet should have meant no more than that the 'greatest treasures' of the nations, or 'the choicest things' of the nations should come into the temple. There is no grammatical difficulty in the authorized rendering. Why then has it been treated as if it was a plain and a clear error? Many persons find a personal allusion in the 'desire of women,' Dan. xi. 37, or 'the desire of Israel,' 1 Sam. ix. 20. We can discover no reason why it should not be admitted here,—except by those who are prejudiced against all Messianic prophecy.

(9) The last passage we shall bring forward is DANIEL ix. 25, 26. And here we invite the reader's attention to two changes that have been introduced.

(1.) The punctuation of the verse has been altered,—the Authorized punctuation not having been even retained as a marginal alternative:—

A. V.	R. V.
shall be seven weeks, and three-score and two weeks: the street shall be built again, &c.	shall be seven weeks: and three-score and two weeks, it shall be built again, &c.

\* The Probabibel has 'Aller Heiden Kostlichstes.'

(2.) The text has also been altered, and the important words of the prophecy have been banished to the margin.

(1.) With regard to the first alteration, no doubt the Revisers can plead that they have here, for once, retained the Massoretic pointing. But the Massoretic pointing makes absolute nonsense, as Dr. Pusey has shown. The Regius Professor also maintained that the Massoretic punctuation has been altered by later hands; and the punctuation adopted by Jerome and Theodotion and the Syriac bears out this opinion. We also believe that the Authorized Version was perfectly correct in adhering to Jerome's punctuation. We are certain that it ought to have been let alone.

(2.) With regard to the second point of alteration, we will not weary the reader by alleging citations from the different versions. They would be of little real assistance here. All that we wish to observe is that the word 'Messiah' which stood in the text of the Authorized Version in this passage, has disappeared from the text of the Revised. We admit that the English 'anointed one' is the equivalent of the Hebrew 'Messiah.' But *why then has the latter word been banished from the text, and made to disappear in its etymological equivalent?*

Let it be remembered that in this chapter Daniel describes himself to have been in great trouble as to the meaning of a certain prophecy of Jeremiah.\* After praying and fasting, he professes to have received a revelation from Heaven that the complete fulfilment of Jeremiah's prophecy was not a matter of years but of days. And then comes the marvellous statement that this series of weeks had certain sign-posts, so to say, which arrested special attention,—seven weeks, sixty-two weeks, one week. At the end of the sixty-two weeks, that is sixty-two weeks after the first period of seven weeks, 'Messiah the Prince' (as he is rightly styled by the Authorized Version), 'shall be cut off' or disowned and rejected by certain persons not mentioned, so that he ceases to have any people.

Obviously the Revisers reject any Messianic reference whatever, as they do not even spell 'Anointed' one or 'Prince' with capital letters, even though Gabriel, v. 21, is allowed that distinction. They have made the whole passage unintelligible.

Now the obvious question for us to ask is, how are we to account for these remarkable alterations or alternatives which the Revisers offer us in their margin? We cannot believe

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\* Dan. ix. 2, referring (as the margin of our A. V. faithfully and usefully reminds us) to Jer. xxv. 11, 12, and xxix. 10. Why are such references as this industriously withheld by the Revisers?



ourselves to be correct in attributing them to a decided animus of the Committee against the Catholic faith, for among their number are Bishops of the Church, Ecclesiastics of high position, and others whose orthodoxy is above suspicion. It is inconceivable, that these divines should have purposely consented to the suppressing of the Messianic references which we have mentioned. Nor can we believe that it was the intention of the Committee to make the Philological interpretation a matter of the first importance; because here they have failed signally in their marginal notes. The difficulties of the Committee may have been enhanced by the fact, that some members who possibly shrank from the Catholic interpretation of a passage, yet bowed with humble obedience to the authority of such names as Ewald, Gesenius, Hitzig, Hupfeld, Olshausen, and other German commentators. (Strange, that the more some minds recalcitrate against one form of authority, the more subservient they become to another!) We fear that we can see what has taken place. Divided counsels have been the ruin of fourteen years. In other words, a large Committee, holding different opinions and belonging to different churches, is not the right body to deal with such an important task as the Revision of the Holy Scriptures.

We have already explained what is meant by the 'Qri' and the 'Kthib.' We have shown that the editors of the Massoretic text took immense pains to preserve the very best reading that they could obtain. They carefully registered their own תכונים (or corrections), amounting to 18, they gave their own סבריי (or conjectures) as to better readings, and then came the Qri and Kthib. We have felt great difficulty in dealing with this part of the Revisers' work. The reason is that the number of Qri and Kthib is not yet sufficiently ascertained. We must, in fact, carefully distinguish between the Massorah, and marginal corrections or readings which may have been inserted by the scribe in his manuscript. In fact there are various readings to a Massorah as well as to a text; but every marginal note is not a Massoretic variation.

Accordingly, we have examined the R.V. for the Qri and Kthib in those books only which have been edited by Drs. Baer and Delitzsch. We have then compared those readings with what we have found in Dr. Ginsburg's Massorah.\* In this

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\* 'The Massorah,' compiled from Manuscripts alphabetically and lexically arranged by Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D., 2 vols. folio. London, 1880-1883. For a full list of the Qri and Kthib, see the second volume of this enormous work, pp. 53-93.

way we have noticed over 600 readings which are given in the text of Drs. Baer and Delitzsch. We have only mentioned occasionally those readings which Dr. Ginsburg alleges when the other collection is silent.

Now out of these 626 readings (of course we are liable to be mistaken in counting—but such we believe to be the number we have examined) there are 191 which make some difference in the sense. The remaining 435 readings only deal with the spelling, that is the full or defective writing of certain words. Our Revisers accordingly, if they had been pleased to do, might have given English readers the opportunity of knowing at least 191 places in the books of Genesis, Isaiah, Ezekiel, the 12 prophets, Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Daniel, in which Hebrew sagacity has discovered various exhibitions of the Massoretic Text. But the student finds that out of these 191 readings which might have been recorded, and every one of them with perfect justice, the Revisers have ignored at least 105, that is *more than one half*.

Now, let us remember that our Revisers display extraordinary zeal for indicating 'various readings.' We simply wonder at their officiousness in Ezra ii. 1, when they give us the strange reading 'Heb. Nebuchadnezzor' for 'Nebuchadnezzar.\*' If really the spelling of this grand Monarch's name was of so much importance as to monopolize four lines in the margin, that is nearly one twenty-fifth part of the whole space that was available to illustrate the first chapter of Ezra,—Why did they not save us from making a blunder in confounding the 'Iddo' of Ezra x. 43 with the 'Iddo' of Neh. xii. 16? No possibility of confusion exists in the Authorized Version, as will shortly be shown. It will, no doubt, be objected that the name of this estimable man is unimportant. Be it so—yet that is no reason why the Revisers should have departed from the careful method in which the Translators of the Authorized Version distinguished between the two. For the sake of illustration we write these names in parallel columns, using the well-known notation ק to mean Qri.

Ezra, Heb.	Ezra, A.V.	Ezra, R.V.	Neh., Heb.	Neh., A.V.	Neh., R.V.
יְדִי יְדִי ק	Jadau.	Iddo (another reading is Jaddai).	עֲדִינָא עֲדִינָא ק	Iddo.	Iddo.

Here there is a passage in which, if the Revisers had only

\* Why have they not given a note to tell us how the Cuneiform inscriptions spelt this name, and to point out that the Hebrew author of the Book of Ezra was evidently acquainted with that spelling? The last vowel is given by Dr. Ginsburg as o; in the Cuneiform it is u.

paid the same attention to the Qri and Kthib which was paid by the translators of the Authorized Version, such a confusion could not have occurred. Of course it is easy to say that the matter is of small importance; but, (besides that the same may be said of 'Nebuchadnezzor') it must be remembered that we have before us a work which has occupied learned men for fourteen years, which also *professes* to deal with things of small importance throughout. Could they not have devised some different mode of spelling? Or at least could they not have done what the translators of the Authorized Version always did when in difficulties—that is, simply stick to the text?

We will pass over the cases in which the Revisers have taken the Qri in preference to the Kthib, because we think that, whenever a high authority such as the Massorah has given us a choice between two readings, we have a right to invoke the aid of the Versions. But now, reminding our readers once again that the Revisers have ignored more than half the important readings in the Massorah, let us call their attention to the following inconsistencies.

Here are instances of well-known readings which make a difference to the sense, but which are nevertheless absolutely ignored by the Revisers.

(1) Gen. xxiv. 33. וַיֵּשֶׁב text, וַיֵּשְׁב margin. A. V. follows the Qri ('and there was set'). Similarly R.V., but no note occurs to the effect that another reading has '*and one set.*'

(2) Isaiah v. 29. וַיִּשְׁעוּ text, וַיִּשְׁעוּ margin. A. V. follows the Qri ('they shall roar'). Similarly R.V., but we are not informed that the Hebrew has 'and there is a roaring.'

(3) Isaiah xxx. 32. בָּהֶם in text, בָּהֶם in margin. The Authorized Version has 'with it,' the margin has 'against them.' The Revised Version gives eight lines of margin to this verse, but not a word about this variant, though the difficulty is an easy one to explain.

(4) Ezek. xiv. 51. אֲחֵי in Text, אֲחֵי in margin. A.V. 'thou hast done.' Similarly R.V., omitting all notice of the difference in reading. It may be alleged by the Revisers that this is an ancient way of writing the second person of the perfect. No doubt about it—but why did they go out of their way (in verse 52) to read 'sister' in the margin, when no such variant is to be found either in the huge Massorah of Dr. Ginsburg,\* or in the more manageable apparatus edited by Drs. Baer and Delitzsch? ['Ezekiel,' p. 29.] We do not deny that the reading may exist, but it is remarkable that the Revisers should

\* 'The Massorah,' vol. ii. p. 65.

think it worth while to commence a Massorah on their own account.

We might go on for many pages writing down the variations of the Qri and Kthib which have been passed over by the Revisers, but the above instances will show the reader what he may expect. And now let us remember that these books which we have examined with this one object before us represent a little less than one half of the whole Old Testament. It may therefore be safely assumed that more than half the recognized variants have been passed over—variants which were considered of importance by those far-seeing men the Massoretes, who be it remembered had Manuscripts before them, and had opportunities, which have passed away for ever, of judging what was the correct text.

In these days people cannot be reminded too strongly and too frequently that there is a vast difference between what the Old Testament writers actually wrote, and what according to principles of modern grammar they ought to have written. The Massorah gives us evidence as to what was originally written. Why then did not the Revisers give us more of it? Why did they, instead of editing the text that lay before them, bewilder us with their own conjectures—their own alternative renderings—their own variants arbitrarily extracted from inaccurate and corrupted Versions? 'Their own' conjectures and readings we called them; but indeed they are nothing of the sort. They are borrowed from other sources. Our complaint (to state the case plainly) is that the Revisers have not had the courage to declare their opinions in plain black and white; yet are these evident enough to those who can read between the lines. Let any one familiarize himself with the 'Kurzgefasstes Handbuch,' Ewald's 'Profeten,' Lange's 'Bibelwerk,' Reuss, 'La Bible,' Luzzato's Pentateuch and Isaiah,—and he will discover that there is scarcely a suggestion or emendation in the Revised Version which has not made its appearance already in one of the above. Now be it remembered that these emendations and conjectures are gravely put forth by men who profess a supreme regard for manuscript authority. Strange inconsistency! They have neglected more than half of the *materies critica* which an early and learned age has bequeathed to them, in order that they may exhibit to us in the margin of the English Bible some of the *deliramenta* of modern German criticism. We suggest that the margin of the English Bible is the wrong place for vagaries of this class. Nothing else but a gross error of judgment is it (not to stigmatize it more severely), to make the Bible

of

of the English-speaking race the depository of the conjectural criticism of modern Germany.

Instead of giving us the readings of the Massorah, the Revisers have given us various readings, which they introduce to us as follows,—‘*Many ancient authorities have,*’ or ‘*Some ancient authorities read,*’ or ‘*According to some ancient authorities.*’ There are no less than 58 such variations, in which the reader is left in complete ignorance as to what the ‘*ancient authorities*’ really are. We are not favoured with any information in the Preface as to the nature of these authorities, but from the special way in which ‘*ancient Versions*’ are twice mentioned, we should have understood the Revisers to mean that the ‘*ancient authorities*’ are something different. Let us, however, single out two or three actual instances.

Gen. iv. 8. ‘*Many ancient authorities have, said unto Abel his brother, Let us go into the field.*’ A well-known reading found in some MSS., in LXX., Vulg., Syr., but not in Onkelos, and though admitted by Jerome, still condemned by him, obelized by Origen, and actually stated by ‘one ancient authority’ to be apocryphal. Why could not the Revisers have let us know the whole truth, viz. that many more ancient authorities are *against* the reading?

For we desire to be informed, with what motive, view, or intention is the general, that is, the unlearned reader of the Old Testament, now for the first time to be informed that ‘*many ancient authorities*’ exhibit readings different from what stands in the text, and has been hitherto believed to be the reading of any given place? Is it meant that these ‘*ancient authorities*’ are more deserving of credit than the text of the Authorized Version? or at least equally deserving of credit? If this *be* what is meant, why are we not told so? If it be *not* meant, why is the information volunteered,—*and the marginal references one and all sacrificed in consequence?* No other effect can this method of the Revisers possibly have but to mystify, confuse, and mislead the general reader. But viewed scientifically it is also unfair; for if the truth is to be told, why are we not told *the whole* truth—the names of the authorities—their relative value—by how many other ‘*ancient authorities*’ the actual text is supported, and so on? In brief, we are annoyed beyond measure at the present attempt to convert the margin of the Old Testament (after the example set by the Revisers of the New Testament) into a kind of critical apparatus, wholly uncritical in its matter, where the unscientific reader stands bewildered and aghast, and from which the scientific reader makes

makes his escape amazed at that pedantry which can deliberately exhibit itself, and in such a locality, so much to its own disadvantage. But to proceed.

Exodus xix. 18. 'Some ancient authorities have, *people*,' that is, 'the whole *people* quaked,' instead of 'the whole *mount*.' Now, in this passage the Massoretic text is supported by the Targum, Syriac, and Jerome; and the 'ancient authorities' turn out to be LXX. and a few MSS. We do not see what would be the value of the testimony of some more 'ancient authorities' in a case like this, where the origin of the corrupt reading is so easily traced. All that has happened has been that some scribe remembered the passage 1 Sam. xiii. 7, and wrote '*people*' in error—the word '*tremble*' being for the most part used in Scripture of individuals rather than inanimate things. The utter worthlessness of the reading was thoroughly perceived by the Massorettes, and it has been completely ignored by two of the Revisers in the Queen's Printers' Bible.\* Why then is the margin of the Bible encumbered with such readings as these?

2 Sam. xv. 7. 'Some ancient authorities' read '*four*' instead of '*forty*.' Now, the 'ancient authorities' which we have been able to trace are simply the Syriac, and some MSS. of the Vulgate and LXX. No Hebrew MS. has the reading. It is not in the Codex Vaticanus or Codex Alexandrinus of the LXX., nor in Jerome, nor in the Targum. The correction is indeed of an exceedingly high antiquity, having been known to Josephus—but after all it is merely a conjectural emendation which originated in the difficulty that certain persons found in determining whence the forty years were to be dated. There is nothing in it to make it deserve marginal rank.

Psalms xlii. 5. Instead of the well-known words of the A. V. 'I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. O my God, my soul,' &c., 'some ancient versions' are observed to read, 'Who is the health of my countenance and my God. My soul,' &c. Such is the reading of the Syriac and LXX.; but not of (1) the Targum, of (2) Jerome, of (3) Aquila, of (4) Symmachus, of (5) Syro-Hexaplar. So that again, though it cannot be denied that 'some ancient authorities' have the reading, it is equally undeniable that more have *not* got it, and above all that *it is not in any Hebrew MS.* The origin of the reading is obvious. As the refrain occurs in the last verses of this and the next Psalm

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\* 'The Variorum Teacher's Edition of the Holy Bible,' printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode, printers to the Queen's most excellent Majesty. The Old Testament is edited by Dr. Driver and Mr. Cheyne. It furnishes an excellent key to the Revised Version, and is a far better and more useful book.

in the form suggested by the Syriac and the LXX., it was perfectly natural for some copyist to alter verse 5 so as to suit the other two verses. It cannot be too frequently remembered that the LXX. and Syriac Versions of the Psalter were largely used for liturgical purposes, and that by consequence the same kind of mistake which has arisen in our own Prayer-book Version of the Psalms (Psalm cxxxvi. 27.) was likely to occur in any other Psalter which was used for liturgical purposes. In fact as critical authorities upon the Psalms, the Syriac and LXX. are of very little, if any, value.\* Are our Revisers aware of this circumstance? If they are not it is much to be regretted, for the sake of their credit as Revisers. If they are, how are we to account for such misleading marginal annotations as the present?

Isaiah vii. 11. '*Make it deep unto Sheol*' is given as a gloss on (we cannot say an equivalent or alternative for) '*ask it either in the depth.*' Now we do not deny that this is the substance of the chief ancient Versions. What the inexperienced reader ought to have been told is merely this,—that '*unto Sheol*' is not in general '*Shealah*' but '*Sheolah*;' or in other words that it is very questionable whether this rendering ('unto Sheol') can be maintained with the present vowel-points. We are aware that modern authorities are in favour of so rendering the place; but it is worth noticing that the form '*Sheolah*' is used in ten places of the Scriptures in the sense of '*to Sheol*,' and that the form '*Shealah*' is unique. We do not deny the possibility of the rendering, but we regard it as too uncertain to be given without reserve or qualification. In other words, in the English Bible it is wholly inadmissible.

The last instance that we shall adduce is furnished by the Revisers' treatment of Jer. xv. 14. We are here presented with a specimen of the many '*ors*' which disfigure the margin of the Revised Version. This time the place shall be transcribed in its entirety, and the Revisers' handling of it shall be submitted to the judgment of the general reader.

A. V.	Revised Text.	Revised Margin.	Ancient Authorities.
And I will make thee to pass with thine enemies into a land.	And I will make them to pass with thine enemies into a land.	I will make thine enemies to pass into, &c.	I will make thee to serve thine enemies in a land, &c.

The '*Ancient authorities*' in this passage we discover to be

\* See the account of the use of the Psalter in the Greek Church, '*Bingham's Antiquities*,' book xiv. chapter i. § 12. And on the custom of the Syrian Church see the pamphlet of Dr. Dietrich, '*De usu publico Psalterii in Ecclesia Syriacâ*,' 4to. Marburg. 1862.

the Targum, Septuagint and Syriac. The reading of the Authorized Version is supported by Jerome, Symmachus and Aquila. Now the whole of this space in the margin is occupied in telling us practically no more than that certain ancient copyists mistook the letter *d* for the letter *r*. What need to declare that the blunder is simply unworthy of notice?

We could produce in detail other specimens in abundance of the want of perspective which the Revisers have shown in their use of the ancient Versions. Such are to be found in the following places—as 1 Sam. xxviii. 17,—1 Kings iv. 24,—xv. 6,—xix. 3,—xxi. 23,—Psalm xlvi. 14,—cxli. 7,—Prov. viii. 16—xxi. 6,—Eccles. ii. 26. We presume however that the instances which we have noticed are fully sufficient to indicate the purpose for which the margin has been employed.

We shall now examine certain other pieces of information which the Revisers have given us in their margin, where, their ‘authorities’ being specified, we presume that we are excusable if we do not search for *other* ‘ancient authorities’ besides those actually cited. Thus, we find no less than 75 passages in which an alternative reading is introduced by the formula ‘or, according to many ancient Versions,’ or ‘Some versions read,’ or ‘render,’ or ‘have.’ Well, we know that the authorities are ‘Versions’—but *which* Versions they be, we are not told. We are therefore obliged to hunt through our ancient Versions if we would ascertain whether they are trustworthy or not.

But we venture to submit that this is to impose a very unfair burthen upon the learned student of Scripture,—for of course such information is intended exclusively *for him*. Why,—if the margin of the English Bible is to be encumbered with a critical apparatus,—*why* are we put off with vague generalities? But to proceed.

We have further ascertained that,—In 57 passages the LXX. alone is cited.

In 10, the Vulgate is summoned to buttress up the LXX.\*

With great impartiality the Syriac alone is called in to help the LXX. out of 10 more difficulties.

In one passage (Lev. viii. 31) eleven lines of the margin are occupied with the information that ‘the Sept., Onkelos and Syr. read, *as I am commanded*,’ (instead of ‘*as I commanded*’).

In 5 places we are told what ‘the Vulgate’ reads.

The Syriac alone supports the more modest number of 3 alternate readings: while in 2 passages the Syriac lends a

\* Why are we not told that these two exclusively (the Vulgate namely and the Vatican copy of the Septuagint) introduce Romans iii. 12 to 18 *between verses 3 and 4 of Psalm xiv.*?



friendly hand to the Vulgate as it trips delicately over such ground as 2 Sam. ii. 9, or Isaiah xlix. 24.

'Aquila' comes to help the Syriac—as well as a certain Professor)—as to the colour of the 'bay' horse in Zech. vi. 7. It is a 'red' horse, it seems, and not 'of much the same colour as most horses' as the Professor was reported to have interestingly remarked. In ver. 3 we are told that the Syriac omits the 'bay' horses altogether, but the Revisers neglect to let us know that Aquila in this verse read 'strong' *instead of* 'bay.'

In 3 passages (all in the Psalter, viz. xvi. 2,—xxii. 16,—cxix. 128) 'LXX., Vulgate, and Syriac' are all three dragged in. We conclude our list by noticing that the LXX. and Targum support 2 variations; while *one* rests upon the strange combination of the LXX., the Vulgate, and the Samaritan.

It is plain from all this that the ancient Versions acknowledged by the Revisers are six in number; for in the one place where the Chaldee is summoned to help the Syriac, the Revisers cite the Targum. We are grateful to them for not having inflicted more combinations of these ancient Versions upon us. The total number of ways in which the documents might have been combined would have been, we presume, 63; but of these we are presented with no more than ten. Of the remaining 53 some, no doubt, are exhausted under the headings 'ancient Versions,' 'ancient reading,' and so forth. May we be allowed before we dismiss the matter to make one serious reflection, which we submit with all earnestness to the consideration of the thoughtful English reader?

Does he not discern by the mere instinctive exercise of his mother-wit that an utterly faulty principle underlies all the learned matter which encumbers the margin of this proposed Revision of his English Bible? Here is a book which in its latest parts is acknowledged to be at least two centuries,—in its earliest parts at least twelve centuries,—older than the oldest of its Versions. Does not common-sense guide us, as it were by the hand, to see at once that what the Targum, the LXX., &c., exhibit in their actual texts is about as efficacious to determine the *ipsissima verba* of the Old Testament Scriptures as Martin Luther's version, or the 'Probebibel'?

We are disposed to single out and consider somewhat in detail two specimens of the Revisers' use of the LXX. which strike us as exceedingly objectionable.

(a) Against Isaiah ii. 22, we read as follows: 'The Septuagint omits this verse.' Are we to understand that, in the Revisers' judgment, this circumstance is sufficiently weighty to establish a probability *that the words in the Hebrew are*  
*spurious?*

*spurious*? If such *was* the Revisers' meaning, we take leave to say that we are amazed at their simplicity. If they meant nothing of the kind,—then, Why in the world (we ask) have they troubled us with this note? . . . '*The Sept. omits this verse.*' Well, and what if it does? The other Versions do not. In Aquila it is marked with an asterisk, and a very remarkable note on the passage occurs in the Commentary of Theodoret, to which it would have been well if the Revisers had paid attention. It is not our province here to explain a difficult passage of Isaiah, but we have always understood the prophet to mean by the first part of his discourse (vv. 5–11) that as the idols, &c., of the Israelites were proved to be no help against the terrors of the LORD, so the second part (vv. 12–21) showed that no human help in that Day, not even (v. 20) man who has made his own idols could avail. What is the moral? Why, of course what is found in v. 22,—'*Cease ye from man, &c.*' We know that modern 'authorities' are willing to omit the verse as a late gloss. We suspect it to be, on the contrary, as far as the LXX. is concerned, a late omission. In one account the verse is even essential; and the Revisers' marginal note, freely (but faithfully) paraphrased, we venture to think would be found to run somewhat as follows:—'*The Sept. omits this verse, and as the omission is supported by Dr. Diestel, we recommend its omission in the next Revised Bible as an unauthorized accretion, which has found its way into the Hebrew text in comparatively modern times,—since in fact the true text of the Hebrew was settled by the LXX.*'

(b) The other passage to which we invite attention is 1 Kings xxii. 38, where the Revised Text exhibits '*now the harlots washed themselves there*;' and the marginal alternative is, '*and they washed the armour.*' Now this statement about 'the harlots' is thrust bodily into the text, the reading of the Authorized Version being banished to the margin. Does the word '*Or*' mean that it is indifferent which reading is adopted? If so, why did they not leave the Authorized Version as it was?

But the Revisers meant nothing of the kind. Again we trace their error back to the same bitter source—the uncritical Septuagint. We proceed to translate the passage *in extenso*:—

'And they washed off the blood at the pool of Samaria, and the *sows* and the dogs licked up the blood, and the harlots washed themselves in the blood according to the word of the LORD which he spake.'

Now we do not deny that some modern authorities introduce 'the harlots' to our notice in this verse, but there is not so much as a single ancient Version besides the LXX. which

supports it. Yet on turning to the story of Naboth, ch. xxi. 19, we find in the LXX.,

'In every place where *the sows* and the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, there shall the dogs lick thine, and the harlots shall wash in thy blood.'

Not a syllable however is let fall by our Revisers concerning the revelation made to this 'ancient authority' about 'the sows', or 'the harlots' in the Naboth section. We respectfully beg to be informed why? Even more unintelligible to us is the omission of 'the sows' from the description of the closing scene in Samaria, where yet 'the harlots' figure conspicuously in the text. We think that the Revisers ought to have explained to us upon what principles they have selected some variants of the LXX., and yet omitted to take any notice whatever of the myriad accretions to the Hebrew verity which disfigures the Septuagint, while yet they venture occasionally on its sole authority to thrust the Hebrew verity entirely aside.

The Marginal Notes (in italics), which are introduced by the word 'Or,' have occasioned us much perplexity. We were prepared for some amount of uncertainty, owing to the plain fact that the English language possesses only one equivalent for the three Latin words, 'aut,' 'sive,' 'vel.' But we were by no means prepared, after the announcement in the Revisers' preface as to how they have used the word 'Or,' for such laxity of purpose on their part as we actually encounter. We venture to state *in limine* that their method (if method there be in what proves to be so entirely unmethodical) is highly reprehensible. We proceed to substantiate in detail what we have been saying.

The plan we have adopted has been to examine *the first thousand* instances in the Revised Version where this monosyllable introduces an alteration of some sort to the reader's notice. The difficulty which we have experienced has been in the classifying of these various alternatives, which, whatever may have been their intention, achieve no other result but hopelessly to embarrass the student. We thought it advisable to classify them as far as possible, and have found that they may be sorted under the following heads:—

(1) Those alternatives which do not practically affect the sense of the passage.

(2) Those which do the very opposite,—frequently even contradict the sense given in the text.

(3) Names of objects of Nature, or Art, or Invention, for which

which substitutes proposed as for other names given in the text.

(4) Translations of proper names.

(5) Sometimes the word 'Or' looks like a deliberate announcement of perplexity on the part of the Revisers—their sense of doubt finds a refuge in the margin, and there offers another suggestion.

(6) Instances of proper names where 'Or' should have been written '*Or according to another reading*' or '*Another reading is.*' At first we confined our attention to proper names in this part of our investigation, but we soon discovered that the many-sided 'Or' on one occasion introduced us to the readings of the 'Qri' and 'Kthib.'

We briefly sum up our results as follows:—

Under class (1)	come	386 cases or	38·6 per cent.
(2)	"	476 " "	47·6
(3)	"	62 " "	6·2
(4)	"	59 " "	5·9
(5)	"	16 " "	1·6
(6)	"	1 " "	·1
		1000	100·0

Now when we come to consider that the first thousand 'Ors' reach approximately to 1 Kings xxii. 23, which is nearly 43 per cent. of the whole Bible, we may look upon the results which we have obtained as fairly representative of what we may expect to find in the rest of the books.

We proceed to select a few of each of these classes for further consideration—

(1)	Revised Version.	Revised Version margin.	A. V.
Gen. xxxix. 8	my master knoweth not what is with me in the house,	<i>my master knoweth not with me what is, &amp;c.</i>	my master wotteth not what is with me in the house,
xli. 9	I do remember my faults this day:	<i>I will make mention of</i>	I do remember my faults this day:
xlix. 4	Unstable as water thou shalt not have the excellency;	<i>Bubbling over (as water) have not thou</i>	Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;
Ex. ix. 31	bolled.	<i>in bloom.</i>	bolled.
xi. 1	when he shall let you go, he shall surely thrust you out hence altogether.	<i>when he shall let you go altogether, he shall utterly thrust you out hence.</i>	when he shall let you go, he shall surely thrust you out hence altogether.
Lev. xxvii. 2	When a man shall accomplish a vow,	<i>When a man shall make a special vow,</i>	When a man shall make a singular vow,
Num. vi. 4	his separation.	<i>Or, consecration or, Nazirship.</i>	his separation. (The margin has Nazariteship.)

(1)—cont.

(1)— <i>cont.</i>	Revised Version.	Revised Version margin.	A. V.
Deut. iv. 30 .	in the latter days thou shalt return	<i>if in the latter days thou return</i>	even in the latter days, if thou turn,
Josh. viii. 33	commanded that they should bless the people of Israel first of all.	<i>commanded at the first that they should bless the people of Israel.</i>	commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.
Jud. xiii. 14 .	the vine.	<i>Or grape vine. See Num. 6. 4.</i>	the vine.
1 Sam. ix. 17	Behold the man of whom I spake unto thee! this same	<i>Behold the man of whom I said unto thee, This same, &amp;c. within him.</i>	Behold the man I spake to thee of! this same
xvii. 32	because of him	<i>the brickmould.</i>	because of him
2 Sam. xii. 31	the brickkiln	<i>after divers measures.</i>	the brickkiln
1 Kings vii. 9	according to measure,	<i>art thou come.</i>	according to the measures of.
xvii. 18	thou art come.		art thou come.

Now in these 15 instances, taken at random, what is there deserving a moment's attention? Will any one really pretend that such matters as the foregoing deserve a note? The expressions are for the most part equivalent in each of the passages cited, and we do not see any advantage that has been gained either by the Revised Version or by the Revised margin, which was not already possessed by the Authorized Version.

(2) The next class of passages of course requires to be dealt with in a different manner.

Gen. xxxi. 53, 'gods' margin for 'God' text. This is simply putting the true God whom Abraham worshipped on a level with the teraphim. 'God' might very well stand for the true God, and for the idols, seeing that these last are 'nothing in the world.' But introducing the word 'gods' so as to make it seem applicable in any sense to the one true God, is quite indefensible.

Exod. xxxv. 22. 'Or nose-rings' (for 'earrings'). The Revisers are literally correct but practically wrong. They have exhibited in Gen. xxiv. 47 the same absurdity which we have reason to believe was in their first revision, forgetting that in Gen. xxxv. 4 they have allowed the rings to have been worn in the ears of Jacob's household. There can be no doubt that earrings were worn, why then make a beautiful story simply ridiculous by representing 'Dammeseck Eliezer' (as the Revisers unreasonably phrase him) say—'I put the ring upon her nose'? Could they not let the A. V. alone, which, with sufficient correctness, made him place the jewel 'on her face'?

Lev. xxvi. 1. 'Obelisk' for 'pillar.' The discussion about the use and abuse of 'pillars' is very old indeed. It was ruled, if we remember rightly, by Ibn Ezra nearly seven centuries ago, that the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a 'pillar' depended upon the

the use to which it was turned. It is needless to call our readers' attention to the controversy which has been raised in connection with this matter, and which it would have been better for the Revisers to have kept in the background. We cannot, however, pass over the present passage without pointing out that in one special place where an 'obelisk' is intended, the margin omits all reference to the fact. In his prophecy of the future conversion of Egypt Isaiah foretells that 'an obelisk,' the ungodly symbol of heathen Egypt, shall be dedicated \* to the Lord—in fact, that just as the idol city mentioned in the preceding verse shall swear by the name of the LORD of Hosts, so this idolatrous pillar would be inscribed with His sacred Name. Yet *there* no marginal note is found to throw light upon the matter, even though one of the Revisers has expressed himself so clearly on the subject.†

Num. xix. 12, 'And on the 7th day he shall be clean' ('Or and on the 7th day, so shall he be clean.') In order therefore to vindicate for the word 'so' an individual existence in this sentence, *seven lines of margin* are claimed. What else can we conclude but that some change of meaning is thereby intended? On referring to the Hebrew, however, we are at a loss to discover any sufficient reason why the word 'so' should be added at all. The apodosis is sufficiently marked by 'and.' If 'so' was absolutely necessary for the sake of English idiom, it should have been introduced into the text; if not, it had no business to occupy seven lines of the margin. (With this compare the similar error, Num. xxiii. 23.) What else is all this kind of thing but the veriest trifling?

Deut. xxix. 19, 'to destroy the moist with the dry' ('Or, to add drunkenness to thirst.') A well-known difficulty is this. But why did the Revisers relegate the A. V. to the margin and introduce into the text what no Englishman can understand? Is 'the dry' the instrument with which 'the moist' is to be destroyed? 'Or' do 'dry' and 'moist' (like 'heaven and earth,') represent 'everything,' so that the sense is 'to destroy all things'? The obscurity of the Authorized text corresponds most clearly with the Hebrew. In the Revised Version, text and margin should here, as on countless other occasions, simply change places.

Passing over Deut. xxxii. 5, and xxxiii. 2, besides several passages in Joshua and Judges which deserve comment, we pause at Ruth ii. 1, to point out how inconsistent the Revisers show themselves in respect of their use of the margin. In

\* Isaiah xix. 19.

† Mr. Cheyne on Isaiah xix. 20.

this passage we are presented with '*valour*' as an equivalent for '*wealth*,' and are left to wonder whether Boaz was very rich or very brave. (No doubt he was both.) But when we come to iii. 11 not a hint is vouchsafed that '*virtuous woman*' *also* means '*woman of valour*' '*woman of wealth*.' The same is to be said of Prov. xii. 4. Now considering the pains which our Revisers have taken to let us know that the expression, '*sons of Belial*' means '*base fellows*,'\* we surely have a right to expect some intimation (introduced by '*Heb.*') of the vague way in which the word '*valour*' or '*wealth*' is used in Hebrew; especially in view of the officious marginal note against Ruth ii. 1. The amount of wrong which the Revisers have inflicted on young students has been considerable in this respect alone. Revisers should at least be consistent in their method; whereas they are the reverse. In one or two passages where a phrase occurs they are incessantly volunteering marginal equivalents. Then comes a striking instance of the concurrence of the identical phrase, and the oracle is silent.

1 Sam. xv. 29. Why embarrass the reader with any marginal alternative at all? '*Or Victory*, or *Glory*.' '*Victory*,' and '*Glory*,' are both contained in the one word '*Strength*' with which we have always connected the immutable character of God's Word spoken of by Samuel in this passage. The rendering cannot be improved. Why not let it alone?

1 Sam. xviii. 6. Why give us six lines of margin affording *two* doubtful equivalents, viz. '*triangles*' as well as '*three-stringed instruments*,' for the simple '*instruments of music*' in text?—We are reminded of a yet worse mistake in 2 Sam. vi. 5, where '*castanets*' are first thrust into the Revised Version, and then explained in the margin by '*systra*.' The '*cornets*' of the A. V. give an equally good idea. Besides, David's band would have been very badly balanced if (as the Revisers think) there had been no such instruments as cornets, to give out the melody. The harps and '*instruments of fir-wood*,' must have been inevitably drowned by the noise of the '*psalteries*, *timbrels*, *castanets*, and *cymbals*.'

The very hard passage 2 Sam. v. 6–8 is, we believe, correctly rendered, and the marginal equivalent is valuable. But why did the Revisers forget to show us that v. 8 is '*poetry*,' as Ewald points out in his History (vol. iii. p. 122)? This little verse, introduced as it is by the words '*And David said on that*

\* The phrase man of Belial, or son or daughter of Belial, occurs fourteen times in the Scriptures. In eleven of these the Revisers tell us that Belial means worthlessness, or that a son of Belial means a '*base fellow*,' or a daughter of Belial '*a wicked woman*,' or words to that effect.

day,' deserves to be written in lines quite as much as Joshua's Hymn which is introduced in similar language,\* or the song in 1 Sam. xviii. 7.

2 Sam. vi. 19 will bewilder some readers. Here '*Wine*' is an alternative for '*flesh*,' and the italics show that there is nothing in the Hebrew which corresponds with either word. Here, in fact, the Committee has been very tender-hearted, and while one section desired to give the people something to eat, the minority determined that none should perish by thirst. This is a trivial incident, but it is one of the hundred indications we have met with that it is an utter mistake, as we have already said, to expect a large Committee, representing two opposite parties, to be capable of so huge a task as a Revision of the Bible.

1 Kings x. 5. '*His burnt offering which he offered*' is proposed as an alternative for 'his ascent by which he went up.' To the unwary reader this is an insignificant alteration. A little information on the matter will acquaint him painfully with the significance of the change. This passage has been brought forward in proof of the non-existence of the Levitical law previous to the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. 'If Solomon offered this sacrifice how is it possible that a law existed which limited the sacrificial function to the Priests?' Such is the argument based upon this passage, and it is remarkable that all the ancient Versions, even Jerome, give the reading of the R. V. marg. 'burnt offering.' What has always seemed to ourselves an obstacle to this rendering is the context of the passage which speaks only of earthly grandeur. A burnt offering would be out of place if mentioned beside cupbearers and the attendants at Solomon's table. A reference in the margin to 1 Chr. xxvi. 16, or 2 Chr. ix. 4, and Ezek. xl. 26, justifying the rendering 'ascent' would have given more instruction than this reference to an ancient but incorrect translation.

(3) The third class of marginal readings need not delay us very long; they consist of explanations such as Gen. ii. 12, '*beryl*' for 'onyx,'—xiii. 18, '*terebinths*' for 'oaks,'—xli. 42, '*cotton*' for 'fine linen,'—Ex. xxx. 34, '*opobalsamum*' for 'stacte,'—Lev. xi. 9, '*ibis*' for 'heron,'—2 Sam. vi. 5, '*cypress*' for 'fir,' &c. These names may be correct. So may be the '*autumn crocus*' in Cant. ii. 1. And yet we are assured that the *Hybiscus Syriacus* or the *Hypericum Calycinum* are with far more probability to be identified with the obscure '*habbazzeleth*.' Now inasmuch as the Revisers were anxious to avoid 'ques-

\* Josh. x. 12.



tions which belong to the province of a commentator rather than to that of a translator,\* they would have acted far more wisely, in our judgment, had they abstained from venturing upon such a *terra pæne incognita* as the Botany of the Bible. However, with all their zeal the Revisers have not thrown any light upon the much disputed '*hare*,' Deut. xiv. 7. This puzzle remains unattempted.

The translation of proper names into English or the reverse process is a harmless part of the marginal '*Ors*,' as *e.g.* Gen. i. 20, '*Adam*,' for '*man*:' vi. 4, '*giants*' for Nephilim: Num. xxi. 20, '*Jeshinon*' for '*the desert*:' Deut. x. 6, '*The wells of the children of Jaakan*' for '*Beeroth Benejaakan*:' 1 Sam. x. 5, '*Gibeah*' for '*hill*.' The worst instance which we have found is Exod. xvi. 15, where '*Manna*' is made to disappear from the text, and we are in some doubt as to whether the margin means to tell us that manna† is '*man-hu*' in Hebrew, or what we are to do with this old familiar word. What we infer their meaning to be is that the word '*Man*' has a double meaning in Hebrew, either '*what*' or '*Manna*;' and that '*Man-hu*' signifies '*what is it*' or '*it is manna*,'—whichever we please. But we do not see the use of the Hebrew. If necessary here, why not throughout the whole Bible? The Revisers would have accomplished their task with greater advantage to students if they had followed the example of the '*Probebibel*,' and omitted these verbal explanations from the margin, adding at the end an index of antiquated and foreign words used in the Scriptures. An example had been set them in the Queen's Printers' Bible which they might have followed with great advantage.

This completes our analysis of the first thousand '*Ors*' which occur in the margin of the R. V. After having carefully considered the alternatives proposed, we declare that many of them are purely arbitrary: many, bewildering and perplexing: many, calculated to throw doubt upon points concerning which there need be no doubt at all: while the larger part of them are wholly unnecessary, or rather purely nugatory. What can be more frivolous, for example, than the Revisers' constant practice of introducing innovations into their *Text*, and at the same instant proposing in their *Margin*, as an alternative, *the very words they have displaced*? A single example may suffice. Thus, in Gen. ii. 14, for '*toward the*

\* Is not the word '*Translator*' a misprint for '*Reviser*'? The Revisers tell us plainly on the first page of their preface, 'that it was their duty not to make a new translation, but to revise one already existing.'

† '*Man*' is the Hebrew name for manna, see Ex. xvi. 31. Margin of Revised Version.

east of' they substitute 'in front of,'—but give us in the margin, as an alternative, 'Or, *toward the east of.*' Since either will do equally well, why have not the text and margin of the R. V. exchanged places?

We proceed to examine the first 500 passages in which the word 'Heb.' occurs in the margin.

And first let us hear what the Revisers themselves have to tell us about the use of this syllable. It appears from their Preface (p. ix.) (3) that 'Literal renderings of the Hebrew or Aramaic' are 'indicated by the prefix Heb.' or 'Aram.'

The different uses of 'Heb.' prove to be, on the contrary, nearly as numerous as those of 'Or.' Thus, in 18 places 'Heb.' indicates that the word is *differently spelt* in Hebrew from what it is in the Revised Version. The first instance of this is Gen. v. 25. 'Seth' Heb. 'Sheth.' Immediately below we read 'Heb. Shath,' which instead of being a 'literal rendering of the Hebrew' into English, is a putting back of the English into Hebrew. For how in the world is a person unacquainted with Hebrew to tell that 'Sheth' is any more derived from 'Shath,' than that 'feet' is derived from 'fat'? The last of these eighteen passages is 1 Kings xvi. 31, where against the name of 'Jezebel' we read 'Heb. Izebel.' But why, if we are to be informed of this, are we not also to be informed that the names of Isaiah and Jeremiah are in 'Heb.' *Yeshayahu* and *Yirmeyahu*? The very names of these great prophets are a commentary on their prophecies, and if only a 'That is' had been put after their 'Heb.' names, the student might have learned from the margin something worth knowing.

Another series of 'Heb.'s consist of instances where one proper name is rendered by another proper name; as (at (Gen. xxiv. 10) 'Mesopotamia' is said to be in 'Heb. *Aram-naharaim*, that is *Aram of the two rivers*':—(at xxv. 20) we are informed that a 'Syrian' is in 'Heb.' an '*Aramean*.' In Josh. vii. 21, 'a Babylonish mantle' is said to be in 'Heb. *mantle of Shinar*.' Judges iii. 8, 10 introduces us to a puzzle, for here Mesopotamia in the text represents both '*Aram-naharaim*' and '*Aram*' in 'Heb.' Elsewhere (viz. in 1 Kings xvi. 24), we learn that the Hebrew for 'Samarita' is '*Shomeron*.' Now of course there is no harm, (though there is a vast deal of inconsistency) in these marginal readings. But *of what use* are they? A person acquainted with the merest elements of Hebrew can discover these details for himself. To one wholly innocent of the language they are simply perplexing.

One passage of this nature which comes within the 500 examples which we have taken in order from Gen. i. to 1 Kings xviii. 29, requires careful notice. In 1 Sam. vi. 18 we read 'stone' in the text. The margin adds, 'So the Sept. and Targum. The Hebrew text has, *Abel* (that is a meadow).' There is not the slightest reason for the alteration of the A. V. 'great stone of Abel' (margin *great stone*) into what we have transcribed, even though the reading 'stone' is supported by three Hebrew MSS. The books of Samuel were written at a time when most of the localities mentioned in it were familiarly known. They were not supposed to be written in the style of a Bäder's guide. The 'great Abel'—whether a stone, or a meadow, or a stone in a meadow—was the place inseparably connected with the restoration of the Ark. This may be considered an unimportant point, but it shews that the 'Hebrew text' Abel has been avowedly set aside without any gain to the sense whatever. The authorities for retaining 'Abel' are the Syriac, Jerome, and Symmachus. These at least might have been cited as supporting the 'Hebrew text.'

Again, we come across words marked 'Heb.' where the equivalent of some English word is given in order to throw light on a passage. These, we must be allowed to say, are either a vast deal too many, or else a vast deal too few. Thus, we require to be told at 2 Kings xviii. 4, that the 'Serpent' is 'Heb. *nahash*,' if we are really to understand why Hezekiah 'called it *Nehushtan*'; and so, in countless other places. But especially do we look for exacter scholarship. Why are we told that 'Mahanaim' (Gen. xxxii. 2) is '*Hosts*' or '*Companies*,' although the Hebrew original bears eloquent witness to the sublime confession of the patriarch that he recognized in his own retinue and 'the angels of God,' (their heavenly guardians), 'a pair of hosts,' 'twin camps'? At least the marginal '*two*' of the A. V. might have been suffered to stand: but 'Revisers,' if they are to be teachers of Hebrew at all, should, in a case like this direct attention to the contrast between the '*Mahanaim*' of verse 2 and the '*mahanoth*' of verses 7 and 10, instead of hopelessly obscuring the truth by an inaccurate rendering of the principal word. And in another instance (1 Sam. i. 20) we have to lament that no explanation has been given, though it is greatly needed, viz. in explanation of Samuel's name. The marginal rendering in A. V. is incorrect, but could not the Revisers have given us a correct one? We have noticed that they are not opposed to compound names and words. Could they not see their way here? And why could they not spell Ishshah (Gen. ii. 23) and Ashshur (Gen. x. 11) correctly?

For

For the sake of reverence we will pass over those passages, *eight* in number, in which the Revisers give us translations of the Holy Names of GOD introduced by 'Heb.' They appear to have lost sight of the one great fact, viz. that with respect to the Almighty, every different Name of Himself that He has revealed is a Revelation of His Being. With this in view we can understand their marginal notes Gen. xiv. 18, xviii. 3; Ex. iii. 14 'Heb.' and perhaps Ex. iii. 15 'Heb.' But what sense, side by side with this, is conveyed by their three 'Ors' in the margin of ver. 14? \*

One thing which has struck us in connection with the marginal note 'Heb.' claims notice: viz. that, on a few occasions, the Revisers have availed themselves of the opportunity of exhibiting their knowledge of Natural History. *E.g.* Ex. vii. 9, ('serpent'), 'Heb. *tannin*, any large reptile'; and so in verses 10, 12.—Lev. xi. 5 ('coney'), 'Heb. *shaphan* the *Hyrax Syriacus* or *rock badger*.'—Lev. xi. 16 ('night hawk'), 'Heb. *tahmas*, of uncertain meaning.'—Num. xxiii. 22 ('wild-ox'), 'Or, *ox-antelope*, Heb. *reem*.'—Deut. xxix. 18 ('gall') 'Heb. *rosh*, a poisonous herb.' Our only remark about these notes, and all other similar annotations, is, that they are simply worthless. No one in the world is the better for knowing that a serpent is 'tannin' in Hebrew, in spite of Ex. iv. 3 where they rightly inform us that the 'Heb.' for serpent is '*nahash*.' Did the Revisers really intend to give us a concordance of synonyms? If so, why did they not distinguish more accurately the six different words that are used to signify 'a lion'?† So '*tahmas*' being 'a word of uncertain meaning' leaves us as much in the dark as we were when we heard about the 'night hawk.' A good index

\* We think that far more meaning would have been conveyed to any mind by substituting Mendelssohn's paraphrase 'The Eternal,' than by attempting to translate what is untranslatable. Similarly in the solemn passage so scrupulously recited by devout Israelites, Deut. vi. 4, an ordinary reader will fail to see much difference between the meaning conveyed by the text, and what is implied by the three marginal alternatives. We think the Revisers had much better have left this passage untouched.

† See the Ozar Nirdaphim, No. 290. The fact is the animal kingdom had better have been more sparingly invaded. What, for instance, is gained by substituting in the place of (Lev. xi. 30)

#### Authorised Version.

The ferret the chameleon . . .  
and the snail and the mole.

#### Revised Version.

The gecko and the land crocodile . . .  
and the sand lizard and the chameleon,

especially since the Revisers after all are constrained to crowd their margin with the ingenuous admission, 'Words of uncertain meaning, but probably denoting four kinds of lizards.' So we observe the 'owl' gives place to the 'ostrich,' the 'ossifrage' to the 'gier eagle,' the 'swan' to the 'horned owl.' But the margin still offers us 'the swan' as an alternative, so we wonder why he was turned out

index to the Natural History of the Bible would have set the margin free for better purposes,—especially for its one indispensable application, viz. for *Marginal References*.

We calculate that, out of the remaining marginal notes, 398 refer exclusively to passages in which ‘Heb.’ gives the literal English of the corresponding Hebrew, many of which were to be found in the margin of the Authorized Version as we admit. But then the question may be fairly asked,—What is the use of it? No ordinary English Reader will be one whit the better for knowing that ‘deliverance’ 1 Sam. xi. 13 is in Hebrew ‘salvation,’ or that ‘land’ in 2 Sam. ix. 7 is ‘field’ in the original.

The fact is, the marginal annotations, so far as we have examined them, contain either far too much, or immeasurably too little, for any useful purpose. The Critical notes, as we have seen, are altogether over the heads of ordinary readers,—utterly below the wants of a scholar, as well as entirely inadequate to supply them. The ‘alternatives’ whether implied by fresh translations, or literal translations of the Hebrew, are in many cases bald tautologies, and sometimes absolutely incorrect. But the ‘natural history’ portion is altogether out of place, and furnishes specimens of the very thing which the Revisers disclaim, namely the appearance of a Commentary.

Another remarkable series of marginal annotations is introduced by the words ‘that is.’ The number of these notes is not very extensive, and after the book of Ruth their number is observed to decrease with great rapidity. To the end of the Second book of Kings we have noticed 81 such annotations. They are for the most part interpretations of Hebrew proper names, except (Gen. xi. 3) ‘slime’—‘That is *bitumen*.’ (xliii. 11) ‘nuts’—‘That is *pistachio nuts*’ (Ex. ii. 3) ‘bulrushes’ ‘That is *papyrus*,’ which again remind us of the Revisers’ anxiety about the natural history of the Bible. ‘Belial’ also is introduced to our notice four times with the explanation, ‘That is, *worthlessness*.’ We have considerable doubts however as to whether ‘*Lights*’ and ‘*Perfections*’ are indeed the correct interpretation of ‘Urim’ and ‘Thummim,’ but the Revisers (Exod. xxviii. 30) speak oracularly, and offer us no alternative. On two occasions they take the opportunity of giving us a commentary introduced by the words ‘That is,’ viz. over against Deut. i. 1 (‘the Arabah’), and 2 Kings ii. 9 (‘a double portion’). We do not say that some such information is not useful, but

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of the text. We notice that the satyrs still dance (Isaiah xiii. 21) merrily amidst the ruins of Babylon, but the margin gives us the choice of ‘he goats.’ And why ‘vampire’ (Prov. xxx. 15), a fabulous animal, for ‘horseleach,’ when a better rendering might have been reasonably given?

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we insist that the Revisers are inconsistent in giving us any at all after their disclaimer. We repeat that an *Appendix* is the only proper place for such explanatory notes as that on 'the Arabah,'—if indeed '*Arabah*' is to be introduced into the text,—which we seriously question. (For why then is not '*Negeb*' substituted for 'the South' in Gen. xx. 1, &c.?). But above all, we insist that, while the Revisers were about it, they were bound to explain a great many more things than they have done. What is the meaning, for instance, of '*Zaphnath-paaneah*,' in Gen. xli. 45? The Revisers have expelled from the margin two proposed interpretations, but they have suggested no substitute. Would not 'Saviour of the world,' or 'of the age' suit them? At least they might have confessed (as they do of the Hebrew for 'night-hawk') that Joseph's Egyptian name baffles them. And (to go no further),—do they seriously wish us to believe that Pharaoh's daughter called the babe she found among the flags by the 'Heb.' writing of his name '*Mosheh*,' because '*Mashah*' is 'Heb.' for 'to draw out'? We take the liberty to disbelieve it.

But this inconsistency appears still further when we take into account the fact that, besides the comments already mentioned, the Revisers have introduced no less than 51 notes *without any reason whatever*,—every one of which is a short commentary. We have observed these notes throughout the whole O. T., and again are amused to recognize the anxiety of our Revisers to set us right about plants and insects. Thus we learn (1 Kings x. 11) that 'almug' is 'perhaps, *sandal wood*':—that 'Bether' (Cant. ii. 17) is 'perhaps the spice *malobathron*';—and that 'pannag' (Ezek. xxvii. 17) is 'perhaps a kind of confection.' Other notes explain to us the meanings of certain words, as that 'Asherim' (Exod. xxxiv. 13) are 'Probably the wooden symbol of a goddess Asherah':—or that 'Tartan' (Is. xx. 1) is 'the title of the Assyrian commander-in-chief.' A second class of notes (12 in number) tells us that 'the Hebrew is obscure' or 'doubtful,' or that 'Four kinds of locusts or grass-hoppers are not certainly known.'\* Then further, 20 notes deal entirely with critical matters. 'The text is corrupt': 'the pointing of the text is irregular': 'Ammonites, perhaps an error for Meunim.' Finally, 4 notes point out to us where the Chaldee (or as the Revisers call it the Aramaic) parts of Jeremiah, Ezra and Daniel begin and end. We find no fault with notes of this last class. But what can be the use of writing a short commentary merely for the

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\* Note on Lev. xi. 22. Comp. Joel. i. 4 (margin).

purpose of saying that the text is obscure, or, still worse, of saying that it is erroneous? People can find out real difficulties and seeming discrepancies enough in the Bible without the help of any Committee, or any system of marginal references.

We have dwelt principally upon this portion of the work, because we consider that the Margin requires to be watched as jealously as the Text itself. We are quite aware of the arduous nature of the task before the Revisers, and much regret that by their use of the Margin they have marred a great undertaking. Their critical notes are, as we have seen, in many instances incorrect. In many instances they appear to start with a prejudice against the Christian Faith. Their alternative readings simply encumber the margin. Even the few references which they give, instead of teaching the student how Scripture is its own best interpreter, invite him to see outward contradictions without affording him the slightest clue to their reconciliation.

Some weeks ago, we saw it gravely proposed that not only should the Revised Version be read publicly in our Churches, but that the Marginal Readings should take the precedence of those which have been actually adopted. May we be defended from such folly! What is found in the Marginal notes is frequently far inferior to what is found in the Text itself.

It is impossible at the close of an article, which has already exceeded our usual limits, to enter into a critical examination of the Text, and it is the less necessary, as the Text has occupied the chief attention of other critics, while the Margin has been comparatively neglected. But it is only fair to the Revisers to say, that the Text gives evidence of great research and sound learning, that the Revisers have introduced many changes which all Hebrew scholars would admit to be improvements, and that they have preserved to a great extent the style and the diction of the Authorized Version. But at the same time we have noticed numerous blemishes. Of these we can only call attention in passing to two classes.

(1) Meaningless transpositions of words: such as Psalm cxxxix. 16, 'In thy book were all *my members* written,' for 'In thy book all *my members* were written.' Of such transpositions, not affecting the sense, we have noticed no less than 500 in the first four books of the Pentateuch.

(2) Offences against good taste: such as Eccles. i. 14, 'all is vanity and a striving after wind;' or Zech. iv. 14, 'the two sons of oil.' This may be literal, but it is not so good as the A. V., 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit,' and 'the two anointed ones.' We could have appealed to the general reader by

by exhibiting to him a whole host of such blemishes, but we think that the faults of the Margin, to which we have directed attention, are in themselves a sufficient appeal to his common sense.

To the Hebrew scholar we could have appealed by calling his attention, as others have done, to passages which the Revisers have left untouched, where a slight emendation would have been justifiable. We could in fact have shown, had our space permitted, that the Committee, notwithstanding the excellent scholarship of many of its members, has yet been unable to produce a version which is entitled to take the place of the Authorized translation.

With all our gratitude to the Revisers for their labours, we cannot congratulate them on the result. We believe that we have suggested the right cause of their failure, but we cannot dismiss the foregoing remarks without the frank avowal, that our prevailing sentiment in studying the Revised Version of the Old Testament has been one of utter perplexity. All is mystery here. Why is the Margin the worst part of the book? Why do we find so much that, to a thoughtful reader, suggests at first glance views which probably almost every member of the Committee would shrink from, namely views which seem adverse to all Messianic interpretation?

But we are unwilling to take leave of the Revisers with words of censure. We frankly admit the justice of what they claim for themselves and the American Company, that they have been actuated by 'a sincere desire to give to modern readers a faithful representation of the meaning of the original documents;' and we desire to say of them what we said of the Revisers of the New Testament, that their work bears marks of conscientious labour which those only can fully appreciate who have made the same province of study to some extent their own.



ART. II.—*Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama.* By John Addington Symonds. London, 1884.

THIS volume has more than one important claim to serious consideration. It is the first instalment of what promises to be the most voluminous history of our national drama which has yet been attempted. As a composition and as a contribution to literary criticism it appears to us, and we have little doubt that it will appear to Posterity, to mark with singular precision one of the most curious crises through which our literature has ever passed. Its author has been long known to the world as an accomplished and industrious man of letters, and in undertaking the present work he would seem to have undertaken a work for which he was peculiarly well qualified. It has been, he tells us, for many years in his thoughts. It was commenced nearly a quarter of a century ago; and though its composition has been suspended, it has, if we may judge from Mr. Symonds's principal publications, been suspended for studies which must assuredly have formed an excellent training for the task which he now resumes. Nor is this all. We have no wish to speak disparagingly of the historians of English literature, but it must, we fear, be admitted that they have as a class been deficient in that wide and liberal culture—that scholarly familiarity with the classics of other ages and of other tongues—which constitutes the chief difference between literary historians of the first and literary historians of the second order. It is this which has given us many Chalmers but few Hallams,—much that will satisfy those who seek to be informed, little that will satisfy those who seek to be enlightened; and it is this which places the histories of English literature now current among us so immeasurably below the work of M. Taine. But assuredly no deficiency on the score of literary attainments and literary culture can be imputed to Mr. Symonds. His *Essays on the Greek Poets* are a sufficient proof of his acquirements as a scholar. His study of Dante, and his five stout volumes on the Renaissance in Italy, display an acquaintance with the literature and history of that country such as probably no Englishman since Roscoe has possessed. With the poetry and criticism of Germany and France he appears to be equally conversant. He has sought fame as a poet, as a translator, as a critic of the fine arts, and in each of these characters he has distinguished himself. The appearance, therefore, of such a work as the present, by so eminent and so accomplished a writer, cannot but be regarded as an event of importance. It is writers like Mr. Symonds who fix the standard of literary achievement.

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What they do has the force of example ; what they neglect to do is drawn into precedent. The quality of the work produced by them determinates the quality of the work produced by many others. A bad book is its own antidote ; a superlatively good book appeals to few ; but a book which is not too defective to be called excellent, and not too excellent to become popular, exercises an influence on literary activity which it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. And of such a character is the volume before us.

We have explained our reasons for attaching particular importance to it, and Mr. Symonds will, we hope, forgive us for commenting freely on what appear to us to be its chief blemishes. It is our duty to say then that there is much in this volume which will, we fear, be of ill-precedent in the future. What we expected, and what we felt we had a right to expect in so ambitious a work, were some indications of the '*meditatio et labor in posterum valescentes*,' something that smacked, as the ancient critics would put it, of the file and the lamp. What we found was, we regret to say, every indication of precipitous haste, a style which where it differs from the style of the daily journals differs for the worse—florid, yet commonplace ; full of impurities ; inordinately, nay, incredibly diffuse and pleonastic ; a narrative clogged with endless repetitions, without symmetry, without proportion. To go no further than the opening chapter. Mr. Symonds there observes that Elizabethan art culminated in Shakspeare. Such a remark was assuredly neither very new nor very profound, but it is repeated no less than eight times in almost as many pages. First it appears simply as 'In Shakspeare the art of sixteenth-century England was completed and accomplished.' Then it reappears as 'In Shakspeare we have the culmination of dramatic art in England.' Next it assumes the form of 'Shakspeare represents the dramatic art in its fulness.' Again it presents itself as 'Shakspeare forms a focus for all the rays of dramatic light which had emerged before his time.' On the next page 'Shakspeare is the keystone of the arch.' A few lines afterwards, 'Shakspeare's greatness consists in bringing the type established by his predecessors to artistic fulness.' A few lines before, 'It (the drama) reaches that accomplishment in Shakspeare's art which enthral's attention.' Then again it starts up as 'Shakspeare realized the previous efforts of the English genius to form a drama, and perfected the type.' A not less glaring illustration of the same unhappy peculiarity of Mr. Symonds' style will be found in the chapter on Marlowe : 'The leading motive which pervades Marlowe's poetry may be defined

as *L'Amour de l'Impossible*.' This is the text, and through twenty-three octavo pages is the remark repeated and illustrated, illustrated and repeated, till the iteration becomes almost maddening. Some portions of the work bear the appearance of having been contributions to periodical literature, which Mr. Symonds has, without revising, and without adapting to the purposes of his history, forced to do service as sections of a continuous narrative. This is always a dangerous experiment, and it has certainly not succeeded in Mr. Symonds' case. A moment's reflection would, for example, have shown him the ludicrous impropriety of prefacing his account of Marlowe with a sketch of the history of the Drama, when a history of the drama had been the subject of the preceding five hundred and eighty-four pages.

To the same inconsiderate haste are no doubt to be attributed the many inaccuracies of statement which deform the work. On page 207 he makes the astounding assertion, that 'in 1566 Literature hardly existed, and that the study of the Classics was confined to a few scholars.' It would be impossible to conceive a description more erroneous and distorted than the description which Mr. Symonds gives, in the second chapter, of the world of Elizabeth. What he says of its intellectual characteristics will apply only to the dramatists, and will even then require to be greatly modified. What he says of its social characteristics is true only of one or two phases of its many-sided life. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Symonds is imperfectly versed either in the dramas of Æschylus or in the dramas of Greene. Yet when he tells us that Æschylus has scarcely any moral precepts capable of isolation from the dramatic context, and that Greene's blank verse betrays the manner of the couplet, he certainly forces us to suspect the sufficiency of his knowledge. What is of course true is that *γῶμαι* are far less frequent in Æschylus than in Euripides, and that in Greene's earlier style the blank verse is, as Mr. Symonds describes, constructed on the model of the couplet; but, for all that, the plays of Æschylus abound in *γῶμαι*, and Greene's earlier blank verse is not his later and characteristic blank verse, which is by no means constructed on the model of the couplet. Equally loose and equally untrue is the assertion, that Lyly discovered Euphuism. We are surprised that a scholar like Mr. Symonds should not have known that it would be as erroneous to ascribe to the author of 'Euphues' the discovery of Euphuism, as it would be ascribe to the author of 'Samson Agonistes' the discovery of the machinery of the Classical drama; or to the author of the second book of the 'Novum Organon' the discovery of wit. Euphuism is in many

many of its characteristic features as old as Ovid. Even when fully developed,—that is to say in the form which it assumed in Lyly's romance—it had been long before the world, and had Mr. Symonds taken the trouble to glance at the books most in vogue when 'Euphuus' was in course of composition, he would have seen that Lyly, so far from setting, was simply following a fashion. Has Mr. Symonds never inspected North's version of Guevara's 'Dial of Princes,' George Pettie's 'Petite Palace of Pettie,' and Castiglione's 'Il Cortegiano'?

Nor is Mr. Symonds more sound in his generalizations on the spirit of the Elizabethan drama. Nothing can be less felicitous than his remark, that that drama is draped with 'a tragic pall of deep Teutonic meditative melancholy,' and nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the evidence adduced by him in support of the remark. It consists of some thirty quotations selected from the speeches of characters who, figuring in tragic scenes, are simply, in obedience to dramatic propriety, expressing themselves in dramatic language. On Mr. Symonds' principle it would be the easiest thing in the world to prove that the distinguishing feature of the Homeric poems is their cynical pessimism, that the distinguishing feature of Chaucer's poetry is its pensive sentimentalism, and that what chiefly characterizes the poetry of Sophocles and Milton is its audacious impiety. What it was incumbent on Mr. Symonds to show was not that such passages as he refers to occur, but that they occur with obtrusive frequency. True it is that there is an undue preponderance of meditative melancholy in the dramas of Webster, Marston, Tourneur and Ford, but this school was only one out of many; it is confessedly not a representative school, and its productions form but a small portion of the literature on which Mr. Symonds is generalizing. For every play which would give some colour to his remark, there are fifty to which it would not be applicable. The truth is that there is no drama in the world in which the mixture of the serious and humorous is so happily tempered, and which reflects so faithfully the normal conditions of normal humanity.

But these are trifles. We have now to animadvert on blemishes in Mr. Symonds's work of a much more serious character. Within the last few years there has sprung up a school of writers, the appearance of which at a certain period in the history of every literature seems to be inevitable. The characteristics of this school have been the same in all ages. They have indeed been delineated and ridiculed by succeeding generations of critics, by Quintilian and Petronius among the Romans, by Dionysius and Longinus among the Greeks;

Boileau

Boileau and Voltaire covered them with contempt in France, Cascales and Ignacio de Luzàn held them up to the scorn of Spain, and they were the detestation of Alfieri in Italy. These characteristics resolve themselves into morbid peculiarities of style, and into morbid peculiarities of opinion and sentiment. In the writings of purer schools, style may be compared to a mirror. In the writings of this school it resembles a kaleidoscope. Its property is not to reflect, but to refract and distort; not to convey thought in the simplicity of its original conception, but to decompose it into fantastic shapes. With them the art of expression is simply the art of making common ideas assume uncommon forms, or in other words the art of simulating originality and eloquence. No senses lend themselves so readily to deception as hearing and sight. The strongest eye if dazzled cannot discern; the nicest ear if stunned cannot distinguish. And what glare and tumult are to the eye and ear, that in the hands of these writers is language to the mind. Their diction is all blaze and glitter. It has sometimes the effect of spangles dangled in the sun, and sometimes the effect of flame radiating from burnished metal. Its glancing flash baffles; its unrelieved glare blinds.

The process by which these effects are produced is easily analyzed. In the first place, the phraseology of these writers is selected almost exclusively from the phraseology of poetry. It consists mainly of metaphors. They reason in metaphors, they define in metaphors, they reflect in metaphors, and the metaphors in which they most delight are such as would, even in the enthusiasm of the dithyramb, be used sparingly. Not less characteristic is their habitual employment of hyperbole. Whatever is said, is conveyed in language which reaches the extreme limits of expression. Whatever is described, is described in terms which exhaust the resources of rhetoric. Thus they have no energy in reserve; when eloquence is appropriate, it has already palled; when it is necessary to be impressive, the force of impressiveness is spent. They have emphasized till emphasis has ceased to appeal. They have stimulated till stimulants have lost their efficacy. Closely allied with this peculiarity, or to speak more accurately, one of the many phrases assumed by it is the affectation of novel and striking expressions. It was said of Augustus that he avoided as a rock a word not sanctioned by popular usage. It may be said of these writers that what popular usage sanctions it is their chief aim to shun. Thus their diction teems with outlandish words which are sometimes coined and sometimes revived. Thus every eccentricity of collocation and combination in the repertory of vicious rhetoric is

assiduously

assiduously cultivated by them. They out-Ossian Ossian in the tumid extravagance of their epithets and turns. They out-Pindar Pindar in the vehement audacity of their figures. Now we are glutted with what Petronius calls 'honey pellets of sweetened words,' and now we are dazzled with expressions which, to adopt Smith's ingenious mistranslation of a phrase in Longinus, do not shine like stars, but glare like meteors. Everywhere it is the same,—an attempt to produce finer bread than is made of flour, till, like the slave in Horace, nauseated with sweetmeats we long for loaves.

In former times this style, we are speaking of course of prose, was as a rule confined to oratory and history, where, though ridiculous and pernicious, it was not without a certain propriety. In our time it has invaded criticism where it is simply intolerable. The founder and leader of the school of criticism which has adopted it is Mr. Swinburne. Of those brilliant compositions which will, we doubt not, make the name of Mr. Swinburne imperishable, this is not the place to speak. We will only say that what is excellent in his work has no more appreciative, no more hearty admirers than ourselves. But, unhappily, Mr. Swinburne is not content to confine himself to the art in which he excels. His critical writings are now almost as voluminous as his poetry; and as a prose-writer and critic we believe him to have been guilty of greater absurdities and to have done more mischief than any writer of equal eminence who has ever lived. With the examples of Goethe and Coleridge before us, it would be impossible to accept without reservation the remark of Plato, that those who are most successful in exhibiting the principles of poetry in practice are the least competent to interpret and discuss them—in other words, that the best poets are the worst critics. But assuredly no such reservation is possible in the case of Mr. Swinburne. Of the intellectual qualifications indispensable to a critic he has, with the exception of a powerful and accurate memory, literally none. His judgment is the sport sometimes of his emotions and sometimes of his imagination; and what is in men of normal temper the process of reflection, is in him the process of imagination operating on emotion, and of emotion reacting on imagination. A work of art has the same effect on him as objects fraught with hateful or delightful associations have on persons of sensitive memories. The mind dwells not on the objects themselves, but what is accidentally recalled or accidentally suggested by them, and nothing is but what is not. Criticism is with him neither a process of analysis nor a process of interpretation, but simple fiction. What seem to be Mr. Swinburne's convictions are merely

merely his temporary impressions. What he sees in one light in one mood, he sees in another light in another mood. He is, in truth, the very Zimri of criticism, as inconsistent as he is intemperate, as dogmatic as he is whimsical. Indeed, the words in which Dryden paints Buckingham admirably describe him :—

‘ Praising and railing are his usual themes,  
And both to show his judgment in extremes ;  
So over-violent or over-civil,  
That every man with him is God or Devil.’

He is at once the most ferocious of iconoclasts and the most abject of idolaters. In a writer who has been so fortunate as to become the object of his capricious homage, he can find nothing to censure ; in a writer who has had the misfortune to become the object of his equally capricious hostility, he can find nothing to praise. The very qualities, for example, which attract him in Fletcher, repel him in Euripides. He overwhelms Byron with ribald abuse for precisely the same qualities which in Victor Hugo elicit from him the most fulsome eulogy. To exalt Collins, he absurdly depreciates Gray. To degrade Wordsworth, he ridiculously overrates Keats. But it is when dealing with the poets who are the objects of Mr. Symonds’s volume that his opinions become most preposterous. The very name of Marlowe appears to have the power of completely subjugating his reason. He speaks of him in terms which a writer who weighed words would scarcely employ, without qualification, when speaking of the greatest names in all poetry. Indeed, he boldly says that, in his opinion, there are not above two or three poets in the whole compass of literature who can be set above Marlowe ; ‘ and if,’ he adds, ‘ Marlowe’s country should ever bear men worthy to raise a statue or a monument to his memory, he should stand before them with the head and eyes of an Apollo.’—But what follows is really too absurd to transcribe. Declamatory eulogy, unsupported by particular references and particular quotations, is not easily brought to the proof. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Swinburne has occasionally, at least, condescended to illustrate his criticisms. In the first part of Marlowe’s ‘ Tamburlaine ’ occur these lines :—

‘ If all the pens that ever poets held  
Had fed the feeling of their master’s thoughts,  
And every sweetness that inspir’d their hearts,  
Their minds and muses on admired themes.  
If all the heavenly quintessence they still  
From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive  
The highest reaches of a human wit.

If these had made one poem's period,  
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,  
Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least  
Which into words no virtue can digest.'

Our readers will probably agree with us that this is a fine passage, but that, fine though it is, it is in no way superior to dozens of others in Marlowe's Plays and to hundreds of others in the Elizabethan Dramas. In Mr. Swinburne's judgment—we give his very words—it is 'perhaps the noblest passage in the literature of the world.' After this it is not surprising to find him placing the satire of Nash side by side with the satire of Swift.

In these ludicrous vagaries of opinion we are glad to see that Mr. Symonds has not followed his master; but of all the most offensive characteristics of Mr. Swinburne's style, he is, we regret to say, only too faithful an imitator. In some cases he has even gone beyond him. We doubt whether even Mr. Swinburne would have spoken of crudities of composition as 'the very parbreak of a youthful poet's indigestion;' or would so far have lost himself in figurative imagery as to describe a drama as 'an asp, short, ash-coloured, poison-fanged, blunt-headed, abrupt in movement, hissing and wriggling through the sands of human misery;' or would have represented a dramatist 'stabbing the metal plate on which he works, drowning it in *aqua fortis* till it froths;' or would have spoken of 'the lust for the impossible being injected like a molten fluid into all Marlowe's eminent dramatic personalities.'

There is scarcely a page in Mr. Symonds's work which is not deformed with the offensive jargon of his master. The 'carnal' element in Marlowe's genius is 'a sensuality which lends a grip to Belial on the heartstrings of the lust.' Helen's kisses are 'kisses hot as sops of flaming fire.' Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' is 'that divinest dithyramb in praise of sensual beauty in which the poet moves in a hyperuranian region, from which he contemplates with eyes of equal admiration the species of terrestrial loveliness.' Occasionally we have such unmeaning expressions as 'the adamantine declamation of Ford,' and the 'torrid splendour of De Quincey's rhetoric.' It may be doubted whether metaphorical extravagance ever went further than in the following sentence: 'When he sees her corpse'—Mr. Symonds is describing the famous scene where, in Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi,' Ferdinand is standing over the body of his murdered sister—'his fancy, set on flame already by the fury of his hatred, becomes a Hell, which burns the image of her calm pale forehead on his reeling brain.'

And



And now our ungrateful task is concluded. We have so much sympathy with Mr. Symonds' studies, we are so sensible of his distinguished services to history and literature, and we have found so much that is excellent in the present volume, that had we consulted inclination only, we should have refrained from everything bearing the appearance of adverse criticism. But the duty imposed on us as critics is, we feel, imperative, and that duty would be ill-performed if we did not raise our voice against innovations which we believe to be vicious and mischievous. That the style which we have been discussing is a fashion, and will, like other fashions, pass away, we have no doubt. What is to be deeply regretted is that it should have found expression in a work which will in all probability outlive many such fashions.

‘Vitium tanto conspectius in se  
Crimen habet quanto major qui peccat habetur.’

We have often thought that a curiously interesting book might be written on the posthumous fortune of poets. In the case of prose writers, the verdict of the age which immediately succeeds them is, as a rule, final. Their reputation is subject to few fluctuations. Once crowned, they are seldom deposed; once deposed, they are never reinstated. Time and accident may affect their popularity, but the estimate which has been formed by competent critics of their intrinsic worth remains unmodified. How different has been the fate of poets! Take Chaucer. In 1500 his popularity was at its height. During the latter part of the sixteenth century it began to decline. From that date till the end of William III.'s reign—in spite of the influence which he undoubtedly exercised over Spenser, and in spite of the respectful allusions to him in Sydney, Puttenham, Drayton, and Milton—his fame had become rather a tradition than a reality. In the following age the good-natured tolerance of Dryden was succeeded by the contempt of Addison and the supercilious patronage of Pope. Between 1700 and 1782 nothing seemed more probable than that the writings of the first of England's narrative poets would live only in the memory of antiquarians. In little more than half a century afterwards we find him placed, with Shakspeare and Milton, on the highest pinnacle of poetic renown. Not less remarkable have been the vicissitudes through which the fame of Dante has passed. During the fourteenth century he was regarded with superstitious reverence. Indeed, his reputation was so jealously guarded, that a pretext was found to bring a contemporary,

contemporary, who had presumed to parody his verses, to the stake. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries his fame greatly declined, and he sank to a position similar to that assigned to Ennius by the Augustan critics. During the seventeenth century there were distinguished critics even among his own countrymen, who not only placed him below Petrarch and Ariosto, but even disputed his title to be called a Classic. The sentence passed on him by Voltaire and Bettinelli is well known; and though he never, it is true, wanted apologists, there can be no doubt that Voltaire and Bettinelli represented the general opinion of the eighteenth century. Then came the reaction. From the time of Monti his influence on the literatures of Italy and England has been prodigious. Every decade has added to his fame, and that fame, gigantic though it is, is even now increasing.

Still more singular has been the fortune of the fathers of our drama. It was their lot to obtain from contemporaries what most poets obtain only from a later age, their just deserts. They were, as a rule, neither over-praised nor under-valued. Nothing can be more discriminating than the judgment passed on the dramas of Marlowe, Greene, and Lyly by the generation which witnessed their appearance. But, strange to say, the justice which was so readily done them by contemporaries was destined to be persistently withheld from them by after ages. It is not surprising that their fame should have been eclipsed by the fame of their successors; it is still less surprising that the revolution which dethroned their successors should have buried them in oblivion. But that their merits should have been so tardily recognized when, at the beginning of the present century, the tide turned in favour of our earlier dramatists, is inexplicable. Yet so it was. Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, Shirley, had found enthusiastic editors when the dramas of the masters of Shakspeare were still uncollected. It was not till 1826 that Marlowe received the honour of being edited. Greene and Peele had to wait still longer. Six of Lyly's plays had, it is true, been reprinted in 1632, but half the present century had passed before a full and adequate edition of his dramas appeared. It was natural that when the reaction came, it should come with a force proportioned to the persistency with which it had been delayed. It has come with a force which may well astound all who are not acquainted with the characteristics of reactions in criticism. The number of essays and monographs, the object of which is to heap indiscriminate eulogy on these poets, passes calculation. One writer gravely compares Marlowe with Æschylus. Another writer,

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and we regret to say that that writer is Mr. Symonds, speaks of Greene as a Titan. We have seen Lyly placed on a level with Molière, and the author of the 'Arraignment of Paris' exalted above the author of the 'Aminta.' Indeed the length to which this fulsome and ridiculous rhodomontade is now being carried is positively sickening. We are not, as we hope to show, in any way insensible to the merits of the poets to whom we have alluded. We are quite willing to go as far as Lamb and Hazlitt in eulogistic criticism, and in our opinion Lamb and Hazlitt went quite far enough. Every one who knows anything of the world knows that the most mischievous form which detraction can assume is exaggerated praise. Calumny may be repelled or lived down, but the man who is overpraised is continually forced to give the lie to his own reputation. And what is true of men who live in the world, is true also of men who live only in the memory of the world. The reputation of Richardson has suffered more from the extravagant panegyrics of Rousseau and Diderot, than from the ridicule of Fielding and the sneers of Sterne. The noblest passage in the drama of the Restoration is, in consequence of Johnson's absurd encomium, now rarely quoted except to be laughed at; and we quite agree with Blair, that Parnell would stand much higher in popular estimation had his merits not been so preposterously over-rated by Hume. In the interests, therefore, of these poets themselves, as well as in the interests of criticism, we protest against this fashion of exaggerated panegyric. It cannot fail to operate most perniciously on public taste, and it cannot fail in the end to defeat its own object.

The history of the Early English Drama may be divided with some precision into three epochs. The first extends from about the end of the eleventh century to about the middle of the fifteenth. This is the period of the mysteries and miracles, and its distinctive feature is the predominance of the sacred over the secular element; in other words, the absorption of the miracle, which was of literary origin, in the mystery, which was of liturgical origin. Between the middle of Henry VI.'s reign and the beginning of Elizabeth's, this rude drama assumed other forms. In the moralities, which now superseded the earlier plays, it approached more nearly to the character of a work of art. It became less simple and less uncouth. Under the disguise of allegory it began to exhibit increasing ingenuity in the structure of the fable. Under the disguise of abstractions, its *dramatis personæ* grew more and more true to nature and life. Nor was this all. It brought itself into more immediate contact with contemporary society and with contemporary history. If its spirit was didactic,

didactic, it was not didactic in the sense in which the mysteries and miracles are didactic. It was no longer subservient to settled dogma. It emancipated itself from Mediævalism, it allied itself with an awakening world. Nowhere, indeed, is the history of the revolution which transformed the England of Mediævalism into the England of the Renaissance, written more legibly than in these plays. In such moralities, for example, as 'The Castle of Perseverance' and 'The Interlude of Youth,' the old faith still reigns dominant and unimpaired. In 'Lusty Juventus' and in 'New Custom,' the doctrines of the Reformation have triumphed over the doctrines of Catholicism; and in the 'Conflict of Conscience,' the struggle between the old faith and the new is depicted with an energy which is almost tragic in its intensity. In 'The Nature of the Four Elements' and in 'Wit and Science,' we have, on the other hand, remarkable illustrations of the emancipation of the morality from religion. In these pieces the theological element entirely disappears. Their object, so far at least as it is didactic, is simply to awaken a love of science. They reflect the influence of the Renaissance on that side in which the Renaissance was most hostile to the body from whom in the first instance the drama had emanated, and to whom for so many generations the drama had been loyal. But if the influence of the new science is perceptible in these plays, the influence of the new learning is not less perceptible in such a morality as 'The Trial of Pleasure.' Here we find that indiscriminate use of materials derived from the classics and material derived from the Bible, that intermixture of paganism and Christianity which was one of the essential characteristics of the literature of the Renaissance.

The next step in the history of the morality is the substitution of fictitious or historical personages for abstract figures, and the subordination of the allegorical to the dramatic element,—an innovation so simple and so obvious, that it is not a little surprising that it should have been accomplished so gradually and delayed so long. It was effected at last by the 'Interludes' of Heywood, and by the 'Chronicle Play' of Bale. These Interludes became in their turn the model on which Still, some years later, framed his 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' and thus the transition to regular comedy was complete. Not less clearly is the transition from the morality to the history marked by Bale's 'Kyng John.' In this play we find the abstractions of the morality resolving themselves into historical characters. Thus Sedition becomes Stephen Langton; Private Wealth, Cardinal Pandulph; Usurped Power, Innocent III. It is only a step from 'Kyng John' to the 'Famous Victories of Henry V.,' and

'The Troublesome Raigne of King John,' in which abstract characters and didactic allegory entirely disappear, and an historical play, in the proper sense of the term, presents itself.

So closes what may be called the second period in the history of our national drama. And it is perhaps worth pausing to notice how curiously that history repeated itself, not indeed chronologically, but in all its essential features in almost every country in Europe. In Italy we have the *Misterio* and the *Miracolo*, the *Favola Morale* and the *Farsa*, a species of drama which answers in one of the forms it assumed to our Interludes, and side by side with these we find the 'History Play.' In France we have the *Mystère* and the *Miracle*, and then we have the *Moralité*, and we see the morality and the mystery passing on the one hand into the farce and the *Sottie*, and on the other hand into the 'History.' That mysteries and miracles were among the earliest forms which the drama assumed in Spain, and that these were succeeded by 'moralities,' cannot reasonably be doubted, though no specimens have, we believe, survived. Certainly the *Entremises* correspond exactly to the Interlude.

But though during this second period the transition from the mystery and the morality, from comedy to history, was technically effected, the circumstance is less important than it would at first sight appear to be. It is indeed natural to suppose, as it commonly is supposed, that the drama of Marlowe and Shakspeare was but a further development of the drama we have been discussing. Such, however, was not the case. We will not go so far as to say that there are no traces in the Romantic drama of the influence of these earlier and ruder plays, for there are many, particularly in comedy, occasionally even in Tragedy.\* But this we will venture to affirm, that had these early plays never existed the Romantic drama would have sprung up independently; would have presented the same features; would have run the same course. In other words, we believe that the moralities and interludes stand in the same relation to the Romantic drama as the *Fabulæ Atellanæ* and the Etruscan Mimes stood to the drama of Ancient Rome. Roman tragedy owed nothing to the Atellan Fables. Roman comedy owed nothing to the Etruscan Mimes. Both were exotics. The one sprang immediately from Greek tragedy, the other sprang immediately from Greek comedy. By no process of evolution

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\* The Good Angel and the Evil Angel in Marlowe's 'Faustus,' and the part played by the Devil in Greene's 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' the abstractions of the Dumb Show in 'The Warning for Fair Women,' in 'Mucedorus,' in 'Soliman and Perseda,' and in Yarrington's 'Two Tragedies in One,' are cases in point. The Shakspearian Clown, undoubtedly a lineal descendant of the Satan of the Mysteries and of the Vice of the Moralities, is a more important illustration.

could the drama as it existed in Rome between B.C. 363 and B.C. 240 have developed into the drama which obtained in Rome between B.C. 240 and B.C. 50. By no process of evolution could the drama of Bale and Heywood have developed into the drama of Marlowe and Peele. To what source then is the Romantic drama to be traced? We answer unhesitatingly, to the Italian drama of the Renaissance.

The popularly accepted theory that Elizabethan tragedy and comedy flowed directly from the older plays, that tragedy is simply the miracle and morality modified by the study of Seneca and the Italian tragedians, and that comedy is simply the interlude modified by the comedy of Ancient Rome and Renaissant Italy, is in our opinion a theory which could be held by no one who had studied with attention the drama of the Italian Renaissance. As this is a question of some importance, and as our opinion may perhaps appear somewhat paradoxical, we will state our reasons for dissenting from the popular theory.

If what is technically known as the Romantic drama be compared with the older plays, we shall find that it is distinguished from them by three striking peculiarities. In the first place it is divided into five acts, or, if not so divided, is so constructed as to admit of such a division—in other words, it possesses a regular plot regularly unravelling itself on definite principles. In the second place, imagination and fancy enter largely into its composition; and in the third place, it is, in its diction, studious of the beauties of poetry and rhetoric. Now these characteristics are, as we need scarcely say, the characteristics of the Classical drama. And yet if we compare a page or two of any of our Romantic dramatists with a page or two of a Roman dramatist, we should at once feel that the older poet could have had no direct influence on the later. If, for example, we place ‘Gorboduc,’ a play closely modelled on Seneca, side by side with ‘Tamburlaine,’ or ‘Edward II.,’ we shall have no difficulty in understanding how wide is the interval which separated Roman tragedy from ours. Again, take comedy as formulated by Lyly and Greene and perfected by Shakspeare. It is clearly no mere development of the interlude. It as clearly owes little or nothing to Plautus and Terence.

We turn to Italy, and all is explained. We there find a drama presenting all the chief features of our Romantic drama—that classicism which is not the classicism of antiquity, that realism which is not the realism of unilluminated life. There, we contend, are to be found the models on which Marlowe and his contemporaries consciously or unconsciously worked. It was there that the Romantic drama was virtually promulgated.

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There, not in England, was accomplished the revolution which transformed the tragedy of Seneca into the tragedy of Marlowe, and the comedy of Plautus and Terence into the comedy of Lyly and Greene.

It is remarkable that from the very first there was a marked tendency on the part of Italian playwrights to romantic innovation. This is seen even in the Latin Plays. Among the earliest of them we find comedy blended with tragedy, a constant attempt to escape from the thralldom of the unities, and an ostentatious realism substituted for the ideality of the classical stage. Their plots, moreover, are frequently drawn from contemporary history, though in this, as we need scarcely say, they found precedents in the Tragedy of the ancients. Thus Verardo's '*Historia Bætica*,' written about 1490, is founded on the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, and is in everything but in diction and structure our Chronicle Play. The words of the Prologue are so remarkable that we will quote them:—

‘Requirat autem nullus hic Comediæ,  
Leges ut observentur aut Tragœdiæ,  
Agenda nempe est Historia, non fabula.’

In Mussato's '*Eccerinis*' and in Laudivio's '*De Captivitate Ducis Jacobi*,' we have striking illustrations of this romanticizing tendency. The first dramatizes the career of Eccelino de Romano, and the second dramatizes the fall of Jacopo Piccinino. Both, therefore, are studies from real life, both embody in artistic form familiar incidents. In both the language is the language of Seneca, but the spirit and feeling are the spirit and feeling of contemporaries. And what is apparent in the Latin plays becomes, as we might naturally expect, far more apparent in the vernacular. It is not too much to say that by the middle of the sixteenth century the vernacular classical drama had undergone so many modifications, that it presents almost all the characteristics of the Romance. To deal first with style. We find plays written in tercets, in the ottava rima, and in *versi sdruccioli*; we find rhyme and blank verse mingled; we find blank verse variously modified, monotonously stately, loosely colloquial, broken and spasmodic, fluent and diffuse; we find prose substituted for verse. In the comedies of Angelo Beolco and Andrea Calmo, we even find the *dramatis personæ* speaking in the dialects of the cities to which they belong. We see, in fine, a constant attempt to cast off the shackles of rigid classicism. Another important link between the Italian drama and the Romantic, is the fact, that it rejected rhyme in favour of blank verse on precisely the same ground. Blank verse, it was

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said, being less artificial than rhyme, is better adapted to express the passions and to appeal to the passions. 'Rima denota,' says Antonio Cavallerino, in the Discourse prefixed to his 'Rosamunda,' 'pensamento e premeditatione, e che le cose ch'appaiono pensate e premeditate, estinto il verisimile, estinguono insieme la compassione e lo spavento che nascono ne gli spettatori da quella credenza, c'hanno che le cose accaschino allora in scena.' In tone and structure these dramas adhere, it must be admitted, much more closely to Roman models. And yet even in these respects important differences are discernible. As tragedies they have more colour, they have more warmth, they have more life than their prototypes. If their plots are similar in their evolutions, they are as a rule richer in incident. If, in imitation of a vicious original, the action too often stagnates in arid dialectics, it is as often animated by nature and passion.

Of the obligations of the Romantic stage to the Italian with regard to machinery, there can be no question. Every one knows with what effect the Elizabethan playwrights employed the echo; how they delighted in the play within the play; how common it was for a Chorus to explain the action; how frequently the ghosts of great men appeared in the capacity of Prologue; how elaborate the character and how imposing the use made of the dumb show; how important the part played by apparitions, how wide the space filled with physical horrors. All this was undoubtedly learned from Italy. The dumb show had, it is true, been popular in England long before any influence from Italy can be traced on our drama, and the shades of the dead had figured, as we need scarcely say, among the *dramatis personæ* of the ancient stage. But it was reserved for the Italians to discover their full effect as dramatic auxiliaries, and it was as elaborated by Italian ingenuity that they make their appearance in our Romantic drama.\*

But the influence of the Italian drama on ours is seen most conspicuously in the fact, that it furnished examples of almost every species of dramatic composition which obtained among us during the latter half of the sixteenth century. From the Latin

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\* See particularly the 'Discorso della Poesia rappresentativa,' by Angelo Ingegneri, printed at Ferrara in 1598. As Ingegneri's remarks about the proper way of representing ghosts are well worth attention, and as the work is not very accessible, we will quote a short passage: 'L'ombra dovrebbe esser tutta coperta, più che vestita, di zendale over altra cosa simile, pur di color nero, e non mostrar nè volto, nè mani, nè piedi e sembrare in sommo una cosa informe. . . . E quanto al parlare, aver una voce alta e rimbombante, ma ruvida ed aspra e in conclusione orribile e non naturale, servando quasi sempre un istesso tuono.' For the ghost in action, see Speroni's 'Canace,' Decio's 'Acripanda,' Corrarò's 'Proene,' and Manfredi's 'Semiramide.'



plays of Mussato and Laudivio sprang the Latin plays of Legge, Gager, Alabaster, and others. From the Italian imitators of Seneca sprang Sackville and Norton's 'Gorboduc,' Gascoign's 'Jocasta,' and Hughes's 'Misfortunes of Arthur.' Indeed Gascoign's 'Jocasta' is, as Mr. Symonds has for the first time pointed out, a free version of Dolce's 'Giocasta.' From such plays as Antonio da Pistoia's 'Pamphila,' Rucellai's 'Rosmunda' and Groto's 'Hadriana,' sprang 'Tancred and Gismund,' and the numerous plays of which 'Tancred and Gismund' is the type. From the tragedies of Cinthio and Mondella sprang the two famous tragedies of Kyd and the tragedy of 'Soliman and Perseda.' From the 'Calandra' of Bernardo Divizio, from Machiavelli, and from the 'Cassaria' and the 'Suppositi' of Ariosto, Lyly learned to clothe comedy in prose. On the 'Boscareccie Favole' was modelled Peele's 'Arraignment of Paris,' and on the 'Farse,' Greene's 'Orlando Furioso' and Peele's 'Old Wives' Tale.' Luca Comile and Epicuro had invented, or rather revived, Tragi-Comedy. Domestic Tragedy dates from the 'Il Soldato' of Angelo Leonico (1550), and what are known in our drama as Histories—plays, that is to say, founded on recent historical incidents—had precedents in Mondella's 'Isifile,' and in Fuligni's 'Bragadino,' the first of which appeared in 1582, and the second in 1589.

Nor are these resemblances between the Italian and the English drama likely to have been mere coincidences. Of the intimate connection between England and Italy during the early and latter parts of Elizabeth's reign, and of the popularity of Italian literature in England during these years, there can be no question. Its study had been facilitated by grammars and dictionaries, by guides to its beauties, and by guides to its pronunciation. As early as 1578, an Italian Company was acting in London. No man's education was held to be complete till he had visited the cities which were to an Englishman of that age what Athens and Corinth were to the contemporaries of Horace, and till he had, in the phrase of the time, returned home 'Italianated.' That Gascoign, Greene, Munday, Lodge, and Nash travelled in Italy is certain, and it is very likely that, if more was known of the lives of Peele and Marlowe, we should find that they too had performed the customary pilgrimage. However that may be, they were undoubtedly well-read in the literature of Italy. It could hardly, indeed, have been otherwise. The taste was universal. At the Universities and in London an Italian quotation was the symbol of the cultured. The classics of modern Italy were as reverently studied as the classics of antiquity.

antiquity. Those who could not read the originals, contented themselves with translations, and the number of translations which appeared between the accession of Elizabeth and the accession of James I. was immense. Ascham complains that Petrarch was preferred to Moses, and that the 'Decameron' was more highly estimated than the Bible. That the English playwrights were in the habit of indulging in wholesale plagiarism from their brethren in Italy, is proved by Gosson, who tells us that the Italian Comedies 'were ransacked to furnish matter for the London theatres.' It would not perhaps be too much to say that in the case of nearly two-thirds of the Elizabethan Dramas, where they are not Comedies or Histories, the plots may be traced to Italian sources. But it was only natural that the power which had revolutionized our literature should revolutionize our drama. Since the publication of Tottel's 'Miscellanies' in 1557, English genius had been as completely under the spell of Italy, as seventeen centuries before Roman genius had been under the spell of Greece, and as a century afterwards French genius was under the spell of Rome. We have not the smallest doubt that Marlowe and Greene regarded Bale and Heywood as Actius and Terence regarded the authors of the Atellan Farces, and as Racine and Molière regarded Rutebeuf and Bodel.

We must, however, guard carefully against attaching undue importance to the influence of Italy. It was an influence the significance of which is purely historical. All it effected was to furnish the artists of our stage with models, it operated on form, and it operated on composition, but it extended no further. Once formulated, our drama pursued an independent course. It became, in the phrase of its greatest representative, 'the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure'—in style and diction of unparalleled richness and variety, in subject-matter co-extensive with human experience and human imagination. To no eye, indeed, but to the eye of the critical historian would there seem to be anything in common between those living panoramas of nature and manners the Romances of Elizabethan England, and the stately declamations which won the plaudits of the *Accademia de' Rozzi* and the *Accademia degli Intronati*.

With the accession of Elizabeth commences what may be called the third period in the history of our stage. More than a quarter of a century had still to elapse before Marlowe and his coadjutors revolutionized dramatic art. Of the plays produced between 1558 and 1586 probably not more than one-third have escaped the ravages of time. But there is no reason to suppose, that those which are lost differed in any

important respect from those that remain, and enough remain to enable us to form a clear conception of the state of dramatic literature during these years. Regarded comprehensively, that literature is represented by three distinct schools. On the one side stand a body of playwrights who adhere to the traditions of the vernacular drama, and who reproduce in forms more or less modified the moralities and interludes. On the other side stands a large and influential body who treated these rude medleys with disdain, and owned allegiance only to classical masters. Between these two schools stands a third, which united the characteristics—or, to speak more accurately, many of the characteristics—of both. And from the appearance of ‘Gorboduc’ to the appearance of ‘Tamburlaine’ these three schools co-existed, each pursuing an independent course. We have thus the extraordinary anomaly of a drama, crude, rudimentary, semi-barbarous, flourishing contemporaneously with a drama as perfect in form as the most finished pieces of the Roman and Italian stage. It would at first sight appear almost incredible that such plays as ‘Horestes,’ ‘Tom Tiler and his Wife,’ and ‘Like to Like,’ should have succeeded such plays as ‘Ralph Roister Doister’ and ‘Gorboduc,’ and that an age which had witnessed ‘Tancred and Gismund’ could tolerate twelve years afterwards the ‘History of Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.’ But this anomaly is easily explained. The inequality between these plays corresponds with the inequality of the audiences to which they were addressed. Till the last decade of Elizabeth’s reign there were two distinct spheres of dramatic activity. At the Inns of Court, at the Court itself, at the Universities, at the public schools, nothing was tolerated which did not bear the stamp of classicism. It was for such audiences that Sackville and Norton parodied Seneca, Udall Plautus, and Spenser Ariosto and Machiavelli; \* that Gascoign adapted Dolce’s ‘Giocasta’ and Ariosto’s ‘Gli Suppositi,’ that Hatton and his coadjutors wrote ‘Tancred and Gismund,’ Thomas Hughes ‘The Misfortunes of Arthur,’ and Lyly ‘Campaspe’ and ‘Endymion.’ Of a very different order were the spectators who gathered in the inn-yards of the Bell Savage and the Red Bull, and in the playhouses on the Bankside and in Shoreditch, and of a very different order were the performances in which they delighted. No class is so conservative as

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\* These Comedies of Spenser’s have unfortunately perished, but their character and our loss are sufficiently indicated in one of Gabriel Hervey’s Letters to him: ‘I am voyd of all judgement if your nine Comedies whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus you give the names of the Nine Muses, come not nearer Ariosto’s Comedies eyther for the fineness of plausible eloquution or the rareness of poetical invention than that Elvish Queene doth to his Orlando Furioso.’

the vulgar. The spell of tradition is potent with them long after it has lost its efficacy with others. What found most favour in their eyes was what had found favour in the eyes of their forefathers. They clung fondly to all that was peculiar to the old stage, to the old buffoonery, to the old didacticism, to the old half-farcical, half-serious allegorizing, to the old realism, to the vice, to the abstractions, to the gingling doggerel, to the cumbersome quatrains. In one respect, indeed, these plays differed from those of the former generation. The material out of which preceding playwrights constructed their plots lay within a comparatively narrow compass. The cry now was for novelty. The history and fiction of all ages and all countries was ransacked for matter to weave into dramas. 'I may boldly say it, because I have seen it,' says Gosson, 'that "The Palace of Pleasure," "The Golden Ass," "The Æthiopian History," "Amadis of France," and "The Round Table," comedies in Latin, French, Italian and Spanish have been thoroughly raked to furnish the playhouses in London.' Nothing came amiss to these indefatigable caterers for popular amusement. They drew indiscriminately on pagan mythology and on mediæval legend, on incidents in history and on incidents in private life. Of these dramas, probably few found their way into print, and scarcely any have survived. But the loss, if we may trust the opinion of competent judges, and if those which remain are samples of those which have disappeared, is assuredly no matter for regret. The contempt with which they were regarded by polite critics is shown and justified by what Whetstone, Gosson, and Sydney have written concerning them. They appear, indeed, to have been little better than wild and improbable medleys, as coarse and bungling in construction as they were vulgar and cumbersome in style.

But of these early schools the most interesting from an historical point of view is the third. It was the aim of the representatives of this school to create a drama out of elements furnished by each of the other schools. They followed popular models in blending tragedy with comedy, in cultivating a spirit of homely fidelity to nature and life, and in embodying dramatic dialogue in rhymed verse. But classical models guided them in the evolution of their plots, in their anxiety to avoid gross violation of the unities, and in their attempt at dignity and propriety of diction. As samples of the plays of this school we have Richard Edwards' 'Damon and Pytheas,' and George Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra.' The last, which is preceded by a singularly interesting preface, explaining the principle on which it was written, has more than  
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one title to attention. It was the work on which the greatest of poets founded his 'Measure for Measure,' and it was the first formal vindication of some of the leading principles of Romanticism. Whetstone regarded the medleys in vogue with the vulgar with just disdain, but he saw clearly that too strict an adherence to the canons of classicism was in every way undesirable. He chose, therefore, a middle course. He avoided the extremes of both, but he adopted something from each.

Such was the condition of the English drama when that illustrious company of playwrights who immediately preceded Shakspeare entered on their career.

We remember to have read in some medieval writer a story to this effect. A traveller on enchanted ground found himself in the course of his wanderings in a wild and spacious valley. Around him were all the indications of fertility, rich even to rankness. The trees rose dense and high; heavy parasites hung in festoons from their trunks and branches; thick mantling shrubs matted the glades at their feet. Wherever his eye rested, it rested on what appeared to be exuberant vegetation. But the spectacle proved on a nearer view to be delusive. He soon perceived that what he beheld was the semblance of fecundity, not the reality. The trees and the parasites which clung to them were without bloom and without vitality; the underwood which appeared to be flourishing so vigorously beneath, was arid and dwarfed. Scarcely a flower he saw was worth the culling. Scarcely any of the fruits that had ripened were worth the gathering. Suddenly as by magic the scene changed. Every tree, every shrub, burst into luxuriant life. The leaves and the grass were of the hue of emeralds; the ground was ablaze with flowers. All was perfume, all was colour. He stood dazzled and intoxicated amid a wilderness of sweets—a teeming paradise of tropical splendour. Very similar to the phenomenon witnessed by the traveller of the fable is the phenomenon presented to the student of English poetry at the period on which we are now entering. From the beginning of the sixteenth century there had been no lack of literary activity. With what assiduity the drama had been cultivated we have already seen; with what assiduity other branches of poetry were cultivated will be apparent to any one who will glance at a catalogue of the writers who flourished during these years. And yet, voluminous as this literature is, how little has it contributed to the sum of our intellectual wealth! how frigid, how lifeless, does it appear when placed in contrast with the literature which immediately succeeded it! The revolution which gave us the 'Faery Queen' for the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' the lyrics of

of Greene and Lodge for the lyrics of Gascoign and Turberville, the sonnets of Daniel for the sonnets of Watson, the Eclogues of Spenser for the Eclogues of Googe, 'Tamburlaine' for 'Gorboduc,' and 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' for 'Ralph Roister Doister' and 'Misogonus,' seems like the work of enchantment. It was in truth the work of an age rich beyond precedent in all that appeals to the emotions and to the imagination, operating on men peculiarly susceptible of such influences and possessed of rare powers of original genius.

The golden era of Elizabethan literature may be said to date its commencement from the seven years which lie between 1579 and 1587,—in other words, with the first characteristic poems of Spenser and the first characteristic plays of Marlowe, with the publication of 'Euphues' and with the composition of the 'Arcadia.' Never, perhaps, has there existed an age so fertile in all that inspires and all that nourishes poetic energy as that which opens the third decade of Elizabeth's reign. It was commensurate with a great crisis in European history, and with a great crisis in European thought. The discomfiture of the partisans of Mary of Scotland, the execution of Mary herself, and the destruction of the Armada in the following year, had paralyzed that mighty coalition which had long been the terror of Protestant Europe. The effect of the events of 1588 on the world of Marlowe and his contemporaries was indeed similar to the effects of the Persian victories on the world of Phrynicus and Æschylus. In both cases what was at stake was the very existence of national life. In both cases were arrayed in mortal oppugnancy the Oromasdes and the Arimenes of social and intellectual progress. In both cases the moral effects of the triumph achieved were in proportion to the magnitude of the issues involved. Joy, pride, and hope possessed all hearts. The pulse of the whole nation was quickened. The minds of men became preternaturally active, and every faculty of the mind preternaturally alert. Nor was this all. The forces at work in that mighty revolution which transformed the Europe of Medievalism into the Europe of the Renaissance were everywhere fermenting. It was the fortune of England to pass simultaneously through two of the greatest crises in the life of states, and the excitement of the most momentous of epochs in her spiritual history was coincident with the excitement of the most momentous of epochs in her political history. The energy thus stimulated operated on materials richer and more various than perhaps any other age could have afforded. Philosophy, having cast off the shackles of scholasticism, had entered on the splendid inheritance which had descended to it

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from antiquity. Astronomy was unravelling the secrets of the skies, and Natural Science the secrets of the land and sea. Heroes, second to none in the annals of endurance and adventure, were exploring every corner of the habitable globe, and coming home to record experiences as marvellous as those which Ulysses poured into the ears of Alcinous and Arete. The Muse of History had awakened with Grafton and Stowe, and Hall and Holinshed; and the Muse of Romantic Fiction with Malory and with Malory's numberless successors. The Translators of the Bible had unlocked the lore of the East. Scholars were revelling among the treasures of that noble language which, in the fine expression of Gibbon, 'gives a soul to the objects of sense and a body to the abstractions of philosophy,' and which has during more than twenty centuries been to the world of mind what the sun is to the physical world. The study of Roman literature had been rendered more fruitful by the precedence now given to the Classics of the Republic and Early Empire over the writers of the Later Ages. 'The youth everywhere,' says Strype, 'addicted themselves to the reading of the best authors for pure Roman style, laying aside their old barbarous writers and schoolmen.' All that had been contributed to the general stock of intellectual wealth by modern Italy was becoming more and more familiar to Englishmen, and scarcely anything of note appeared either in France or Spain which was not sooner or later pressed into the service of English genius.

But there were other sources of inspiration, other stores on which the writers of that age could draw. The world in which they moved was in itself rich in all the materials which poetry most cherishes. In the first place there had, for many centuries, been gradually accumulating an immense mass of local traditions. Every county, nay, every hundred and every city in England, had its heroes and its annals. We have only to open works like Warner's '*Albion's England*,' and Drayton's '*Polyolbion*,' to see that there was scarcely a mountain, a river, a forest, which did not teem with the mingled traditions of history and fable. The mythology, out of which Livy constructed the early chronicles of Latium, was in truth not more dramatic and picturesque than that which lived on the lips of Elizabethan England. Much of this lore had been embodied in rude ballads—some of it had found its way into the Metrical Romances, and more recently into '*The Mirror for Magistrates*,' but it owed its popularity to oral transmission. With this heroic mythology was blended a mythology which had its origin in superstition. To the England of the sixteenth century the

unseen

unseen world was as real as the world of the senses. Its voices were everywhere audible, its ministers were everywhere present. What reason has with us coldly resolved into symbolism was with them simple fact. The substantial existence of the Prince of Darkness and the Powers of Hell, of the Bad Angel who is man's enemy, and of the Good Angel who is his friend, was no more questioned by an ordinary Englishman of that day than the existence of the human beings round him. In his belief the communion between the world of the living and the world beyond the tomb had never been interrupted. What Endor witnessed, was in his opinion, what half the churchyards in England had witnessed. The angels, which were of old beheld passing and repassing between earth and heaven, passed, it was believed, and repassed still on their gracious errands. 'It may,' says one of the most popular writers of those times, 'be proved from many places of the Scripture that all Christian men have not only one angell, but manie whom God employeth to their service.' Nor was it from the Bible only that the supernatural creed of that age was derived. The awful forms with which the sublime and gloomy imagination of the Goths had peopled the tempest and the mist; the elves, faies, and faeries, and all that 'bright infantry,' who, in the graceful mythology of the Celts, hold high revel—

'On hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beachèd margin of the sea'

—the Demons of the fire 'who wander in the region near the moon,' the Demons of the air 'who hover round the earth,' Mandrakes and Incubi, Hellwaines and Firedrakes, these were to the people of that age as real as the objects which met their view in daily life, and to doubt their existence was, says Grose, held to be little less than Atheism.\*

If again we turn to the social life of those times we find ourselves in a world equally picturesque, and equally calculated to awaken poetry. In the country dwelt a race as blithe and simple as that which peopled the Sicily of Theocritus or the Delos of the Homeric Hymn. The English peasantry had, even when groaning under the yoke of a martial and despotic aristocracy, been distinguished by their lightheartedness and love of social merriment. They were now in the first intoxication of newly-found freedom. They were now, for the first time in their history, settled and prosperous. If the happiness of a class is to

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\* Whoever would understand how completely even the most enlightened minds of that age were under the dominion of these superstitions would do well to turn to Henry More's 'Antidote against Atheism.'



be estimated by its wealth and political importance, it would be absurd to point to the sixteenth century as the Golden Age of rural England. But those whose criterion is not that of the Political Economist, will, we think, agree with Goldsmith, that this was in truth the Saturnian era of English country life. No fictitious Arcadia has half the charm of the world described to us by Stubbes and Stowe. It was a world in which existence appears to have been a perpetual feast. Every house had its virginal, its spinnet, and its lute. Each season of the year had its festivals. At Christmas every farmstead and country mansion, garnished with holly and evergreens, and bright with the blazing yule, rang with tumultuous mirth. Songs and dances, possets and loving-cups, ushered in, amid pealing bells, the New Year; and the New Year's revels were often protracted till it was time to wreath the wassail-bowls and marshal the pageants of Twelfth-Night. Then came the feasts of Candlemas and Easter, which terminated the festivities of Easter and opened the festivities of Spring. On May-day all England held carnival. Long before it was light the youth of both sexes were in the woods gathering flowers and weaving nosegays. By sunrise there was not a porch or door without its chaplet, and, while the dew was still sparkling on the grass, the may-pole had been dressed, 'twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, everie oxe having a sweet posie of flowers tied to the tip of his horns drawing it solemnly home.' On its arrival at the appointed place it was set up. The ground round it was strewn with hawthorn sprays and green boughs. Summer-hall booths and arbours were erected on each side of it. Processions from the neighbouring hamlets, headed by milkmaids leading a cow festooned with flowers and with its horns gilt, were a common feature in these picturesque festivities. Nor was it the younger people only who kept festival. 'In the month of May,' says Stowe—we cannot resist quoting this exquisitely beautiful passage—'namely on May Day in the morning every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meddowes and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers and with the harmonie of birdes praying God in their kinde.' It would have required very little sagacity to foretell that a world such as this was destined to bear rich fruit in poetry.

And yet at no period in its history did our poetry pass through so perilous a crisis. For some time it seemed not unlikely that the Renaissance would cast the same spell on English genius as it had cast on the genius of Italy and France. Its effect there had been to kindle an enthusiasm for the works of the ancients, so intense and absorbing that it amounted to fanaticism; a

fanaticism

fanaticism against which all the forces which commonly direct, and all the causes which commonly inspire intellectual and artistic activity, were powerless to contend. No art escaped the infection, but poetry suffered most. A wretched affectation of classical sentiment, of classical imagery, of classical diction, pervaded it. To write tragedies in the style of Seneca, and comedies in the style of Plautus, to construct, out of materials furnished by Theocritus and Virgil, roccoco Arcadias, to parody Pindar and Simonides in dithyrambs, and Ovid and Claudian in tinsel idylls, became the employment of men, who, had they succeeded in casting off the fetters of this degrading servitude, might have attained no mean rank among poets. Thus poetry became completely divorced from nature and life, losing all sincerity, losing all originality. An exception, indeed, must be made in favour of the Romantic School, but even the Romantic School passed under the yoke. That our poetry narrowly escaped the same fate cannot, we think, be doubted. When we remember the superstitious reverence with which the writings of antiquity were regarded, the ardour with which the study of these writings was pursued, the ridiculous extent to which the affectation of learning was carried in the pulpit, in Parliament, and even in the taverns and playhouses, the classicism and pseudo-classicism predominant everywhere in academic and aristocratic circles,\* the enormous popularity of the literature of Italy, the influence exercised by that literature, the contempt for Romanticism at the Court and at the Universities, the constant endeavours on the part of both to dethrone it, and, above all, the culture and learning which distinguished the Romancists themselves; when, too, we remember how deeply tainted much of our poetry actually was; take for example the comedies of Lyly, the tragedies of Lady Pembroke, Brandon, and Daniel, the lyrics of Greene and Constable, the poems of Chapman, the masques and dramas of Jonson; we cannot but feel how real, how imminent was the danger. Fortunately, however, the instinctive energy of genius prevailed; fortunately the England of Elizabeth was not the Italy of Leo; fortunately

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\* 'When the Queen paraded through a county town almost every pageant was a Pantheon. When she paid a visit at the house of any of her nobility, she was saluted by the Penates and conducted to her privy chamber by Mercury. Even the pastrycooks were expert mythologists. At dinner select transformations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were exhibited in confectionery, and the splendid icing of an immense historic plum-cake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy. In the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids; the pages of the family were converted into wood nymphs, who peeped from every bower, and the footmen gambolled over the lawns in the figure of Satyrs.'—Warton, '*History of English Poetry*,' vol. iv. page 323.

our poetry had its roots in a soil so rich that the parasites which might, under less propitious conditions, have choked its growth and exhausted its vitality, served only

‘—to become  
Contingencies of pomp.’

And that that poetry should have found its chief expression in the drama is not surprising. The age was, in itself, pre-eminently an age of activity. It had no tendency to introspective brooding; it troubled itself, as a rule, very little about the ideal; it was no worshipper of Nature. Its central figure was man in action; its distinguishing characteristic was its sympathy with humanity. Thus human life, its failures, and its triumphs; thus human kind, their passions and peculiarities, became objects of paramount interest. Nor was this all. London was already the centre of the social and intellectual life of the kingdom, and was attracting each year from the provinces and the Universities all who hoped to turn wit and genius to account. The refuge of literary adventurers in our day is the periodical and daily press. In those days there were no journals and no periodicals, for there was no reading public. But among the changes introduced by the dissolution of the old system was the appearance and rapidly-increasing importance of a class, which corresponded to that on which our popular press relies for support. Since the accession of the Tudors, a great change had passed over London. Peace and a settled government had transformed the rude and martial nobility of the Plantagenets into courtiers and men of mode. Their hotels swarmed with dependents who would, a generation back, have found occupation in the camp; but who were now, like their masters, devoted to gaiety and pleasure. Contemporary with this revolution in the upper sections of society, was the rise of a great commercial aristocracy. Each decade found London more prosperous, more luxurious, more thickly-peopled. By the middle of Elizabeth's reign she presented all the features peculiar to great capitals and great seaports. A large industrial population, branching out into all the infinite ramifications of mercantile communities, mingled its multitudes with the crowd of men of rank and fashion, who affected the neighbourhood of the Court, and with the swarms of adventurers and sycophants who hung loose on the town or subsisted on the charity of noble houses. The Inns of Court, thronged with students often as accomplished as they were idle and dissolute, had already assumed that half-fashionable, half-literary, character, which for upwards of two centuries continued to distinguish them. But

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no quarter of London stirred with fuller life than that which was then known as the Bankside. It was here that the lawless and shifting population, which came in and passed out by the river, found its temporary home. In the taverns and lodging houses which crowded those teeming alleys, were huddled together men of all nations, of all grades, of all callings; Huguenot refugees, awaiting the turn which would restore them to their country; Switzers and Germans who, induced partly by curiosity and partly by the restlessness which a life of adventure engenders, flocked over every year from the Low Countries; half-Anglicized Italians and half-Italianated Englishmen; Flibustiers from the Spanish Main, and broken squatters from the Portuguese settlements; soldiers of fortune, who had fought and plundered under half the leaders in Europe; Desperadoes, who had survived the perils of unknown oceans and lands where no white man had ever before penetrated; seamen from the crews of Hawkins and Drake, and Cavendish and Frobisher. And among this motley rabble were to be found men in whose veins ran the blood of the noblest families in England—Strangways and Carews, Tremaynes and Throgmortons, Cobhams and Killigrews.

Such was the London of Elizabeth. It was natural that the cry of these people should be for amusement. Too intelligent to be satisfied with the stupid and brutal pastimes then in vogue with the vulgar, and too restless and illiterate to find pleasure in books, it was equally natural that they should look to the stage to supply their want. And the stage responded to the call.

In 1574, Elizabeth granted to James Burbage, and four other players, the right of exhibiting dramatic performances within the precincts of the City. This was strongly opposed both by the Puritans and by the Common Council. A memorial was addressed to the Queen. A counter-memorial, on the part of the players followed. At last a compromise was effected. Burbage and his company, quitting the strict limits of the City, established themselves in Black Friars. The construction of a regular theatre was begun. The Puritans were furious; the burgesses of Black Friars petitioned; but Burbage triumphed, and London had its first play-house. From this moment dates the commencement of the modern stage. The temporary platforms which had been erected, as occasion required, in inn-yards, in the yard, for example, of the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street, and the Belle Savage, on Ludgate Hill, now gave place to permanent theatres. The erection of Burbage's Black Friars theatre in 1576 was followed in the same year by the erection of 'The Theatre' and 'The Curtain' in Shoreditch. Each decade added to the number, and in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign London could

could boast of at least eleven of these edifices. What had before scarcely risen to the dignity of a distinct vocation now became a thriving and lucrative profession. The strolling companies who, under the real or pretended protection of noble houses, roamed the country, now flocked, certain of employment, to the metropolis. Indeed, the demand for those who could produce, and for those who could act, plays was such that the supply, though abundant, almost to miraculousness, could scarcely keep pace with it.

In an incredibly short space of time the semi-scholastic, semi-barbarous drama of preceding playwrights was transformed into that wonderful drama in which, as in a mirror, the world of those times saw itself reflected, which, in its infinite flexibility, adapted itself to every taste, to every understanding; which, in its all-absorbing, all-assimilating activity disdained nothing as too mean, excluded nothing as too exalted, and which, in its maturest manifestations, is among the marvels of human skill and human genius. In little more than twelve years from its first appearance that drama had not only superseded every other form of popular entertainment, but had cast into the shade every other school of contemporary poetry. It had disputed the pre-eminence of the classical playwrights by turning against them their own weapons. Declamation, as ornate and stately; dialogue, as brilliant with antithesis and as rich with the embellishments of scholarship and culture as had ever won the applause of Elizabeth and Leicester, was now heard in every playhouse from Shoreditch to Southwark. It had rivalled the poetry of Spenser in gorgeousness of diction and in teeming fertility of imagination and fancy. No narrative poetry since Chaucer's could compare with it in vividness of description and portraiture. In pastoral poetry, nothing equal to its pictures of country life and country scenery had appeared since the Sicilian Idylls. It had pressed into its service the graces of the lyric and the sonnet. It had enriched itself with all that Sydney and his circle had borrowed from Petrarch and Sannazaro, and with all that Lyly and his disciples had derived from Spain. And it had transformed what it had borrowed. It had extended the dominion of art. It had revealed new capacities in our language and new music in our verse. To the fathers of this drama belongs the glory of having moulded that noble metre which, even in their hands, rivalled the iambic trimeter of Greece, but which was in the hands of its next inheritor to become the most omnipotent instrument of expression known to art.

We will now, as far as our space will permit, pass in review the chief of those remarkable men who were the fathers of our

Romantic

Romantic drama ; and who, whatever may be their inferiority in point of genius, are certainly entitled to the honour of having been the masters of Shakspeare—Thomas Kyd, Robert Greene, George Peele, Christopher Marlowe, and the unknown author of ‘*Arden of Faversham*.’ In the lives and characters of these men where particulars have survived, there is so much in common, that it is as easy to describe them collectively as separately. They were all men peculiarly typical of the New Age. They were all sprung from the lower and middle classes ; they were all born in the provinces ; they had all gone up from the provinces to the Universities ; and from the Universities, with the object of seeking a livelihood as authors by profession, to London. They were all thorough men of the world. They had all had ample experience of either fortune. They were all of them distinguished, even in those wild times, by the ostentatious dissoluteness of their lives, and they all of them came prematurely to mournful and shameful ends. Not less striking was the similarity between them in point of genius and culture. They were all scholars. Peele translated one of the ‘*Iphigenias*’ ; Marlowe paraphrased the poem of the Pseudo-Musæus, and has left versions of Ovid’s ‘*Amores*,’ and the first book of the ‘*Pharsalia*.’ The Sapphics and Elegiacs of Greene cannot indeed be commended for their purity or elegance ; but they are a sufficient indication of his mastery over the Latin language, and what is true of the Sapphics and Elegiacs of Greene is true also of the hexameters of Kyd and Marlowe. Of their familiarity with the literatures of modern Europe, there is scarcely a page in their writings which does not afford abundant proofs. Indeed, in mere learning, and in their fondness for displaying that learning, they bear some resemblance to the poets of Alexandria and Augustan Rome ; but though they owed much to culture, they owed more to nature. They were all of them pre-eminently poets. They had all, in the phrase of Juvenal, bitten the laurel. In all of them the faculties which enable men to excel as painters of life and manners were subordinate to the faculties which impress lyric poetry with grace and fancy, and narrative poetry with picturesqueness and dignity. If we except Kyd and the author of ‘*Arden of Faversham*,’ they have all left plays which stand higher as poems than as dramas ; and two of them have left poems which are superior to the best of their plays. Marlowe’s ‘*Hero and Leander*’ is intrinsically a finer work than either his ‘*Faustus*’ or his ‘*Edward II.*’ ; and his ‘*Passionate Shepherd*’ is, in our opinion, worth a dozen ‘*Tamburlaines*.’ Of Greene’s plays, charming as many of them are, the most that can be said is that they scarcely entitled him

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to a place among dramatists of the second order. Of Greene's lyrics, the least that can be said is that they are among the best of their kind in our literature. Regarded as dramas, Peele's plays are almost worthless; as ornate and musical declamations they are often admirable.

Of these poets, the youngest in years but the first in importance was Christopher Marlowe. Born in Feb. 1563-4, the son of a shoemaker at Canterbury, he received the rudiments of his education at the King's School in that city. He subsequently matriculated at Benet College, Cambridge, taking his degree as Bachelor of Arts in 1583, and his degree of Master of Arts four years later. Of his career at Cambridge, and of his movements between 1583 and 1587, nothing is known. It is probable that by the end of 1587 he had settled in London, having already distinguished himself by the production of 'Tamburlaine.' The rest of his life is a deplorable record of misfortune, debauchery, and folly, suddenly and fearfully terminated before he had completed his thirtieth year, by a violent death in a tavern-brawl at Deptford.

When Dryden observed of Shakspeare that he found not, but created first the stage, he said what was certainly not true of Shakspeare, but what would, with some modification, be true of Marlowe. To no single man does our drama owe more than to this ill-starred genius. It was he who determined the form which Tragedy and History were permanently to assume. It was he who first clothed both in that noble and splendid garb which was ever afterwards to distinguish them. It was he who gave the death-blow to the old rhymed plays on the one hand, and to the frigid and cumbersome unrhymed classical plays on the other. In his 'Doctor Faustus,' and in his 'Jew of Malta,' it would not be too much to say that he formulated English romantic tragedy. He cast in clay what Shakspeare recast in marble. Indeed, Marlowe was to Shakspeare in tragedy precisely what Boiardo and Berni were to Ariosto in narrative. It is certain that without the 'Orlando Innamorato' we should never have had the 'Orlando Furioso.' It is more than probable that without the tragedies of Marlowe we should never have had, in the form at least in which they now stand, the tragedies of Shakspeare. Of the History in the proper sense of the title Marlowe was the creator. In his 'Edward I.' Peel had, it is true, made some advance on the old Chronicles.\* But the difference between Peele's 'Edward I.' and Marlowe's 'Ed-

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\* Though the date of the publication of Peele's 'Edward I.' is subsequent to that of Marlowe's 'Edward II.,' we have little doubt that, in point of composition, it preceded Marlowe's play.

ward II.' is the difference between a work of art and mere botch-work. Peele's play is little better than a series of disconnected scenes loosely tagged together; superior indeed in style, but in no way superior in structure to the 'Famous Victories of Henry V.,' and to the 'Troublesome reign of King John.' In 'Edward II.' Marlowe laid down, and laid down for all time, the true principles of dramatic composition as applied to history. He showed how, by a judicious process of selection and condensation, of modification and suppression, the crowded annals of many years could in effect be presented within the compass of a single play. He studied perspective and symmetry. He brought out in clear relief the central figure and the central action, grouping round each in carefully graduated subordination the accessory characters and the accessory incidents. Chronology and tradition, when they interfered either with the harmony of his work or with dramatic effect, he never scrupled to ignore or alter, rightly discriminating between the laws imposed on the historian and the laws imposed on the dramatist. He was the first of English playwrights to discern, that in dramatic composition the relative importance of events is determined not by the space which they fill in history, but by the manner in which they impress the imagination and bear on the catastrophe. Nor are these Marlowe's only titles to the most distinguished place among the fathers of English tragedy. He was not only the first of our dramatists who, possessing a bold and vivid imagination, possessed also the faculty of adequately embodying its conceptions, but the first who, powerfully moved by strong emotion, succeeded in awakening strong emotion in others. In the hands of his predecessors tragedy had been powerless to reach the heart. As a rule, it had maintained the same dead-level of frigid and nerveless declamation. In his hands it resumed its ancient sway over the passions; it unlocked the sources of terror and pity. To compare Marlowe with the Attic dramatists would be in the highest degree absurd; and yet we must go back to the Attic dramatists to find anything equal to the concluding scenes of 'Dr. Faustus' and 'Edward II.'

The appearance of 'Tamburlaine' has been compared to the appearance of 'Hernani.' Its professed object was to revolutionize the drama. The war which Victor Hugo declared against classicism Marlowe declared against

'The jiggling verses of rhyming mother wits  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay.'

The most remarkable of his innovations was the substitution of blank verse for rhyme and prose. It would not, of course,  
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be true to say that Marlowe was the first of our poets to employ blank verse in dramatic composition. It had been employed by Sackville and Norton in 'Gorboduc;' by Gascoign, in 'Jocasta;' by Lyly, in his 'Woman in the Moon;' by Hughes, in his 'Misfortunes of Arthur;' and by the authors of other plays which in all probability preceded 'Tamburlaine.' But these plays had been confined exclusively to private audiences, and had not been designed for the popular stage. Nor must we confound the blank verse of Marlowe with the blank verse of these dramas. In them it differed only from the heroic couplet in wanting rhyme. It had no variety, no incatenation, no harmony; in the contemptuous phrase of Nash, it was a drumming decasyllabon, and a drumming decasyllabon there seemed every probability of it continuing to remain. It is remarkable that since its first introduction into our language by Surrey, though it had passed through the hands of poets whose other compositions show that they possessed no common mastery over metrical expression, its structure had never altered. The genius of Marlowe transformed it into the noblest and most flexible of English metres. If we examine the mechanism of his verse, we shall see that it differed from that of his predecessors in the resolution of the iambic into tribrachs and dactyls; in the frequent substitution of trochees and pyrrhics for monosyllables, in the interspersion of Alexandrines, in the shifting of the pauses, in the use of hemistichs, in the interlinking of verse with verse. It was therefore no mere modification, no mere improvement on the earlier forms of blank verse: it was a new creation.

The effect of Marlowe's innovation was at once apparent. First went the old rhymed stanzas. We doubt whether it would be possible to find a single play written in stanzas subsequent to 1587. Next went the prose histories. Then commenced the gradual disappearance of rhymed couplets. Thus plays which previous to 1587 were written in rhyme, we find after 1587 interpolated with blank verse. Such is the case with the 'Three Ladies of London;' such is the case with 'Selimus;' such is the case with the recast of 'Tancred and Gismund.' Before 1587 Peele habitually employed rhyme; after 1587 he discarded it entirely. Greene, who, if we interpret rightly an ambiguous passage in his Epistle prefixed to 'Perimedes,' regarded Marlowe's innovation with strong disfavour, almost immediately adopted it. In all his extant dramas blank verse is employed. By 1593 it was firmly established.

How profoundly the genius of Marlowe impressed his contemporaries is evident not only from the frequent allusions to his

his writings, but from the imitations, close even to servility, of his characters and his style, which abound in our dramatic literature between 1587 and 1600. Sometimes we have whole plays which are mere parodies of his; such would be Green's 'Alphonsus' and Peele's 'Battle of Alcazar'; such also would be the anonymous play, 'Lust's Dominion.' His Barabas and Tamburlaine took the same hold on the popular imagination as the Conrads and Laras and Harolds and Manfreds of a later age, appearing and reappearing, variously modified in numerous forms. Tamburlaine became the prototype of the stage hero. Barabas became the prototype of the stage villain. To enumerate the characters modelled on these creations of Marlowe would be to transcribe the leading *dramatis personæ* of at least two-thirds of the heroic dramas in vogue during the latter years of the sixteenth century. Indeed the influence—and we are speaking now not of the general, but of the particular influence—exercised by Marlowe over the works of his brother-poets would, if traced in detail, be found to be far more extensive than is generally supposed. To go no further than Shakspeare. 'Richard the Second' is undoubtedly modelled on 'Edward II.;' the character of Richard is the character of Edward slightly modified. In the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry VI.,' if Shakspeare did not actually work in co-operation with Marlowe, he set himself to imitate with servile fidelity Marlowe's method and Marlowe's style. Aaron in 'Titus Andronicus' is Barabas in the 'Jew of Malta;' so in some degree is Shylock; so in a considerable degree is 'Richard III.' In the nurse who attends on Dido we have a sort of first sketch of the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.' From the 'Jew of Malta' Shakspeare derived many hints for the 'Merchant of Venice.' From the concluding scene of 'Dr. Faustus' he borrowed, or appears to have borrowed, one of the finest touches in 'Macbeth.'\*

From an historical point of view it would therefore be scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of Marlowe's services. Regarded as an initiator, he ranks with Æschylus. But criticism must distinguish between merit which is relative and merit which is intrinsic. It may sound paradoxical to say of the father of our Romantic drama, of the master of Shakspeare, that his genius was in essence the very reverse of dramatic, nay, that the temper of his genius was such as to absolutely disqualify from excelling as a dramatist. And yet

\* In both tragedies a storm is raging without, while the deeds of horror are proceeding in ghastly silence within. Cf. the last scene of 'Faustus,' edit. 1616, and 'Macbeth,' Act II., s. 3. It is of course possible that the scene may have been interpolated by another and later hand and borrowed from 'Macbeth.'

such is the case. In Marlowe we have the extraordinary anomaly of a man in whom the instincts of the artist and the temper of the poet met in mere oppugnancy. Induced partly perhaps by the exigencies of his position, partly no doubt influenced by the age in which it was his chance to live, the materials on which he worked he elected to cast in a dramatic mould. Nature had endowed him with a singular sense of fitness and harmony, with an appreciation of form Greek-like in its delicacy and subtilty. This is conspicuous in all he has left us, in his too scanty lyric poetry, in his too scanty narrative poetry. When, therefore, he applied himself to dramatic composition, the same instinct directed him unerringly to the true principles on which a drama should be constructed. It caused him to turn with disgust from the rude and chaotic style of the popular stage; it preserved him, on the other hand, from the pedantry and affectation of the classical school. In a word, what propriety of expression, what nice skill in the technique of his art, could accomplish, that Marlowe achieved, and the achievement has made his name memorable for ever in the history of the English drama.

But the moment we turn from Marlowe as an artist to Marlowe as a critic of life, we feel how immeasurable is the distance which separates him, we do not say from Shakspeare, but from many of the least distinguished of his brother playwrights. His genius and temper have been admirably described by Drayton:

‘Next Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian springs,  
Had in him those brave translunary things  
That the first poets had; his raptures were  
All ayre and fire which made his verses clear,  
For that fine madness still he did retain  
Which rightly should possess a poet’s brain.’

It was in this translunary sphere that he found his characters; it was under the inspiration of this fine madness that he delineated them. Of air and fire, not of flesh and blood, are the beings who people his world composed. Regarded as counterparts of mankind, as studies of humanity, they are mere absurdities. They are neither true to life nor consistent with themselves. Where they live, they live by virtue of the intensity with which they embody abstract conceptions. They are delineations, not of human beings, but of superhuman passions.

The truth is, that in the constitution of Marlowe’s genius—and we are using the word in its widest sense—there were serious deficiencies. In the first place, he had no humour; in the second place, he had little in common with his kind, and with the ordinary

ordinary men of ordinary life, nothing ; a defect which seems to us as detrimental to a dramatist as colour-blindness would be to a painter. In the faculty, again, of minute and accurate observation—a faculty which is with most dramatists an instinct—he appears to have been almost wholly lacking. Nothing is so rare in Marlowe as one of these touches, which show that the poet had, as Wordsworth expresses it, ‘his eye on his object.’ His dramas teem with blunders and improprieties such as no writer who had observed mankind even with common attention could possibly have committed ; and in the vagueness and conventionality of the epithets which are in almost all cases applied by him to natural objects, we have conclusive evidence of the same defective vision.

The words in which Sallust describes Catiline will apply with singular propriety to Marlowe : ‘*Vastus animus semper incredibilia, semper immoderata, nimis alta cupiebat.*’ This is in truth Marlowe’s distinguishing characteristic. It is one of the sources of his greatness as a poet ; it is the main source of his weakness as a dramatist. It was to him what the less exalted egotism of a less exalted nature was to Byron. If we except Edward II., all his leading characters resolve themselves into mere incarnations of this passion. In Tamburlaine and Guise it is the illimitable lust for dominion. In Barabas it is the illimitable lust for wealth. In Faustus it is the insanity of sensual and intellectual aspiration. As impersonations of mankind neither Tamburlaine nor Guise, neither Barabas nor Faustus, will bear examination for a moment. Of Marlowe’s minor characters there is not one which impresses itself with any distinctness on the memory. Indeed they have scarcely more individuality than the ‘fortisque Gyan, fortisque Cloanthus’ of the ‘Æneid,’ or those heroes in the ‘Iliad’ who are mentioned only to swell the number of the slain. Who ever realized Mycetas or Techelles, or Usumcasane or Mathias, or Ferneze or Ithamore, or Lodowick ? What distinguishes Amyras from Celebinus ? Or Jacomo from Barnardine ? Or Valdes from Cornelius ? Or Calymath from Martin del Bosco ? Take again his women. Where they are not mere puppets, as is the case with Zenocrate, Abigail, Bellamira, and Catharine, they are preposterously untrue to nature, as is the case with Olympia, Isabella, and Dido. In one play, and in one play only, has Marlowe displayed a power of characterization eminently dramatic. In ‘Edward II.,’ Gaveston, Mortimer, and the King himself are as admirably drawn as they are admirably contrasted. The sculptural clearness with which the figure of Mortimer, cold, stern, remorseless, stands out from the crowded

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canvas; the light but firm touches which place the King's young favourite, the joyous, reckless, pleasure-loving Gaveston, vividly before us; the power and subtilty with which the quickly alternating emotions in the breast of Edward, from his first conflict with opposition to his last appalling agony, are depicted—all these combine to place this drama on a higher level than any of Marlowe's other plays. 'Edward II.' is said to have been the poet's last work. If it was so, it shows that, as his life advanced, his genius was widening and mellowing, and it increases our regret for the accident which cut short his career. But that we lost in Marlowe a possible rival of Shakspeare is an opinion in which we by no means concur. It is true that though the two poets were born within a few weeks of each other, Marlowe was the master and Shakspeare the disciple. It is true also that the best work produced by Shakspeare at twenty-nine—to judge at least from what he gave to the world—was greatly inferior to the best work of Marlowe. But this proves little more than that the powers of Shakspeare were, up to a certain point, slow in developing, and that is almost always the case with men whose genius is of an objective cast. What we fail to see in Marlowe is any indication of power in reserve. Comparatively scanty as his work is, he is constantly repeating himself, and in the few noble and impressive scenes on which his fame as a dramatist mainly rests, we discern what is perhaps the most unpromising of all symptoms in the work of a young writer, excessive elaboration. That 'Edward II.' is a considerable advance on his former plays, that it is marked throughout by greater sobriety, and that it exhibits a wider range of sympathy and insight than he has elsewhere displayed, is indisputable. But this is all, and this is not much. In a dramatic poet of the first order we look for qualities which are as conspicuously absent in Marlowe's last and maturest play as they are in the plays which preceded it.

We are not, then, inclined to assign to Marlowe that high position among dramatists which it has of late years been the fashion, and in our opinion the absurd fashion, to claim for him. But as a poet he seems to us to deserve all the praise which his admirers give him. The words rapture and inspiration, which are, when applied to most poetry, little more than figurative expressions, have, when applied to his poetry, a strict propriety. Never before had passion so intense, had an imagination so vivid and aspiring, had fancy so rich and graceful, co-existed in equal measure and in equal harmony.

The energy of Marlowe's genius was twofold. On the one side he is a transcendental enthusiast; on the other side he is a Pagan Hedonist.

Hedonist. On the one side he reflects the intense spiritual activity, the preternatural exaltation, not merely of the emotions, but of the imagination and the intellect which were among the most striking effects of the Renaissance in England. On the other side he reflects not less faithfully the peculiarities of that great movement as it affected Academic Italy. The ardour of his passion for the ideal, and the intensity with which he has expressed that passion, are what impress us most in his dramas. In his poems, on the other hand, the predominating element is pure sensuousness. It is the poetry not of desire, but of fruition. No poem in our language is more classical, in the sense, at least, in which Politian and Sannazzaro would have understood the term, and assuredly no poem in our language is more sensuously lovely, than 'Hero and Leander.' It reminds us in some respects of the best episodes in the 'Metamorphoses,' and it reminds us still more frequently of Keats's narratives, not, indeed, of 'Isabella' or of the 'Eve of Saint Agnes,' but indirectly of 'Endymion,' and directly of 'Lamia.'

But of all Marlowe's gifts the most remarkable, perhaps, was his gift of expression. It may be said of him, with literal truth, that he 'voluntarily moved harmonious numbers.' Of the music of his verse it is superfluous to speak. On this point we are inclined to go almost as far as Mr. Swinburne. If the melodies of Shakspeare and Milton are fuller and more complex; if the music of the poets, who have during the present century revealed new capacities in our language, has a subtler fascination, no clearer, no nobler, no more melodious note than the note of Marlowe vibrates in our poetry. His diction too, when at its best, as we see it, for example, in 'Hero and Leander,' in the lyric 'Come and live with Me,' and in such passages in his plays as Tamburlaine's speech to Zenocrate, as Faust's apostrophe to the shade of Helen, as Edward's last speeches to Leicester, as Guise's soliloquy, as Baldwin's speech to Spenser, seems to us to approach as nearly to the style of the Greek masterpieces as anything to be found in English. It is the perfection of that diction which is at once natural and poetical, at once simple and dignified.\*

Next in importance to Marlowe comes Robert Greene. Of all the writers who between 1584 and 1592 followed literature

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\* We gladly take this opportunity of directing attention to an edition of Marlowe's complete works, recently edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen. It appears to us to contain an excellent recension of the text, and reflects great credit on the Editor, who is, we understand, engaged on a new Edition of the principal pre-Shakspearian Dramatists. If the volumes which follow are as carefully edited as this, the first instalment of the series is, Mr. Bullen will be conferring a great boon on all who are interested in the Early English Drama.

as a profession, Greene was the most fertile and the most popular. 'In a day and a night,' says his friend Nash, 'would he have yarked up a pamphlet as well as in seven years, and glad was that printer that might be so blest as to pay him dear for the very dregs of his wit.' He distinguished himself as a poet, as a novelist, as a social satirist, and as a playwright. And to Greene, both as an individual and as an author, a peculiar interest attaches itself. In the first place no man of that age is so well known to us, for he has himself, in some of the most remarkable confessions which have ever been given to the world, laid bare the innermost secrets of his life. In the second place he is, of all our writers, the writer who illustrates most clearly the exact nature of the influence exercised by the Renaissance on English genius; and in the third place, there is about many of his writings a singular charm and grace. He was born at Norwich, probably about 1560. In due time he proceeded to Cambridge, taking his Bachelor's degree as a member of St. John's College in 1578, and his Master's five years later as a member of Clare Hall. At Cambridge he appears to have been equally distinguished by his profligacy and his abilities. Between 1578 and 1583 he travelled on the Continent, visiting Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Poland, and Denmark. He returned, he tells us, an adept in all the villainies under the heavens, a glutton, a libertine, and a drunkard. But he returned, it is certain, with other and more honourable attainments—with rich stores of observation and experience, with a genius polished and enlarged by communion with the classics of Rome and Florence, and with a mind profoundly impressed by the loveliness and splendour of the lands which Nature loves. He commenced his literary career about 1583, with a prose novel, 'Mamillia,' which was three years afterwards succeeded by a Second Part; and as this is dated from his study in Clare Hall, it is probable that he resided at Cambridge between the period of his return from the Continent and his taking his Master's degree. By 1586 he had apparently settled in London. The story of Greene's life, from this period to his death, has been so often told, that it is quite unnecessary to tell it again here. We will only say that for our own part we are strongly inclined to suspect that his debaucheries have been very much exaggerated. That he was a man of loose principles and loose morals, and that he was reckless and improvident, is evidently no more than truth; but that he was what his enemies have asserted, and what he himself, under the influence of religious reaction, morbidly aggravated by remorse, represented himself to have been

—a prodigy of turpitude—seems to us utterly incompatible with facts. Greene's life was and must have been a life of incessant literary activity. It is almost certain that many of his writings have perished, and yet enough remains of his poetry and prose to fill eleven goodly volumes, and enough survives of his dramatic composition to fill two volumes more. And all this was the work of about eleven years. Now making every allowance for rapid and facile workmanship, is it within the bounds of possibility that a man sunk so low in sensuality and dissoluteness as Greene is said to have been, could in that time have produced so much, and so much, we may add, that was good? Again, four years before his death, he was incorporated at Oxford, a certain proof that well known as his name must have been—for he was then in the zenith of his fame, scandal had not been busy with it there. Nor is this all. His patrons and patronesses were to be found among the most virtuous and honourable persons then living. It is not, indeed, likely that the Riches and Arundels, the Talbots and Stanleys, troubled themselves very much about the private life of a needy man of letters; but it is very certain that had Greene's excesses been as notorious as we are told they were, he would never have dared to address the Lady Fitzwaters or the Lady Mary Talbot as he addresses them on the dedications of 'Arbasto' and 'Philomela,' and he would scarcely have ventured to subscribe himself in a dedication to a man in the position of Thomas Barnaby 'your dutiful and adopted son.' But nothing is so conclusive as his writings. Not only are they absolutely free from any taint of impiety or impurity, but they were in almost all cases produced with the express object of making vice odious and virtue attractive, and in this laudable endeavour he was prompted by the noblest of motives. He was certainly no hypocrite, for the most malignant of his enemies could not have borne more hardly on his weaknesses than he has himself. He was not impelled by the love of gain, for though morality was popular in the fiction of that day, there is abundant evidence to show that immorality was much more popular. It is, moreover, due to Greene to say that the chief testimony against him is derived from his own confessions, and that, if these confessions afford evidence of his delinquencies, they afford not less certain evidence of the presence of a disease which caused him to magnify those delinquencies tenfold. Nothing can, we think, be clearer than that the mind of this unhappy man was, like that of Bunyan, distempered by religious hypochondria. In every page of his autobiographical pamphlets we are reminded of 'Grace Abounding.' He tells us, for example, how on one occasion he



he had an inward motion in Saint Andrew's Church at Norwich ; how he was satisfied that he deserved no redemption, how a voice within him told him that he would, unless he speedily repented, be wiped out of the Book of Life ; how he cried out in the anguish of his soul, Lord have mercy upon me, and give me grace, but how he 'fell again, like a dog, to his vomit,' and became in the judgment of the godly the child of perdition. The world has long done Bunyan the justice he did not do himself, and has rightly discriminated between facts as they were and facts as his morbid fancy painted them. How necessary it is to make allowance for sensibilities similarly diseased in the case of Greene will be evident from this. He has over and over again reproached himself, and reproached himself most bitterly, with prostituting his genius to unworthy purposes. He speaks almost with agony of his amorous and wanton pamphlets. He calls himself a second Ovid. 'But as I have,' he says in the preface to his 'Mourning Garment,' 'heard with the ears of my heart Jonas crying, Except thou repent—I have resolved to turn my wanton works to effectual labours.' The natural inference from this is that he had published works of a grossly immoral character. But what is the truth ? There is not, as we have already observed a single line in Greene's writings which has the least tincture of impropriety. On the contrary, scrupulous purity distinguishes everything which has come from his pen. And that what he said had no reference to works which are lost is absolutely certain. All he meant was that the composition of love stories was an idle and frivolous employment, unworthy of a man who aspired to teach, but this became, when translated into the jargon of 'The Mourning Garment' and 'The Repentance,' precisely what tipcat and bell-ringing became when translated into the jargon of 'Grace Abounding.' Now if Greene could, under the influence of religious hallucination, so totally and so absurdly misrepresent himself as a writer, nothing can be more likely than that in his confessions his character as a man has been equally distorted. The truth is, that his proper place is, not as his biographers would have us believe beside Boyse and Savage, but beside Steele and Fielding, beside Goldsmith and Burns, in other words, beside men who were rather morally weak than morally depraved, whom we censure reluctantly and sincerely love, and who, whatever may have been their infirmities, were sound in the noble parts.

We have indulged ourselves in these remarks because we frankly own that Greene is a great favourite with us. We have read and re-read his poems, his novels, and his plays, and

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at each perusal their pure and wholesome spirit, their liveliness, their freshness, their wealth of fancy and imagination, their humour, their tenderness, their many graces of style, have gained on us more and more. The best of his novels—and the best are undoubtedly ‘Pandosto,’ ‘Philomela,’ ‘Never Too Late,’ and ‘The Groat’s Worth of Wit,’ though in some instances tainted with the vices of Euphuism—are in their way admirable. They strike, it is true, no deep chords, nor are they in reflection and analysis either subtle or profound, but they are transcripts from life, and they are full of beauty and pathos. Greene’s favourite theme is the contrast between the purity and long-suffering of woman, and the follies and selfishness of man. In all the novels to which we have referred appears the same angelic figure; in all of them the same meek, patient, blameless sufferer passes through the same cruel ordeal, and her tormentor is her husband. He is either insanely jealous, as is the case with Pandosto and Philipppo in the two first novels, or unfaithful and dissolute, as is the case with Francesco and Roberto in the two last. In either case the life of the unhappy wife is one long martyrdom, and in depicting that martyrdom Greene shows a power and pathos not unworthy of him who painted the wrongs and virtues of Constance and Griselda. It is said that Greene drew, like Fielding, on his own experience, that he found his Bellarias, his Philomelas, his Isabellas, where Fielding found Amelia, in his own wife; and that he found his Francescos, his Robertos, and his Philippos where Fielding found Boothe, in himself. Of the autobiographical character of two at least of his novels, ‘Never Too Late’ and ‘The Groat’s Worth of Wit,’ there can be no question.

Greene followed Sannazzaro in interspersing prose with poetry, and it is in his prose-writings that all his non-dramatic poetry is with one or two exceptions to be found. Mr. Symonds remarks that the lyrics of Greene have been under-rated. We quite agree with him. Greene’s best lyrics are not indeed equal to the best lyrics of Lodge and Barnefield. In abandon and grace Rosalynde’s madrigal is incomparably superior to Menaphon’s song. In finish and felicity of expression Menaphon’s picture of the maid with the ‘dallying locks’ must yield to Rosader’s picture of Rosalynde, and charming as Greene’s octosyllabics always are, they have not the charm of Barnefield’s ‘Nightingale’s Lament.’ But Greene’s ordinary level is far above the ordinary level of both these poets. For one poem which we pause over in theirs, there are five which we pause over in his. He has, moreover, much more variety. What, for example, could

could be more exquisite, simple though it is even to homeliness, than Sephestia's song in 'Menaphon'? The tranquil beauty of the song beginning 'Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,' in the 'Farewell to Folly,' and of Barmenissa's song in 'Penelope's Web,' fascinates at once and for ever. His fancy sketches are delicious. The picture of Diana and her bathing nymphs invaded by Cupid in the little poem entitled: 'Radagon in Dianam,' the picture of the journeying Palmer in 'Never Too Late,' of Phillis in the valley in 'Ciceronis Amor,' of—

'The God that hateth sleep,  
Clad in armour all of fire,  
Hand in hand with Queen Desire,'

in the Palmer's Ode are finished cameos of rare beauty. Not less charming are the love poems. Like all the erotic poetry of the Renaissance, they owe, it is true, more to art than to nature. Some of them are studies from the Italian, others from the French. Occasionally they appear to have derived their colouring from the Apocryphal books of the Bible. But the element predominating in them is classicism. Thus they appeal rather to the fancy than to the heart, rather to the senses than to the passions. And so graceful is their imagery, so rich is their colouring, so pure and musical is their diction, that they are never likely to appeal in vain.

To the composition of his plays Greene brought the same qualities, which are conspicuous in his novels and his poems, the same sympathetic insight into certain types of character and certain phases of life, the same fertility in inventing incident and detail, the same faculty of pictorial as distinguished from dramatic representation, the same refined pathos, the same mingled artificiality and simplicity, the same exuberant fancy, the same ornate and fluent eloquence of style. But he has brought little else. Such qualities never have sufficed, and never could suffice to produce dramas of the first order. In Greene's hands they have sufficed to produce dramas which, though not of the first order, are among the most delightful and fascinating productions of Elizabethan genius. But this praise applies, it must be admitted, only to three out of the six plays which have come down to us, and it would have been well for Greene's fame if the other three had perished. In that case his best work would not have been confounded, as it almost always is confounded with his worst. In that case his critics would not, like Mr. Symonds, have observed generally of his blank verse that it 'betrays the manner of the couplet,'

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or generally of his style that it is cumbersome and pedantic. Indeed, the contrast between the plays of the first group,—‘The History of Orlando Furioso,’ ‘Alphonsus King of Aragon,’ and ‘The Looking Glass for London and England,’ which was written in conjunction with Lodge, and the plays of the second group,—‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,’ ‘James the Fourth of Scotland,’ and ‘The Pinner of Wakefield’ is in point of style so great that, if we had only internal evidence to guide us, we should be inclined to assign them to different writers. The two first were, in all probability, Greene’s earliest attempts at dramatic composition in blank verse. They are in the style of Tamburlaine, and they reflect too faithfully the worst features of that work. But with all its fustian they have none of its music, with all its absurdities as a drama they have none of its beauties as a poem. The ‘Looking Glass’ is a wild and silly medley, for which we suspect Lodge was mainly responsible. It is, therefore, as the author of the plays of the second group, and as the author of those plays only, that Greene deserves attention.

Of the importance of these plays in the history of our drama there can be no question. It is not too much to say that the author of ‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay’ and of the ‘Scottish History of James IV.’ stands in the same relation to romantic comedy, as the author of ‘Tamburlaine’ and ‘Edward II.’ stands to romantic tragedy. If, historically speaking, it is only a step from ‘Edward II.’ to ‘Henry V.’ it is, historically speaking, only a step from ‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay’ and ‘James IV.’ to the ‘Two Gentlemen of Verona’ and to ‘As You Like It.’ We have only to glance at the condition of comedy before it came into Greene’s hands, to see how great was the revolution effected by him. On the popular stage it had scarcely cast off the shackles of the old barbarism. It still clung to the old stanzas; or if, as in the ‘Knack to Know a Knave’ and in the ‘Taming of a Shrew’ it employed blank verse, the blank verse was blank verse hardly distinguishable from prose. It still clung to the old buffoonery. It still remained unilluminated by romance or poetry. In the theatre of the classical school, on the other hand, it was a mere academic exercise, as it was with Lyly, or a mere copy from the Italian, as it had been with Gascoigne. We open Greene’s comedies, and we are in the world of Shakspeare, we are with the sisters of Olivia and Imogen, with the brethren of Touchstone and Florizel, in the homes of Phebe and Perdita. We breathe the same atmosphere, we listen to the same language.

It was Greene who first brought comedy into contact with the  
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blithe bright life of Elizabethan England, into contact with poetry, into contact with romance. He took it out into the woods and the fields, and gave it all the charm of the idyll; he filled it with incident and adventure, and gave it all the interest of the novel. A freshness as of the morning pervades these delightful medleys. Turn where we will—to the loves of Lacy and Margaret at merry Fressingfield, to the wizard friar and the marvels of his magic cell at Oxford, to the patriot Pinner and his boisterous triumphs, to Oberon with his faeries and antics revelling round him, to the waggeries of Slipper and Miles—everywhere we find the same light and happy touch, the same free joyous abandon. His serious scenes are often admirable. We really know nothing more touching than the reconciliation of James and Dorothea at the conclusion of ‘James IV.,’ and nothing more eloquent with the simple eloquence of the heart than Margaret’s vindication of Lacy in ‘Friar Bacon.’ The scene again in the Second Act of ‘James IV.,’ where Eustace first meets Ida, would in our opinion alone suffice to place Greene in the front rank of Idyllic poets. Greene’s plots are too loosely constructed, his characters too sketchy, his grasp and range too limited, to entitle him to a high place among dramatists, and yet as we read these medleys we cannot but feel how closely we are standing to the romantic comedies of Shakspeare. And the resemblance lies not merely generally in the fact, that the same unforced and genial energy is at work in both, and in the fact that both have, as it were, their roots in the same rich soil, but in particular resemblances. In Greene’s women, in Margaret, for example, in ‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,’ and in Ida and Dorothea in ‘James IV.’ we see in outline the women most characteristic of Shakspearian romantic comedy, while Slipper, Nano and Miles are undoubtedly the prototypes of the Shakspearian clown. Nor could any one who compares the versification and diction of Shakspeare’s early romances with the versification and diction of Greene’s medleys, fail to be struck with the remarkable similarity between them. It seems to us that Shakspeare owed at least as much to Greene as he owed to Marlowe. In the rhymed couplets and in the blank verse of his earlier comedies the influence of Greene is unmistakable, and we will even go so far as to say that the prose dialogue of Shakspeare—we are not of course speaking of his maturer plays—was modelled on the prose dialogue of Greene.

Third in the triumvirate with Marlowe and Greene stands George Peele. The merits of Peele have been greatly over-rated. They were ridiculously over-rated by his contemporaries. They have been inexplicably over-rated by modern critics. Gifford

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classes him with Marlowe. Dyce ranks him above Greene. Campbell, in an often-quoted passage, pronounces his David and Bethsabe to be the 'earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic literature,' and goes on to speak of the 'solid veracity' and 'ideal beauty' of his characters. The tradition that Milton borrowed the plot of 'Comus' from the 'Old Wives' Tale,' a tradition which appears to us absolutely without foundation, has, we suspect, greatly contributed to this factitious reputation. The truth is, that of Peele's six plays, there is not one which can be said to be meritorious as a drama or to have contributed any new elements to dramatic composition. Sir Clyomon and Sir Chlamydes is in the style of 'Damon and Pytheas,' and is, if possible, more insufferably dull. The 'Arraignment of Paris' is a mere pageant. Neither 'Edward the First' nor the 'Battle of Alcazar' contains a single effective scene, or a single well-known character, a single touch of genuine pathos, a single stroke of genuine humour. In the 'Old Wives' Tale' we have an attempt in the manner of Greene, but the difference between the medleys of Greene and the medley of Peele is the difference between an artfully-varied panorama and the anarchy of distempered dreams. From beginning to end it is a tissue of absurdities. Ulrici, indeed, discerns, or affects to discern, a profound allegory underlying these absurdities. We can only say that even with the clue which he has furnished we fail to see the allegory. Peele's best play is undoubtedly 'King David and Fair Bethsabe,' but it is best only in the sense of containing his finest writing. As a drama it is neither better nor worse than the others—that is to say, it is perfectly worthless.

Peele's sole merit lies in his style and in a certain fertility of fancy. His style cannot indeed be praised without reservation. It is too ornate; it is too diffuse; it is wholly lacking in nerve and energy, but it is flowing and harmonious. The heroic couplets in his 'Arraignment of Paris' have a sweetness and fluency such as English versification had only occasionally attained before, and though his blank verse has the monotony necessarily characteristic of blank verse constructed on the model of the couplet, it is at times exquisitely musical. If that noble measure, which is to poetry what the organ is to music, owed its trumpet stop to Marlowe, it may, we think, with equal truth be said to owe its flute-stop to Peele. The opening scene of 'King David and Fair Bethsabe' is in mere mellifluousness equal to anything which has been produced in blank verse since.

It is, we think, to be regretted that Peele did not follow the example of Guarini and Tasso. Had he applied himself to the

composition

composition of such works as the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*, he would have excelled. In his drama may be discerned all the characteristics of those most pleasing poets,\* the same delight in dallying with tender and graceful images, the same splendour of colouring, the same curious mixture of paganism and sentiment, the same instinctive selection of such scenes and objects in Nature as charm rather than impose; the same felicity in rhetorically portraying them; the same liquid harmony of verse; the same ornate elaboration of diction. Nor, on the negative side, is the resemblance less striking. Like them, Peele has no power over the passions, no rapidity of movement, nothing that stirs, nothing that elevates.

With the names of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, are usually associated the names of Thomas Nash and of Thomas Lodge. Of Nash's dramas one only has survived, an absurd and tedious medley entitled: '*Summer's Last Will and Testament*.' He is stated also to have been Marlowe's coadjutor in that wretched travesty of the fourth *Æneid*—'*Dido, Queen of Carthage*'—the most worthless portions of which may on internal evidence be with some confidence assigned to him. Nash's laurels were, it should be added, won on other fields. As a prose satirist he had neither equal nor second among his contemporaries. And what is true of Nash is true also of Lodge. Of all Lodge's multifarious writings, his contributions to the drama form the least valuable portion. He has written excellent prose pamphlets. His versions of Seneca and Josephus placed him beside North and Holland in the front rank of classical translators. He is the author of some of the most exquisitely graceful and musical lyrics to be found in our language. His '*Pastoral Poems*,' and above all his '*Scilla's Metamorphosis*,' though of a beauty too luscious and florid to please a severe taste, are among the best things of their kind. On his delightful prose romance '*Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacy*,' Shakspeare founded '*As You Like It*,' and it is doing Lodge no more than justice to say that we still turn with pleasure from the drama to the novel. But his powers, versatile though they were, were not such as qualified him to excel as a dramatist. His only extant play—of his share in '*The Looking-Glass for London and England*' we have already spoken—is '*The Wounds of Civil War*.' It treats of the struggle between Marius and Sulla, and is based partly on Plutarch and partly on apocryphal matter, which is for aught we know Lodge's own invention. The plot is ill-constructed, the characters, though by no means without

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\* It is scarcely necessary to say that we are speaking of Tasso simply as the poet of the *Aminta*.

individuality, are without interest, and the action, in spite of its studied variety, has all the effect of the most tiresome monotony.

In passing from this school of playwrights to Kyd, we pass to a dramatist whose proper place in the history of the Elizabethan stage it is extremely difficult to determine. Almost everything relating to Kyd rests on mere conjecture. We know neither the date of the composition of his plays, nor the date of their first appearance. Of the three extant dramas attributed to him, the authenticity of two is more than doubtful, and to complete our perplexity, the text of the only drama which is indisputably his has been largely interpolated by other hands. Indeed, all that is certainly known about him is that he was the author of a piece called the 'Spanish Tragedy,' that he translated, or, to speak more accurately, paraphrased Robert Garnier's 'Cornelia,' and that by the year 1598 he stood high among the tragic poets of his day. The two other plays, which have with more or less probability been ascribed to him, are 'Jeronimo,' which forms the first part of the 'Spanish Tragedy,' and a tragedy called 'Soliman and Perseda.' That 'Jeronimo' is rightly attributed to him cannot, we think, be doubted by anyone who has compared it carefully with 'The Spanish Tragedy' and 'Cornelia.' Ulrici's objections seem to us frivolous in the extreme. With regard to 'Solyman and Perseda' we cannot speak with equal confidence. If it was written by Kyd it was probably his earliest work.

The popular notion about Kyd is that he was a sensational dramatist of the worst type; that he was the first to employ on our stage the ghastly and repulsive machinery of classical Italian melodrama; and that he expressed himself in a style which was worthy of Pistol. And this is true, but it is not the whole truth. Even admitting that the passages which Lamb calls the salt of 'The Spanish Tragedy' are not from Kyd's hand, it is impossible to question the genius of the man who sketched in this and in the sister play the characters of Andrea, of Horatio, of Balthezar, of Lorenzo, of Jeronimo; who painted the parting scene between Andrea and Belimperia, and the scene in which Jeronimo and Isabella lament their murdered son. That his style is often absurdly stilted no one would deny, but this peculiarity is rather its besetting fault than its distinguishing characteristic.

Kyd's services to English tragedy were, we think, more important than is commonly supposed. He stands midway between two great schools; between the Literary and Academic school on the one hand, and between the Domestic and Realistic



school on the other. Regarded superficially, he might perhaps be confounded with a mere copyist of Italian models. His diction is not unfrequently classical even to pedantry; he indulges largely in the arid and monotonous declamation peculiar to Italian tragedy; he delights in the exhibition of 'carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts.' And yet, with all this, the impression which his plays make on us is very different from the impression made on us by the Italian tragedies. Nor is it difficult to explain the reason. The canvas of Kyd is more crowded; his touch is broader and bolder, his colour fuller and deeper; his action is infinitely more diversified, animated, and rapid; his characters are more human; he has more passion, he has more pathos. If he aims too much at sensational effects, he is sometimes simple and natural. Again, his style when compared with that of the Italian school presents almost as many points of dissimilarity as it presents points of resemblance. It is, as a rule, freer and looser, of a coarser texture, of a more colloquial cast. We trace in it for the first time that curious mixture of homeliness and pomp, that rugged vigour, that sparseness of poetic ornament, that indifference to verbal harmony, which distinguish the style of the domestic plays. In a word, Kyd so modified classical tragedy, that he educed out of it a species of drama as distinct from that of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele on the one hand, as it was distinct from that of Sackville, Gascoign, and Hughes on the other. It is this which constitutes his historical importance. It is this which connects him with that remarkable school of which we are about to speak, a school of which it would not indeed be true to say that he was the founder, but of which he was in many important respects the forerunner. We allude, of course, to the domestic dramatists.

In the theatre of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele the realistic element had, as we have seen, been subordinate to the poetic. It was as poets and scholars that they had approached the drama; it was as poets and scholars that they constructed it. Hence they avoided with instinctive aversion all that was sordid, prosaic, and commonplace. Hence, in selecting their plots, they were careful to choose such subjects as recommended themselves by their dignity or grace. With equal solicitude had they employed all the resources of learning and rhetoric to elevate and embellish their style, and all the resources of imagination and fancy to cast the halo of poetry over life. The result was, that they had produced works which stand much higher as poems than as dramas—works which are not indeed without dramatic merit, and dramatic merit of a high order,  
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but which, where they reflect humanity, reflect it only in its heroic or poetic aspects. Wherever they had attempted, as they had sometimes done in comedy, to be strictly realistic they had signally failed.

With the writers of domestic tragedy it was exactly the reverse. With them the poetic element was not simply subordinate to the realistic, but almost entirely disappeared. Rejecting fiction they took their stand on naked fact. Rejecting transcendentalism, they prided themselves on their prosaic fidelity to prosaic truth. For the graces of expression they cared nothing.

*'Naked tragedy*

Wherein no filed points are foisted in,  
To make it pleasing to the ear or eye,  
For simple truth is gracious enough  
And needs no other points of glozing stuff.'

This, in the words of one of the greatest of them, was their aim. If they exercised imagination, they exercised it only in filling up interstices in tradition, in vivifying incident, in animating character, in analyzing emotion and passion. The materials on which they worked were of the coarsest kind. Some wretched story of calamity and crime, such as was then and is now constantly repeating itself in the lower and middle walks of life, furnished them with their plots. Thus, on the murder of a London merchant near Shooter's Hill, in 1573, was founded the anonymous tragedy of 'A Warning for Fair Women.' Thus, on the murder of a country gentleman in Kent, about 1551, was founded 'Arden of Faversham.' On a murder of peculiar atrocity, which occurred in Thames Street, Robert Yarrington partially founded his 'Two Tragedies in One'; while on the murder of two children by their father at Calverley, in Yorkshire, was founded 'The Yorkshire Tragedy.'

Of these plays, the earliest in point of publication, and presumably therefore the earliest in point of composition, was 'Arden of Faversham,' which was printed in 1592. The author of this most powerful play is not known. Whoever he was, he not only possessed incomparably the greatest purely dramatic genius which had revealed itself in tragedy anterior to the period of Shakspeare's mature activity, but he exercised, in conjunction with the writers of the school of which he was the representative, a very marked influence on the development of popular tragedy. Of so high an order of excellence is this drama, that many eminent critics have not hesitated to attribute it to Shakspeare. From that opinion we altogether dissent: It has no external evidence in its favour, and the internal evidence

appears to us conclusive against it. Nothing can be more marked than the style of this play. Nothing can be more marked than the style of Shakspeare. So marked indeed is his style—his early style—his middle style—his latter style—that the merest tyro in literary criticism could never confound them with the style of any other poet. Now between the style of 'Arden' and the style of the plays which Shakspeare was writing in and before 1592, there is absolutely no resemblance at all. On the contrary, they are radically and essentially dissimilar. If, again, we turn to the characters, it is impossible not to feel how wide is the interval which separates the author of this drama from the youthful Shakspeare. Of all Shakspeare's powers the power of characterization was the slowest in developing itself; indeed, it developed itself so gradually that the successive stages in its progress may be distinctly traced in the plays which lie between what Gervinus calls the Period of Apprenticeship and about the end of 1598. Nothing, therefore, can be more unlikely than that in 1592 he should have suddenly exhibited a grasp and power in the delineation of character not unworthy of the maturity of his genius, and then as suddenly have relapsed into the immaturity and sketchiness of his early manner. To suppose that the firm strong hand which drew Alice Arden, Michael and Mosbie, was the same hand which must at the same time, or about the same time, have been faltering on the canvas of 'Titus Andronicus,' the 'Comedy of Errors,' and the 'Three Parts of Henry VI.,' is to suppose what is not merely contrary to all analogy, but simply incredible. Could the composition of 'Arden' be assigned to a period subsequent to 1592 or 1593, the difficulty would not be so great. But to date it later is impossible. It appeared exactly as we have it now in that year. And whether it be, as Mr. Symonds surmises, the recast of an older play or an original production, one thing is clear, the hand which recast it is not the hand which recast 'The First Part of the Contention,' and 'The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York'; while if on the other hand it be, what we have no doubt it is, an original work, it is equally clear that it could have emanated only from a master in the art of dramatic composition and realistic effect. And that in 1592 Shakspeare was most assuredly not.

We are convinced, then, that Shakspeare was not the author of 'Arden of Faversham,' but that it was the production of a powerful and original genius, the possessor of which it is now impossible to identify. Whoever he was, he occupies a foremost place in the history of pre-Shakspearian drama, not only as being the typical representative, and in all probability inaugu-  
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rator of a new and important school of Tragedy, but on account of the intrinsic excellence of his work, and on account of the influence which he and his school undoubtedly exercised on the dramatic activity of Shakspeare.

Such was the condition of the English drama when Shakspeare entered on his career. It had attained, as we have seen, a high point of poetical and rhetorical excellence in the hands of Marlowe and Peele. By Greene it had been brought into contact with ordinary life, but with ordinary life in its romantic aspects. The author of 'Arden of Faversham' had divorced it from poetry and romance, and taught it to become simply realistic. It remained for Shakspeare to combine, and in combining to perfect all these elements. Nothing can shake the supremacy of that mighty genius. Nothing can diminish the immense interval which in the maturity of his powers separated him from the most gifted of his predecessors and contemporaries. And yet, when we reflect on what had been accomplished during the period which we have been passing under review, it is impossible not to be struck with the extent of his indebtedness to those who preceded him. Everything had, as it were, been made ready for his advent. The tools with which he was to work had been forged; the patterns on which he was to work had been designed; the material on which he was to work had been prepared.

And now we must conclude. We look forward with pleasure to the continuation of Mr. Symonds' History, and if we offer no apology for the freedom with which we have spoken of what appeared to us to be blemishes in the first instalment of it, it is because we feel convinced that an appeal to Mr. Symonds's good sense and good taste will not be made in vain.

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- ART. III.—*History of Taxation and Taxes in England, from the earliest Times to the present Day.* By Stephen Dowell. 4 vols. London, 1884.
2. *A History of the Custom-Revenue in England, from the earliest Times to the Year 1827.* By Hubert Hall. 2 vols. London, 1885.
3. *L'Impôt sur le Revenu.* Par Joseph Chailley. Paris.
4. *Traité de la Science des Finances.* Par Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. 2 tomes. Paris.
5. *Local Government and Local Taxation in England and Wales.* By R. S. Wright and Henry Hobhouse. London, 1884.

THE place which taxation takes either in ordinary history or in general literature, is disproportionately small to the influence exerted by a good or a bad system of finance over both the happiness and the habits of mankind. A force which, among other results, has excited dangerous revolts, has split and severed mighty empires, has brought about the decline of kingdoms, has moulded the forms of the dwelling-places, has modified the clothes, and at times even excited the diseases of nations, must be admitted to be amongst one of the most powerful, as well as one of the most all-pervading of the influences which sway the shifting currents of human life. Yet few have been those who have devoted their time to a chronicle of the details of taxation. ‘Drop by drop the cup is filled up.’ The overflows of the cup have been remembered, the bitterness of the draught has been noted, but the manner in which the drops were collected has frequently not been thought of so much moment as to deserve detailed record. We are not unmindful of the labours of earlier workers in the field, and of the merits of such books as the ‘Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation and the Funding System,’ by McCulloch, a classic of our Economic Literature; or of the summary of the finance of this country from 1842 to 1861, contained in the ‘Twenty Years of Financial Policy’ of Sir Stafford Northcote, now Lord Iddesleigh. But both these able critics of our system of taxation would, it is easy to believe, have welcomed the work placed at the head of the list of books with which this article commences, the ‘History of Taxation,’ by Mr. Dowell. The position which Mr. Dowell holds in the office of Inland Revenue enabled him to investigate his subject to great advantage, and he has used his opportunities with great judgment. For the purpose which he contemplated, it was not a statement of principles, but a clear, straightforward chronicle of facts which was required, and such a chronicle he has given us. Mr. Dowell

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takes us back even as far as the times of Roman occupation of this island. But it is not till the Anglo-Saxon period that the first principle is found applied—that the justification of taxation is service rendered; in that case the defence of the country. The first tax raised in England, if we pass onward, as we may, from the exactions of the Roman conquerors, and the personal requirements of the earlier kings, was levied for a purpose as needful now as then—the defence of the country by sea. And it is curious, as showing at how early a date such a basis for taxation was thought of—that a hearth-tax—the tax of smoke-farthings, or fumage—is among the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy, going back probably even to earlier times.

No new form of taxation, Mr. Dowell mentions, resulted immediately from the Norman conquest of England. The King continued to derive his revenue mainly from the demesne. His power was increased by the confiscation of the lands of those who had fought for Harold. Gradually the necessities of the Conqueror introduced the feudal system of land-tenures. From the incidents and casualties of this, a considerable revenue was derived, practically only abolished at the outbreak of the Civil War. The roots of two other branches of modern revenue are to be traced in the obligation of all the tenants of ancient demesne to assist the King on any occasion of extraordinary expense, but more particularly on a military expedition, when the extent of their liability went even to the tenth part of their goods; and in the fact of *Prisage*, the right to take a cask or two casks, according to the amount of the cargo, from wine-laden ships on their arrival at a port, the rudimentary basis of customs duties may be found latent.

The feudal system, associated in poetry with a glamour of romance, with knightly bearing, with brilliant achievements, tournaments, and gay trappings, when looked at from the fiscal point of view, presents a series of transactions at least as prosaic as the entries in any shopkeeper's ledger. The tenant by knight's service was bound to serve the King personally, in arms, for forty days in every year. The description of this duty recalls to the mind the host of knightly warriors, each bound to do service to his Sovereign, to undergo any hardship, to imperil his limbs, to risk his life, at the bidding of his Lord. But with the very first provision of the system of tenure all the tinsel drops off. Nothing can seem more suitable, nothing led in practice to greater acts of injustice, to more ignoble bargainings, than the system of Wardship. On the death of a tenant-in-chief, the King came in to ward off intruders until the heir appeared to claim the lands and to do homage. For this a year's profits were due. When the heir

was a minor, and therefore incapable of doing knight-service, the King kept him in ward, and his lands in possession, providing a substitute to perform the services due from the minor. When the infant was an heiress, the King, by the same train of reasoning, was entitled to select a husband for her, and to give her away in marriage to a person capable of doing knight-service to the King. The 'maritagium,' or right of bestowal in marriage, was extended eventually to men. Thus on the Exchequer Rolls is the entry that 'Walter de Caucey gives 15*l.* for leave to marry when and whom he pleases; Wiverone, of Ipswich, 4*l.*, and a mark of silver, that she may not be married, except to her own good liking: *ne capiat virum nisi quem voluerit.*' Even marriage did not always completely extinguish the rights of the Sovereign in these matters: thus, 'The wife of Hugo de Nevill gives to the King 200 hens for permission to sleep with her husband, Hugo de Nevill, for one night, Thomas de Sandford being pledged for 100 hens. Robert de Abrincis fines for pardon of the King's ill-will in the matter of the daughter of Geldewin de Dol,' &c. The system of exacting fines on every possible occasion gradually extended itself. Thus, 'The Bishop of Winchester owes a tonell of good wine for not reminding the King (John) about a girdle for the Countess of Albemarle; and Robert de Vaux fines in five of the best palfreys that the same King would hold his tongue about the wife of Henry Pinel.'\* These extracts show how soon the system of fines became a mere method of arbitrary exaction. The rule of knight-service in person did not last long either. The feudal array was difficult to manage; great barons arrived late at the muster of the host; all sorts of disputes and wranglings occurred about place and precedence; the strict limitation of the term of compulsory service to forty days fixed an inconvenient term to any lengthened expedition. Hence Henry Plantagenet found it far more convenient, when preparing for his expedition to Toulouse, to levy a fine in money on every knight's fee, than to depend on the personal service of the barons. 'Hoc anno, 1159, rex Henricus scotugium sive scutagium de Anglia accepit.' Expressing the matter gently, King Henry—

'taking into consideration the length and difficulty of the way, and being unwilling to disturb either the knights who lived in the country or the burghers and country people generally, levied, in Normandy, sixty Angevin shillings on every knight's fee, and from all his other possessions, in Normandy, England, or elsewhere, according to that which seemed to him good, and took with him, for

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\* Dowell, vol. i. p. 28.

the expedition to Toulouse, his chief barons with a few personal followers, and an innumerable host of mercenaries.'—Rob. de Monte, Stubbs, 'Select Charters,' p. 122.

The tax was termed *scutage*, or *shield-money*. The arrangement is interesting as an early example of commutation for personal service. About the same date, the obligation of the inhabitants of the cities and towns of the kingdom to contribute to the general taxation was made to correspond more closely with that of the dwellers beyond those boundaries. When the county, including the rural tenants of *demesne*, yielded '*danegeld*,' the citizens yielded an '*auxilium*.' From this date the idea of a division between rural and urban taxation appears to have become fixed, greatly as the application of the revenue raised has varied since that period. There had, from an early date, been a tendency to tax the inhabitants of towns more heavily than the inhabitants of the country. Several causes led to this. The powerful baron was more able to resist; the wealth of the burgher was more obvious. Against this tendency may be set the capacity of the citizens to combine, and occasionally the desire of the monarch to play off the power of the towns against that of the baronage,—hence inducing him to mitigate exactions on those whose assistance he needed most.

An obligation to pay a tax, rated according to the value of the property possessed, had been recognized in England from a very early period, but the reducing this obligation to a system is connected with the Crusades. Like the other arrangements just mentioned, this dates from the time of Henry II. The tax 'touched all movables, reaching the landowner through his cattle, farming-stock, and corn, and other produce of lands, and the burgher or townsman through his furniture, money, and stock-in-trade, and was first introduced into this country on the occasion of the Saladin tithe in 1188.'\*

Direct taxation, the readiest method of raising a revenue from a fiscal point of view, is open, among others, to one serious objection, by which the extreme severity of its application is fortunately checked. The method, whether the form be that of a tenth on movable property, as in the time of Henry II., or of an income-tax in more recent times, is so ready and so easy to put in practice by those who have to raise the revenue, that the draughts on those who have to find the money are apt to be prolonged and redoubled till they will bear it no longer. The *scutages* in the reign of Richard I. were not very numerous, nor at very high rates, and the necessity of ransoming the

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\* Dowell, vol. i. p. 44.



monarch may have reconciled his subjects to the taxation needed for that purpose. But in the reign of King John, no less than ten scutages were levied, and at an increased rate. The irritation induced by these heavy demands caused the limitation of the arbitrary power of the monarch by the strict terms of the Great Charter, which not only determined the occasions on which a scutage or aid might be levied, but provided that the prelates, earls, and barons should be summoned by personal writs, and the other tenants-in-chief by a general writ to the sheriffs and bailiffs, to take the common counsel of the realm on imposing such a tax.

The constitutional principle of the assent of the taxpayers being thus established, the next point that arose was the question of exemptions from non-liability to meet the imposition. Some exemptions to the taxation on movables had been allowed from the first. In the case of the knights, their arms, horses and clothing; in the case of the clergy, their horses, books and clothing, and vestments and church furniture of every sort, and also the jewels of clergy and laity, are the earliest instances cited, together with an exemption for those who served personally. The point of capability did not enter into consideration at the first. But when this form of taxation was universally applied, the impossibility of including the poorest classes became obvious. Hence in 1232 an exemption was granted for every man who had not movables of the kind specified to the value of forty pennies, a quarter of a mark, at least. A similar exemption was allowed in 1237, but the assessments were probably not very strictly enforced,

‘For,’ as Mr. Dowell mentions, ‘in the following reign when, in 1275, the fourth year of Edward I., the first parliament of Westminster granted to the King a fifteenth, and the people were assessed *ad unguem*, i.e. up to the full value of property, the proceeding is characterised as unusual and unheard of, “*inaudito more ad unguem taxatam* ;” and in the next year, 1276, the King, willing to spare the poor, granted an exemption to all who had not of the value of 15*s.* in goods, a considerable advance upon the exemptions from the fortieth of 1232 and the thirtieth of 1237.’—Dowell, vol. i., p. 75.

The statements as to exemptions give some curious indications of the details of personal property at various periods; thus, in the assessment of 1297, the following articles were exempted. In counties the armour, riding-horses, jewels and clothes of knights and gentlemen and their wives, and their vessels of gold, silver, and brass. In cities, boroughs, and market-towns, a suit of clothes for every man and another for his wife, a bed for both of them, a ring and a buckle of gold or silver, a girdle

of silk in ordinary use by them, and a cup of silver or mazer from which they drank. Everywhere, the goods of any person not amounting in the whole to 5s. in value.

Here again we find the principle of exemptions applied and extended. It is well to make these observations at the earliest point when this method of taxation was introduced, as showing that the necessity for these exemptions was recognized from the first, and further that the assessment appears to have varied to some extent in proportion to the severity of the exaction, just as an income-tax nowadays is more productive proportionally at a lower than at a higher rate. There appears to be a curiously perverted form of conscience among the majority of taxpayers, which, while causing them to be willing to submit to what they consider moderate taxation, causes them also to endeavour to evade the charge when it exceeds what seems to them right and fit to pay. People apparently will make an honest return if the rate does not exceed say threepence in the pound; but if it is a shilling, any evasion seems excusable. And the same principle, or want of it, appears to have existed in all ages.

The taxes hitherto mentioned all fell on the inhabitants of the realm. But from a very remote period, the foreign trade of the country had been subject to a contribution.

‘Another ancient source of revenue in England consisted in exactions of toll at the ports from merchants importing or exporting goods. The origin of these exactions is unknown; but the reason for their existence is clear. The merchant in those predatory times, when every one was so ready and eager to fleece him, that “*pillé comme un marchand*,” became subsequently a proverb, willingly paid, on entering the kingdom and on taking his merchandize out of it, toll to the king, for the necessary safeguard for himself and his merchandize, “*ineundo, morando, et redeundo*,” in port, on land, and on the seas. The toll was, in short, in the nature of a premium paid to the King for insurance. But in whatever manner these tolls may have commenced in England, they became subsequently definite in amount, acquired by continuance the validity allowed to that which has long existed, and came to be termed “*consuetudines*,” or customs.’—Dowell, vol. i. p. 83.

The duties levied in this manner, perhaps because they were for the most part paid by foreigners, came to be regarded more as a direct payment to the King, and under the control of his personal officers, than in the case of other taxation. Thus the prisage of wine was a toll, taken by the King’s officer, of one cask from a cargo consisting of ten up to twenty casks, and of two casks from a cargo of twenty or more; and when in 1302 the King offered to commute his prisage on the wine

of the foreign merchants for a fixed charge, the duty, fixed at two shillings for every tun imported, was termed 'butlerage,' as in commutation of the rights of the King's butler. To this the foreign merchants agreed; but when in the next year, 1303, the King endeavoured to obtain the consent of his native merchants to a similar arrangement regarding his prisage of the wine imported by them, he was unable to do so. The matter was fully discussed at a meeting held in York, to which forty-two towns sent representatives; but the King's proposal was rejected. The new customs on wine and merchandize were objected to as contrary to the provisions of Magna Charta. They were suspended in 1311, but revived in 1322, reconfirmed in 1328, and received legal sanction in the Statute of the Staple in 1353. Such is the history of the foundation of the Customs' duties.

Shortly after this, the direct taxation of the country was re-arranged and placed on a basis which entirely altered the system followed, and placed it on a plan by far less objectionable, in the sense that the amount to be raised became far more certain and fixed than before. Grants had previously been made to the Crown, whether compulsory or otherwise, of the fifteenth from the counties outside the royal demesne, and the tenth from cities, towns, and demesne; but the fifteenth and tenth granted in the year 1332, though assessed and collected under writs in the ordinary form, were enforced with great strictness. Hence the tax seemed to be four times heavier than it had been before, and this gave rise to considerable complaints.

In consequence of such complaints, an arrangement was made by which a fixed sum was taken from each township as a composition for the tax. The length of time that this system has continued had better be described in Mr. Dowell's words:—

'Upon the basis of this settlement of the fifteenth and tenth in 1334, direct taxation mainly proceeded from this date until it became the practice to add to the grant of fifteenths and tenths a general subsidy on lands and goods. Changed from what the French term a *de quotité* to a tax *de répartition*, from what, had not the word in the present day a peculiar meaning, we should term a rate, to a fixed land tax, being, not the fractional grant on moveables it purported to be, but a stated sum divisible between certain districts, the tax in this form came to be regarded by the people almost as of constitutional right. When less than the sum for a full fifteenth and tenth was required, half a fifteenth or tenth was granted; and when a greater sum was required, it was granted under the name of two-fifteenths and tenths, or as the case might be. All attempts to introduce other forms of taxation or to disturb the settlement of 1334 almost

almost invariably failed. We see the dogged insistence of the Englishman in this matter prevailing in after times to turn the general subsidy or new rate of the Tudor period into another tax of a fixed sum. The parliamentary assessments of the Commonwealth times continued the tradition. And when, after the Revolution, another attempt was made to introduce and establish the principles of rating in taxation, the property tax of William III., planted in the same soil, grew gradually to resemble the assessments, the subsidies, and the fifteenths and tenths in the form it attained of the fixed land tax of the eighteenth century. To the present day, at the distance of five centuries and a half, the consequences of the arrangement made in 1334 for the local assessment of the fifteenth and tenth are clearly visible in England.'—Dowell, vol. i. p. 98.

The troubles which followed after the death of the Black Prince caused a more speedy mode of raising a revenue to be desired, and the poll-tax of 1377—'a tax hitherto unheard of'—was agreed to. This first poll-tax was levied, and paid apparently without murmuring. Perhaps the pressing danger of invasion threatened by the French rendered the people more pliable. But as troubles continued, another tax of the same description was agreed to—equally a poll-tax—but graduated so as to be less open to objection on the ground of inequality. Rank was the basis taken.

The two Dukes of Lancaster and Bretagne were charged each 10 marks, or 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Earls and Countesses, being widows, 6 marks, or 4*l.*; Barons and bannerets, 3 marks; Knights Bachelors and substantial Esquires, a mark and a half; Esquires of less estate and substantial merchants, half a mark. The Knights Hospitallers were charged separately. The Chief Prior, the same as a Baron. Every Commander of the Order, the same as a Knight Bachelor. Every other brother, being a Knight of the Order, 13*s.* 4*d.* The Judges and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer were charged 5*l.* Serjeants and grand 'apprentices of the law,' 2*l.*; every other 'apprentice to the profession of the law,' 1*l.*; all other apprentices and attorneys, 6*s.* 8*d.*

The Mayor of London was charged on the footing of an earl; the aldermen of London and the mayors of the great towns on the scale of barons; franklins, farmers, and cattle-dealers, half a mark or a quarter of a mark. For the clergy a special scale was fixed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; bishops, mitred abbots, and other spiritual persons, being peers, 4*l.*; other beneficed clergy from 3*l.* down to 5*s.*, according to the value of their office; monks and nuns, according to the value of the house to which they belonged, from 3*s.* 4*d.* down to 4*d.*

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This law was also the charge on the poorest class which paid the tax at all. The classification of the inhabitants of the realm according to the differences in this scale is curious. It places the Archbishop of Canterbury on the same footing as the dukes of the blood royal, and ranks the other bishops and mitred abbots for fiscal purposes with earls. The Mayor of London was on the same level. The Judges and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer are ranked above earls, and next to the rank on which the Archbishop is placed. While the high standing of the superior clergy is thus shown, the lower ranks among the clergy are estimated no higher than the common people, and are taxed like them. The yield of this graduated poll-tax of 1379 does not appear to have differed much from that received from the simpler arrangement of 1377—one example out of many that over-elaborated systems of taxation rarely answer. In taxation, as in most other arrangements which concern large bodies of people, the simplest usually answers the best. When in 1380 the need arose for raising a large amount by taxation, another plan was adopted. In this arrangement, however, there was a provision by means of which it was intended that ‘the rich should help the poor—the strong to help the weak.’ The wealthiest was not to pay more than 60 groats, 20 shillings for himself and his wife, and no person less than a single groat for himself and his wife, that is to say, 2*d.* each. This tax was the proximate cause of the peasants’ insurrection under Wat Tyler. The arrangement by which the strong were to help the weak had failed to ensure the popularity of the impost, founded as it was on the objectionable groat-tax of 1377, and the final outbreak of hostility to it was caused by the insolence of one of the farmers of the impost; for so difficult was the collection of the tax, that it became necessary to get in the arrears by farming them.

After this, the old method of raising what was needed by fifteenths and tenths was resumed. A graduated income-tax was, however, attempted in 1435, and again in 1450. The tax went as low as the yearly value of 1*l.* Those with smaller fixed incomes were exempted, as also persons holding offices, wages, or fees, for a term of years, or less than freehold, up to a value of 2*l.* The scale of taxation was, from 1*l.* to 20*l.*, sixpence in the pound; over 20*l.* and including 200*l.*, a shilling in the pound; and over 200*l.*, two shillings in the pound. The heavy burthens, of which this income-tax was a part, formed one of the grievances which brought on the rebellion of which Jack Cade was the leader. It is somewhat singular and instructive, as showing how little in reality the effect of a tax may turn out to

to correspond with expectation, that both these rebellions (that in which Wat Tyler and that in which Jack Cade figured as leaders) followed on attempts to adjust the incidence of taxation to the capacity of the tax-payer to meet the burden; that is to say, to levy a tax on the progressive system. Intended to be popular, it turned out to be the reverse.

From the reign of Edward III. onwards the sums raised by means of the Customs formed a large part—at times more than half—of the revenue of the King. The natural desire to secure as much as possible from foreigners led to taxes being imposed on aliens at high rates. Thus, in the time of Edward IV. all merchants, with exceptions in favour of the merchants of Spain, Bretagne, and the merchants of the Steel Yard—merchants of Almagne, having the house in London termed *Gilda Theuticorum*, were charged forty shillings a year, and any alien keeping a house for the ‘bruying of bere’ was charged twenty shillings. These sums, however, did not meet the requirements for Edward IV.’s extravagances. Mr. Dowell relates the manner in which he obtained assistance through the influence of the goodwill shown him individually.

‘Sometimes he applied, personally, to the rich for aid; sometimes, by letters, and sometimes by means of commissioners, in the manner used in former times for the tallages on the tenants of demesne. The first method is amusingly illustrated in the case of the benevolent widow of the well-known story. Edward, one of the handsomest men of the age until worn-out by debauchery, was, moreover, a particular favourite with the ladies; and this rich widow, when he asked her for a benevolence, gave him 20*l.* down at once, saying: “By my troth, for thy lovely countenance thou shalt have even 20*l.*” The King, who had “looked for scarce half that sum, thanked her, and lovinglie kissed her,” gaining her heart and purse, for she doubled the benevolence, paying another 20*l.*, either “because she esteemed the kiss of a king so precious a jewele,” or “because the flavour of his breath did so comfort her stomach.”—Dowell, vol. i. p. 156.

The power of calling on those who are, or are believed to be wealthy for assistance thus, naturally leads to great abuses. Still the raising money in this manner continued to be practised nearly a century and a half later than this date. To a popular King like Edward IV., reigning at a time when the merchants and traders were subject to a comparatively light taxation, and were rapidly increasing in wealth, and who besides ‘used such gentle fashions towards them, with freendlie praier of their assistance in his necessitie, that they could not otherwise doo, but franklie and freelie yield and give him a reasonable and competent sum,’ large amounts were not grudged. Much later,

later, Queen Elizabeth also received many gifts from her subjects :—

‘ These were offered not only by the nobility and leading gentry on New Year’s Day, or other fitting occasions, but sometimes by towns collectively ; and a picture of a benevolence as hearty as the grant of the first subsidy to the Queen is presented where the Mayor of Coventry gives to the Queen a handsome purse, well filled. “ I have few such gifts, Mr. Mayor,” the Queen says kindly ; “ it is a hundred pounds in gold ! ” “ Please your Grace,” replies the Mayor, “ it is a great deal more we give you.” “ What is that ? ” says the Queen. “ It is,” the Mayor replies, “ the hearts of your loving subjects.” And the Queen says, “ We thank you, Mr. Mayor, it is a great deal more indeed.” ’—Dowell, vol. i. p. 203.

With this may be compared the money wrung by James I. from the merchant of London whom Mr. Dowell mentions. This merchant, who had been a cheesemonger, but was now rich, was sent for by the Council, and required to give the King 200*l.*, or to go into the Palatinate, and supply the army with cheese. Being eighty years of age he consented, though he had better have paid nine subsidies according to the valuation he stood at. The times were different ; what had been endured from more genial monarchs became unbearable when inflicted by the stiffer hands of the Stuarts, and in 1627 Charles I. had to give his assent to the Petition of Right, by which this form of exaction was eventually suppressed. Nearly at this last date, in 1623, three-fifteenths and tenths were granted to the King. These proved to be the last time that this form of taxation was employed. Subsidies continued in the old form for some time longer.

As taxation and not constitutional history is the subject before us, we shall not touch on the questions which open out from the decision in Bates’s case, from which the Customs duties on currants depends, nor on the better known imposition of Ship-money, resisted by Hampden.

The same reason withholds us from giving more than a short reference to Mr. Hubert Hall’s careful study of the History of the Custom-Revenue in England. Mr. Hall’s connection with the Record Office has facilitated his researches, in the same manner that Mr. Dowell’s connection with the Inland Revenue Department has given him an insight denied to the outer world. The scheme of the two books is entirely different. Mr. Hall deals with the history, we were about to say the law, while Mr. Dowell, a lawyer by profession, deals with the facts. Mr. Dowell explains that his ‘ work is the result of notes which, originally put together as memoranda for personal observation,

have

have been gradually combined and moulded into their present form.' He has thus constructed a manual which will be a text-book on the subject. Mr. Hall has undertaken a different task, 'that of tracing the constitutional history of the subject from the earliest times down to those in which it ceased to preserve any political importance.' This is a great and worthy enterprise. But we are inclined, as a general proposition, to demur to the opinion expressed by Mr. Hall on the next page to the one whence our last quotation was made, that 'it is not yet proven that a scrupulous partizanship of either side of a purely historical controversy is obnoxious to the pursuit of historical knowledge.' We would venture, with a sincere feeling of respect for the vigour with which he has laboured and the vast amount of historical information he has amassed, to place before Mr. Hall, with reference to the spirit in which such a work should be undertaken, the following quotation from that old, but not yet quite out-dated Text-book, 'the Port-Royal Logic,' substituting, in so doing, the word 'inclination' for 'interest':—

'What can be more unreasonable than to take our interest as the motive for believing a thing? All that it can do, at most, is to lead us to consider with more attention the reasons which may enable us to discover the truth of that which we wish to be true; but it is only the truth which must be found in the thing itself, independently of our desires, which ought to convince us.'

Bearing this calm precept in mind, the years of labour which Mr. Hall informs us he has lovingly bestowed upon the production of his book, and the effect of which, we may add, may be seen on every page, will bear good fruit.

We must now revert to the thread of our fiscal narrative.

Modern taxation in England dates from the time of the Commonwealth. After that time taxation settles down mainly into the existing lines, separated more recently into two great divisions, the earlier governed by Pitt, the later connected with the names of Peel and Gladstone.

Within this rougher classification there are several subdivisions. We may notice the gradual disuse of the Poll-tax, imposed for the last time in 1698. While heavy imposts had often been readily borne, this tax had always been unpopular, and evaded, if not openly resisted. It was imposed upon persons at different rates, according to their rank, condition in life, and other circumstances. The first quarterly poll-tax of 1692 produced 579,000*l.* Davenant, taking the returns for the old hearth-money tax as his guide, estimated the yield of the tax on this occasion as only the half of what it should have been.



No poll or capitation-tax ever produced anything near what might reasonably have been expected from it. Bacon's observations upon taxes may be brought to mind when considering this tax. 'He that shall look into other countries, and consider the taxes, and tallages and impositions, and assizes and the like, that are everywhere in use, will find that the Englishman is *most master of his own valuation*, and the least bitten in purse of any nation in Europe.' Looseness of assessment no doubt assisted to reconcile many to the tax. The man who contrived to continue to be 'master of his valuation' was not likely to be mulcted overmuch. Mr. Dowell relates a characteristic story of Pepys who, when the collectors of the poll-tax demanded from him, in December 1660, ten shillings for himself and two shillings for his servant, pays the twelve shillings 'without dispute,' and adds, 'I put by 10*l.* for them, but I think I am not bound to discover myself.' And doubtless many others did not 'discover themselves,' though the record has not been preserved in the same outspoken way.

Among the taxes imposed by the Commonwealth, the best known and the most obnoxious was the Excise. This included not only foreign and imported goods, but also native goods. It needed a strong Government to establish a tax on ale and beer, on cider, and on 'strong waters.' One of the curiosities of taxation, however, soon dropped out of the list. This was the weekly meal-tax—a contribution from every person of the price of one meal a week, which he was obliged to retrench. This tax was levied by the Parliament during six years, and produced in that time an aggregate of 608,400*l.* The new imposts had to be forced on the people at the point of the sword. But when once established, they were found to be so convenient and so productive, that at the Restoration the Excise was continued by an Act of Parliament which remains outstanding on the Statute Book at the present day. The grant of these revenues was made to King Charles II. in place of the receipts which used to be received by the Sovereign from the incidents of feudal tenure, reliefs, primer-seizin, wardships, fines on alienation and other incidents, purveyance and pre-emption. The whole feudal system had, practically, long been obsolete. As far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth it had been difficult to enforce these payments. They had been most unpopular under the administration of James I. Their strict enforcement in the time of Charles I. had 'exceedingly incensed' the nobility and gentry. To revive these unpopular prerogatives was clearly impossible; and the Excise was adopted instead, the rates being in most cases about half what had been charged under the Commonwealth,

Commonwealth, an arrangement which must have tended to enhance the popularity of the new regime.

After the Restoration, a computation was made of the produce of the chief branches of the Revenue. This amounted to between 1,800,000*l.* and 1,900,000*l.* Of this amount, the Customs duties produced less than a million; the Excise about 600,000*l.*, and Hearth-money, the only direct tax then in existence, about 200,000*l.* The extreme unpopularity of this tax caused it to be taken off. Some of the excise duties were likewise modified. But while doing this, special and severe duties were imposed on tea and coffee when imported, and Mr. Dowell's remarks on this point are instructive, as showing the effect which injudicious taxation may produce in promoting evasion :—

'The annual import of these articles was not at this date sufficient to produce any considerable revenue, if all duty paid. But the duties now imposed were so excessive, that no entries at all were made at the Custom House, and a system of smuggling was started, which continued to exist for generations.'—Dowell, vol. ii. p. 45.

In 1689 an attempt was made to tax personal property; 100*l.* of value was taken to be the equivalent to an income of 6*l.* a year. The assessment was not very satisfactory. In the assessment of the various taxpayers, as those who were charged on their personalty died or left the particular district, the assessors charged their quota on the land. Thus the tax, which was intended to be a general tax on property, gradually became a tax on the land. A further increase in the direct taxes was, however, needed. The hearth-money tax had been repealed shortly after the Revolution; a fixed tax of two shillings on houses was imposed in 1696, with higher rates for houses having more than a stated number of windows. In this mode of assessment the germ of the window-tax may be seen. It is a tax which has an appearance of suitability in its favour, but which is, in reality, far more objectionable than the hearth-money tax. The whole system of the imposition of taxes was at this period of our national history entirely in its empirical stage—a stage which taxation indeed frequently remains in when it is only the income raised, and not the effect of the incidence of the taxation which is considered. Thus a tax was imposed in 1695 on coal carried by sea. The coal used throughout the country was at this time carried exclusively by sea; hence the tax was very easily collected, and continued in existence till 1831. Malt also was taxed. A duty was charged on hackney coaches in London. It had been intended to charge a licence for all drivers of stage-coaches in England and Wales; but through a blunder in the Act this tax was only imposed for a single year, and

and it was not renewed. The taxes on exports and imports, particularly on French goods, were also increased, and stamp duties commenced on various deeds and law proceedings.

The taxes which we have hitherto chronicled had been imposed almost exclusively for fiscal purposes, in order to raise the revenue required. We now begin to enter on the period when taxes began to be levied for the protection of manufactures. The competition of France was particularly dreaded at that time, and taxation on French goods was accordingly increased 50 per cent. between 1692 and 1696. Some control over the Press being desired, a tax on newspapers and pamphlets, and on all advertisements published in them, was established in 1711.

We must pass over the taxation of the early portion of last century. The most noticeable event in it was the impost, small in amount, but most important in its consequences, which caused the revolt of the American Colonies. The early history of taxation in this country is a mere chronicle of endeavours on the part of the Government to gain what revenue it could, with very little regard to the means by which it was raised. Later on, this principle, if it can be termed such, was tempered by a desire to injure the trade of other countries, from a belief that this would somehow benefit our own. It is not till the eighteenth century had passed into its third quarter that the influence of Economic thought began to be felt. There had been great masters of the science before that time. The names of Sir Thomas Gresham and of Sir William Petty will be long and deservedly remembered. Nor, among early supporters of the principles of Free-trade should Henry Fox be forgotten. He is less generally known than his more brilliant descendant, but his remark—‘that, approving the maxim that, as a trading nation, we ought not to supply the public expense by taxes which affect our commerce or manufactures, he wished it were possible to see every port in the kingdom made a free port; that is to say, to have no Customs or duties payable upon the importation or exportation of goods at any port of the kingdom’—shows that, in an age which still believed in restrictive measures, he had mastered the theory, that the best way to assist commerce is to leave it unshackled by the Customs officer. But it was not till Adam Smith had formulated sound doctrines in the pages of the ‘Wealth of Nations,’ that statesmen began seriously to think that a higher revenue might be raised without increasing the weight of the burden on the greater part of the people, by a more equal distribution of the pressure of taxation. The principles of Adam Smith were first applied to practice by Lord North.

North. That Minister, whose abilities have sometimes been underrated, possessed, through his gentleness of disposition, a quality which has sometimes been of the greatest service even to men of the most commanding capacity—a willingness to accept the judgment of those who, though not in an official capacity, had given special attention to subjects with which, as head of the Government, he had to deal. A tax on men-servants was introduced; the house-tax was altered, and levied with reference to the proper principle on which such a tax should be assessed, the annual value of the property; and a commencement was made of a tax on the succession to property. Had Lord North been able to stay his hand at these imposts, his popularity in the country would not have waned. As it was, the immense revenue needed to defray the cost of the war with the American Colonies required an augmentation of taxation, which, with the increasing unpopularity of the war, drove the Minister from his post. The Coalition Ministry imposed a duty on receipts for amounts amounting to 2*l.* or more; a tax which has the advantage of being almost automatic in its action, besides being largely productive without undue pressure on individuals. The principle of this tax has been followed up of recent years with great success, through the means of penny stamps.

The next administrator of Public Finance in this country was one of the ablest who ever served in that capacity. But it was the misfortune of William Pitt, even more than of Lord North, to succeed to power at a time when money was so urgently required for public purposes, that propriety of method in raising it was sometimes overlooked under the pressure of the plea of absolute necessity. Had William Pitt been so happy as to have been a Peace Minister, instead of a War Minister as he was during so large a part of his term of office, the internal taxation of the country would not only have been placed on a sound basis long before last century was over, but the proper principle on which Customs duties should be levied, namely for fiscal and not for protective purposes, would have been established two generations earlier than it was, and without the violent party struggle which attended the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Some of Pitt's taxes, which were tentative in their character, had to be withdrawn, and some, like the tax on bricks, were not altogether judicious; but it is only needful to refer to the Customs Consolidation Act of 1787 to show how needful was the reform which he instituted. This Act was based upon 3000 resolutions of the House of Commons. The whole number of Acts relating to the Customs passed previous to the accession of

of George III. was 800, to which were added in the first fifty-three years of his reign 1300 more. A work like this Consolidation Act could only have been carried through by a very laborious as well as by a very able minister.

The commercial treaty of 1786 with France shows Pitt in the highest light, both as a statesman and a Minister of Finance. This great treaty was intended to put an end to the war of tariffs which had existed between the two countries for more than a century, had sapped the feeling of good-will which might have existed between them, impoverished their trade and benefited the smuggler. The result has been described in one of Pitt's own speeches in the House of Commons:—

‘Although we had laid, in most instances, prohibitory duties, and in some, absolute prohibitions on articles of French produce and manufacture, yet it was perfectly notorious that many of those very articles were in constant use and consumption in this kingdom. As an instance, he mentioned the articles of French cambrics, which, though lying under a prohibition, were yet constantly worn by most persons; and, he believed, without a single exception, by every gentleman in that House.’

We may for one moment depart from the historical order we have followed hitherto to refer to the French Commercial Treaty of 1860, which may fairly be spoken of here as an endeavour to reconstruct the system of Pitt. Considering what has passed since 1860, the subject has now little more than a melancholy interest; but we may bring back to our reader's remembrance Mr. Gladstone's words, when in his Budget Speech of April 3, 1862, he reviewed the figures which even in the course of two years had shown a distinct growth of commercial intercourse between England and France:—

‘Giving rise, I will not say to a certainty, I will not even say to a confident expectation, but, at least to a hope, that the commercial relations between these two great countries, valuable as they are in themselves, and still more valuable as they are the pledges, guarantees and mainstays of those friendly feelings between England and France which must always be the best security for the general peace and tranquillity of the world—these figures give rise, I say, to a hope that the commerce between the two great countries is at last about to approach a scale something like what nature intended it to be, and something like what it was intended to be by that greatest of all Peace-Ministers, Mr. Pitt, but as unlike as possible to what the obstinacy, the follies, and the prejudices of other men had made it, and had kept it.’

This treaty, in which Pitt was the forerunner of Cobden, shows Pitt as a Peace Minister. This is what he would naturally

really have desired to be. It is beyond our province to refer to the untoward events which drove him to assume an opposite character, whence his memory is associated with some of the most searching efforts to bring everything which could by the utmost stretch of the imagination be considered taxable, within the scope of the fiscal net. The wag who chalked up, according to the well-known story, 'Pitt's Works,' numbering the volumes one after the other down the long row of closed windows, unwittingly placed before posterity, more distinctly than any historian, the popular estimate of Pitt as a Finance Minister.

It was not windows only—almost everything that could be taxed, was taxed. Insurances by sea, women-servants, race-horses, sportsmen and gamekeepers, those who used hair-powder, dogs, watches, clocks, armorial bearings—all these were taxed. Besides these there were many other charges, an income tax at times of 10 per cent.; the succession duty, including a proposal for a tax on collateral successions to landed property, at the same rates as successions to personal property, to be paid, not as a single sum, but by eight half-yearly instalments. Pitt was, however, unable to carry this part of his scheme; but he did not shrink from applying the principle of progressive charge in various taxes, such as those on men-servants, from a desire to make those who were rich contribute in proportion to their wealth. Thus, in his Budget of 1797, Pitt proposed an increase in the assessed and house taxes as follows:—

'Taking the taxable establishment of the person to be charged as shown in his return for the year last past, so as to avoid any chance of fraud from insufficient returns, he divided the taxpayers into two classes: (1) Those keeping a taxable establishment of carriages, men-servants, or saddle and carriage-horses; and (2) Those not keeping any such establishment, but taxpayers in respect of their houses to the window tax and the tax on inhabited houses, or in respect of dogs, or clocks and watches.

The taxpayers of the presumably richer classes were charged, by reference to the assessments made on them for the taxes of the previous year, as follows:—

					Number of times.
Under 25 <i>l</i> .—a triple assessment	..	..	..	..	3
25 <i>l</i> . and under 30 <i>l</i> .	..	..	..	..	3½
30 <i>l</i> . " " 40 <i>l</i> .	..	..	..	..	4
40 <i>l</i> . " " 50 <i>l</i> .	..	..	..	..	4½
50 <i>l</i> . and upwards	..	..	..	..	5

So that, although the tax was termed a "TRIPLE ASSESSMENT," the charge ranged up to a quintuple assessment for any one charged 50*l*. or more in his assessment for the previous year!—Dowell, vol. iii. p. 175.

The position of affairs at the moment justified Pitt's splendid appeal to the patriotism of the nation. 'The funds,' as Mr. Dowell reminds us, 'had fallen to 45. Ireland was in a state of semi-rebellion. Hoche with his "légion noire" was expected. And our fleet was in mutiny at the Nore.' All know how the minister was hailed as 'the pilot who weathered the storm,' but, financially speaking, this scheme of assessment, as a system for the taxation of property, proved a failure. The yield was about the half of what he had anticipated. Schemes of graduated taxation intended, as this was, to form 'a general tax on persons possessed of property—commensurate as far as practicable with their means'—somehow do not answer in practice, promising as they may appear in theory. The taxpayer feels that his assessment is an arbitrary one, as it is impossible to adjust the payment to the net income of the individual or to the special demands on it. And feeling that the tax is arbitrary, he seeks to evade it, and succeeds. No system of taxation has ever answered in a free country which runs counter to the feeling of right among the people.

The taxation of the country was maintained at a level that would appear intolerable in these days to the end of the war. After peace was declared, no name is prominent in connection with finance till the advent to power of Huskisson. That Minister was, however, too early lost to the country, before he had time to show more than that he had grasped the principle, so often lost sight of, that a high rate of taxation does not invariably produce a corresponding return to the revenue. Of the authors of our present fiscal system, Mr. Gladstone is still among us. To him especially, building on the foundations laid by Sir Robert Peel, the symmetry of the existing edifice of taxation is due.

Direct taxation, from which at present so large a portion of the resources of the Government is raised, held but an insignificant place in the Budget half a century ago. The war income-tax had been repealed; the tax on inhabited houses had also been repealed; the assessed taxes and the duties on the transfer of property, whether after the death of the owner or otherwise, were the principal heads of direct taxation. But it does not appear that Sir Robert Peel, when he reimposed the income tax in 1842, proposed immediately to readjust the proportion between direct and indirect taxation. He desired to free both trade and commerce from the restraints which the then existing system of taxation imposed on them. To enable him to carry this out, a dependable source of revenue was required, and the income tax was granted in 1842 'for three years.' It is remarkable how often

the

the House of Commons has been asked to renew it as a temporary measure. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel desired an extension for three years more, 'in order to enable him to effect beneficial alterations in our system of taxation.' Again, in 1848, it was renewed 'for three years.' By that time, however, the tax had firmly planted itself among the fiscal institutions of the country. A remarkable proof of the growth of the wealth of the country is shown incidentally in a casual observation of Mr. Dowell's: 'In 1874 a 3*d.* rate produced, for the United Kingdom, 5,641,791*l.*, that is to say, little less than the yield of the 7*d.* rate for Great Britain in 1843-5, or Pitt's tax at 2*s.* in the pound in 1801 and 1802.\*' The yield per penny is even larger now than in 1874,—in round numbers, 1,900,000*l.* for each penny of the tax. Some considerable allowance must be made for improved collection in augmenting the amount received from the tax. On the other hand, since 1876 incomes under 400*l.* a year have been allowed an abatement of 120*l.* in estimating the tax, an act of consideration which is equal to a reduction of 130,000*l.* per penny of the tax, and the limit of exemption was raised from 100*l.* to 150*l.* These alterations caused a great difference in the number of assessments under Schedule D, which includes professions and trades, public companies and industrial works, diminishing them from 568,249 in 1875-76, to 401,139 in 1876-77. The increase in population and wealth brought the number up to 491,819 in 1883 under that schedule. To these may be added the 176,330 assessments under Schedule E, which includes persons paid by official salaries. Altogether there are about 650,000 assessments under these two schedules. The number of assessments under the other schedules, according to which the tax is levied, is not given, but the number of abatements and allowances is; and according to the last return the persons who claimed an abatement of 120*l.*, as having an income under 400*l.* a year, were in 1883 no fewer than 423,491, while 72,157 persons had the benefit of the allowance on premiums for life insurance. These abatements give some idea of the avidity with which any alleviation of the tax is sought. They are, no doubt, a great assistance to those who receive the benefit of them; but it must be remembered that the share of the burden which they do not bear falls with greater weight on the remainder of the taxpayers. This tax will probably long remain a part of our fiscal system. Yet it is well to repeat the words of warning given with respect

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\* Dowell, vol. iii. p. 125.



to it by Mr. Gladstone in his speech in the House of Commons on the 13th of May, 1858:—

‘So long as you consent, without a special purpose, to levy the income tax as a part of the ordinary and permanent revenue of the country, so long it will be vain to talk of economy and effective reduction of expenditure. It is a source so productive, an engine so convenient, it is so easy to lay on 1*d.* or 2*d.* at a time, that while you have the income tax a part of your ordinary revenue, you need not think of effective and extensive economy.’

The truth of this remark is sufficiently obvious to need no further enforcing. While discussing the income tax, we may refer to the volume on ‘L’Impôt sur le Revenu,’ by M. Joseph Chailley, the name of which is placed among the books mentioned at the head of this article. M. Chailley speaks with judgment and care on the question whether an income tax should be progressive or not. High opinion, unbiassed by political feeling, may be quoted in favour of a progressive tax, increasing in proportion with the wealth of the taxpayer. But the balance of evidence, supported by power beyond that of opinion, the results of experience, appears to be against such a system. We have seen in England that it did not answer even in the hands of Pitt. An income tax in the form of our own is not levied in France. The instances given by M. Chailley, at p. 578 of his volume, of the inequality of the incidence of the *Patente* or licence duty in France, a tax intended to touch the taxpayer in proportion to his wealth, are enough to deter the boldest adventurer in this field of finance. A tax on property is a tax on accumulation. It is from accumulation that capital is fed. And if capital declines, the whole prosperity of the country crumbles. There is a stage in the arithmetic of the Customs and Excise described by Swift when two and two do not make four, but frequently only make one. This method of calculation does not apply to Customs and Excise duties only, but to the effect of direct taxation as well. While the decline of the prosperity of Spain was greatly accelerated, if it was not even caused, by the vicious nature of the taxes which fettered her industry, the decline of the prosperity of Holland may be equally attributed to the number and magnitude of the taxes which it became necessary to impose, in order to defray the interest of the debt and the current expenditure. These taxes, according to McCulloch, so reduced the rate of profit, that the capitalists of Holland were tempted to invest large sums in foreign countries, and hence her manufactures and commerce declined. Thus both the Monarchy of Spain and

the Republic of Holland were reduced to decrepitude by injudicious taxation; the monarchy by imposts which affected industry, the republic by imposts which affected capital.

We may now, before closing the chronicle of the history of British taxation, recal attention to the rearrangement of the tariff effected by Peel. We mentioned previously the great efforts of Pitt in clearing the Customs list from an almost endless tangle of duties. But it seems the nature of man invariably to cultivate similar noxious growths, however frequently they may be cut down. The result of the heavy war taxation in force, during the concluding years of the last century to the earlier part of the present, was to encumber our Customs list again with a mass of minor duties and charges nearly as intricate, if not entirely as hostile to commerce, as those on which Pitt had exercised his energies. In 1842 the Customs tariff included about 1200 articles; that year Peel proposed reductions affecting 750 articles. In 1845 a second revision caused the removal of no less than 450 different items from the list, principally raw materials of manufactures. The process of simplifying the tariff has been carried on by Mr. Gladstone and his successors till the whole number of articles subject to Customs duties forms a list covering but a few lines, and nearly the whole of the Customs revenue is derived from the four necessities or luxuries—tea, spirits, wine, and tobacco. The duty on corn, which Sir Robert Peel had left on the list at a nominal rate, or registration fee of 1s. the quarter, was repealed by Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Lowe) in 1869. The tax had been altered to 3*d.* per cwt. in 1864 by Mr. Gladstone, who spoke of it as one ‘which in principle it would be difficult to defend.’ But it produced a considerable revenue, with which it was not convenient to part. This by 1869 had increased to 900,000*l.* in round figures. Lord Sherbrooke spoke of it as a tax which ‘contained in itself all possible objections to a tax, and prevented the country from becoming the great *entrepôt* of corn.’ Mr. Gladstone’s reasons are intelligible, but it is difficult to trace in the figures of our exports and imports the possibility of such an effect as Lord Sherbrooke anticipated. The value of the wheat and wheat-flour imported into this country in 1883, the latest figures conveniently to hand, was collectively more than 43,700,000*l.*; the value of the total exports was less than 500,000*l.* Of this last amount nearly one-sixth, namely, 83,074*l.*, consisted of wheat and flour of British growth. This confirms the observation made to us by a merchant engaged in exporting English wheat, in reply to an enquiry how the trade could answer, that such exports consisted

sisted of a class of wheat which did not find a ready market in this country—an inferior article, in fact. We may note, in passing, one curious result of the bad harvests of 1879 and 1880. At that time the price of flour rose to a point which brought over very considerable importations from America, and induced a development of the milling industry of that country, which has continued the large production for export. The proof of this is shown in the figures of the importation of flour, which rose from an average of about 6 million cwts. in the five years from 1876 to 1879, to about 12 million cwts. in the five years from 1880 to 1884. The price of bread has been kept, by the large imports of wheat and flour, at the low point which probably more than any other cause has enabled the bulk of the population to weather the recent years of depression. But while the food of man has thus been kept cheap, that part of the food of animals, and no inconsiderable part, which depends on the price of the dross from corn, the bran or pollard, has not been reduced in cost in a similar manner. This article remains at much the same price as previously, and relatively to flour it has become distinctly dearer since 1880. The result is a curious one, though no one would now propose a law that the importer of wheat-flour should bring over a proportional quantity of bran, or its equivalent with it, as in early days the importer of wine was compelled to bring over a certain number of bow-staves with each cargo, because they were articles which the country needed.

Some recent expressions of opinion on these subjects by persons, who may have great influence in swaying the popular mind, have been of a description calculated to fill with dread the minds of those who desire that taxation should be based on sound principles. The very ground of these is, that taxation should be distributed according to the ability of the taxpayer. Mr. Chamberlain has referred to this in a series of speeches extending already from January to September, which may be considered as containing his matured opinions. It is much to be regretted that his proposals, more rightly termed by Mr. Goschen 'crude panaceas,' are entirely unsound from a fiscal point of view. We will attempt a short summary of some of the principal points, recognizing entirely the justice of the end to be attained, but feeling that the method proposed would entirely fail to reach the object which is desired. Mr. Chamberlain congratulated his hearers, when speaking on January 5,

'On the fair prospect which is opening up for the class to which you belong. In the era which is now commencing we shall see many experiments intended to lessen the evils which poverty brings in its train,

train, to increase the rewards of labour, to bring hope to the miserable, to give courage to the weak.'

While fully sympathizing with Mr. Chamberlain in the hopes he thus eloquently expresses as to the future prosperity of the country, it is but fair to remind him, that from the earliest days of Economic Science until now, sound thinkers have agreed that the first of the experiments which he proposes to try, would have the contrary effect to that which he anticipates. The nature of the experiment is suggested in an enquiry made in the same speech, 'What ransom will property pay for the security which it enjoys?' We will not insist too strictly on the meaning of a phrase, though eminently disputable in itself, nor on the definition of 'natural rights' by which it was accompanied, the correctness of which it would be difficult to prove. The process which Mr. Chamberlain proposes to employ, where fiscal measures are concerned, is that of graduated taxation, 'a taxation'—we are now quoting from his speech at Hull of Aug. 5, 'which increases in proportion to the amount of property taxed. It need not necessarily be a graduated income-tax. It might be more convenient to levy it in the shape of a graduated death-tax or a graduated house-tax.' With respect to these methods, the last-named, 'a graduated house-tax,' could hardly be attempted seriously, on account of the obvious unfairness towards those who build houses for the purposes of letting, as it would be a special tax on the owners of a particular description of property. Nor would a graduated death-tax, that is, a graduated tax on inheritance in proportion to the amount bequeathed, be found more practicable in reality, as evasions would be frequent. Apart from these objections, both a graduated tax on successions and a graduated income-tax would injure the working-classes more than any other. They would form a distinct hindrance to the growth, and even the maintenance of capital. Few persons realize how short-lived capital is, how completely the employment of 'industry is limited by capital,' and how perpetually the process of the 'consumption and reproduction of capital,' so clearly described by John Stuart Mill, is going on.

The application of the principle Mr. Chamberlain proposes would strike capital at its birth; and without capital and growing capital, how could the rewards of labour be increased, or even maintained? The proposal would be open to the objection which Mr. Fawcett, than whom no firmer Liberal ever lived, raised against a graduated income-tax for this very reason. Mr. Gladstone may never, as Mr. Chamberlain says, have expressed an opinion against graduated taxation. This, however, is no proof that he would approve it. The whole tenor of

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Mr. Gladstone's arguments throughout his published financial statements (1853-1864) is against such a proposal. Throughout he declines 'to draw any invidious distinction between class and class;' throughout he rejoices to have arranged his fiscal measures in such a manner as to 'knit together the interests and feelings of all classes of the community from one end of the country to the other.' We may live to see many experiments tried, intended to lessen existing evils,—but it is to be hoped, for the sake of all classes in the country, that these experiments will not be in directions which experience has continually warned financiers to avoid.

We shall not follow Mr. Chamberlain into his attempts to divide the incidence of taxation between the upper and the lower classes, for we believe the basis of calculation he has selected to be completely unsound. Such statistical enquiries are most difficult to elucidate. None require more distinctly to be examined through the medium of that 'white light' which rarely shines on those engaged in heated political discussion, and which certainly did not guide Mr. Chamberlain in the addresses delivered either at Warrington or Lambeth. At Warrington he referred to the 'eternal laws of supply and demand' as part of 'the convenient cant of selfish wealth.' This expression supplies an example of a very common error, which regards an economic 'law' as being of the nature of an Act of Parliament, something made or sanctioned by legislative power. The possession of boundless wealth, even of the Philosopher's stone itself, would not enable the most uncontrolled despot to set aside the laws of supply and demand, which are the result of circumstances strictly connected and mutually dependent on each other, the 'law' being simply the statement of the constancy of the relation between the facts and the conditions which produce them. Mr. Chamberlain has spoken as if the power to alter the ordinary legislation of the country could alter the distribution of the proceeds of industry or the remuneration of the labourer. But legislation for the purpose of raising wages above the level which the necessary recompense to capital enjoins, would prove as powerless as legislation for the purpose of keeping them below that limit has been. To contend successfully against the forces which Economic Science describes, but does not pretend to call into being, is about as possible as it would be to contend against that law of nature which causes water to become a solid mass at a given temperature. It is by watching the manner in which Economic Laws work, not by declaiming against their effect, that the means of escaping from what seems harsh in their action are to be found.

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'The problem which,' as Mr. Chamberlain said at Lambeth, 'has baffled the most learned philosophers, which has eluded the grasp of the most distinguished statesmen, and the solution of which remains as the highest and noblest object of a patriotic ambition,' can only be solved by approaching it from the basis which Economic teaching has shown to be the true one. Mr. Chamberlain really refuses to employ the necessary means for carrying out what he states that he desires, when he speaks as he does of securing 'to every man his natural right' of 'the fair enjoyment of life,' without bearing in mind the well-known warning that 'a man who is born into a world already provisioned, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if the society do not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest particle of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is.'

When we come to the practical methods proposed, by all means let us place every reasonable facility in the way of labourers acquiring land; but the proposal for purchasing land by local administrative bodies, which Mr. Chamberlain advocates, may readily become a mere experiment in social regeneration, carried out for the benefit of one class at the expense of the whole community. The proposal for gratuitous primary education, in which it is to be regretted that Sir William Harcourt has joined, would reverse that rule of policy, nowhere more clearly laid down than by Mr. Gladstone in his recent manifesto, 'that nothing should be done by the State which can be better or as well done by voluntary effort.' The increase in taxation which this alteration in our school system would require brings us back to the consideration of our main subject. Unless the existing machinery of voluntary organization were retained, this apparently small charge would necessitate—according to the opinion of competent persons—an increase of public expenditure of from five to six millions a year at least. How voluntary organization could be retained is, however, not clear, since Mr. Chamberlain clearly pointed, in his Glasgow speech, to existing ecclesiastical endowments as the source from which the expense should be supplied. The promoters of gratuitous education are clear-sighted enough, they see that it would necessarily, from the expense entailed, lead to ecclesiastical disendowment. Nor, if the experience of other countries were repeated here, would the taxpayer ultimately be the gainer.

Whether the number of articles on the list of things subject to indirect taxation will not have to be increased, remains still

a problem which future Chancellors of the Exchequer will have to solve. If the necessity should arise for raising additional revenue from custom duties, we trust that it will not be complicated by the argument with respect to Free-trade. We may fairly remark of those who urge the practice, without having thought out the principle, what Dr. Whewell has well observed in his '*Novum Organon Renovatum*,' that the incoherence of ideas which we frequently witness on such points, shows us clearly that, in the minds of a great number of men, well educated according to the present standard, the acceptance of the doctrine 'is a result of traditional prejudice, not of rational conviction.' Taxation has to be imposed for fiscal purposes. Those who shrink in these matters from what is necessary should strengthen their nerves by a reference to the sturdy principles they will find expressed by Adam Smith and the earlier apostles of Free-trade, who all held that it was legitimate to raise a revenue by taxes on imported articles.

We may hope that it will not fall to the lot of many Chancellors of the Exchequer to have to announce to the House of Commons, as Mr. Childers had to do on the 30th of April of this year, a total deficit of 14,932,000*l.*, and that after raising a revenue of more than 92,600,000*l.* there would still remain an adverse balance to carry over to a future time of 7,400,000*l.* We may hope, and perhaps have reason to believe, that an expenditure of something like one hundred millions a year is hardly likely to be normal. But that financier must be endued with unusual powers of hope who can seriously look forward to an annual requirement of so little as 85,000,000*l.* a year for the cost of the administration of the country in the future. The whole tendency of the idea of modern life is to throw further charges on the Government.

The gradual extension of national expenditure is not confined to this country alone. The same process is taking place in the other great countries of Europe, based on the same grounds, the development of personal requirements under the influence of a civilization which strives before everything to increase personal comfort and ease. M. Leroy-Beaulieu has an interesting chapter on this subject in the second volume of his '*Traité de la Science des Finances*.' Few, if any, of the able Economists whom France still possesses have opposed the tendency to extravagance in Government expenditure more courageously than M. Leroy-Beaulieu. While he recognizes that the State renders greater services to the country than in former years, he yet contemplates an expansion of charges which will cause the taxation, notwithstanding the growth of national wealth, to

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press at least as hardly on national resources as before. Meanwhile, as the relative prosperity of different classes fluctuates from time to time, the direct taxation which they have to bear presses on them more severely at such periods, and it becomes the difficult task of the financier in a long-settled country not increasing uniformly in prosperity, but yet called on to bear greater fiscal burdens, to adjust his requirements to the power of individuals to meet them. A tax long established is borne with greater patience than a new one. Both in England and France the Finance Minister has now quite a different problem to deal with from what he had when prosperity was advancing with leaps and bounds.

The country is frequently congratulated on the great reduction made in the public debt. And that a considerable reduction should be made in this is most desirable. But how do the figures stand? We quote, with respect to the National Debt, from the return in the 'Statistical Abstract,' which gives the total amount, including the estimated capital of the Terminable Annuities, computed in 3 per cent. stock at par:—

*Total Amount of National Debt.*

1874 ..	..	..	..	..	£772,984,938
1884 ..	..	..	..	..	746,423,964

Diminution in 11 years .. £26,510,974

If we go no further than this, there appears to be a respectable diminution. The amount in 1884 includes, it should also be mentioned, the cost of the purchase of the Suez Canal Shares, which were a remunerative outlay. But while we look on this picture, we must remember there is another one also to be examined. Local debt is just as much a charge as Imperial debt, though the incidence may not fall exactly on the same individuals. And how does the account for local debt stand? We will take, as nearly as possible, the corresponding dates:—

*Loans raised by Local Authorities, England and Wales.*

1874 ..	..	..	..	..	£87,565,640
1883 ..	..	..	..	..	159,142,926

Increase in 10 years .. £71,577,286

We have kept our comparison quite to recent years, and we are fully aware that much of local outlay is for remunerative purposes. It is, however, most unlikely that as much as three-fifths of the increase in local debt yields a remunerative return.



Even if it did, the growth of non-productive local debt would fully balance the diminution of non-productive Imperial debt.

Before our fiscal system can be brought to anything like a satisfactory condition, the whole subject of local indebtedness and local taxation must be considered side by side with the requirements of the Empire. Local taxation is, however, beyond the purview of Mr. Dowell's book, and we feel as if we owed Mr. Wright and Mr. Hobhouse an apology for giving their useful work no further notice than this. Local administration is at present a labyrinth in which even the most wary are apt to go astray, and we must not enter on the subject on this occasion.

The intricacy of local administration, however, brings back again before us the point which we have already remarked on twice before—the curious tendency of all public finance to become involved and entangled with the process of time. Both Pitt and Peel did yeoman's service in clearing the ground in their own day. Local taxation now calls for the financier who will perform the same duty.

These remarks, however, must draw to a close. We are rapidly approaching a time when the recent great additions to the constituencies will be accompanied by a great alteration in the classes by whom political power will be swayed. Concurrently with that alteration it is quite possible that heavier taxes on capital may be proposed. We would warn those who may be inclined to press that form of taxation beyond its proper limit, that the imposing a tax does not create the power to bear it. The effect of the incidence of taxation often differs very greatly from what appears on the surface. A sound and very homely proverb tells the fate of the goose which laid the golden eggs, and of the goose's owner. Over-severe taxation on capital, or taxes which ultimately fall on labour, would be followed by the same results to the permanent injury of the country. We have shown how entirely the taxes intended to be progressive and graduated in character have failed in their object. Popular leaders may decline to accept this obvious but unpalatable truth, but a bitter experience will show that the truth can never be safely disregarded. Subjects, which require not a party but a scientific treatment, can only be successfully dealt with by being approached in a scientific spirit. Meanwhile, for a safe rule of thumb, the best financier and the most prudent statesman at the present time will be he who reflects oftenest on that motto, too seldom practised, '*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.*'

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- ART. IV.—1. *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. Par H. Taine. *La Révolution*. 3 vols. Paris, 1878–1885. Translated by John Durand. 3 vols. London, 1881–1885.
2. *Mémoires et Correspondance pour servir à l'histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par Mallet-du-Pan. 2 vols. Paris, 1851.
3. *Correspondance inédite avec la Cour de Vienne, 1794–1798*. Par Mallet-du-Pan. Edited by A. Michel. 2 vols. Paris, 1884.

**I** KNOW but three modes of living in human society. Every man must either be a beggar, a thief, or a paid State-functionary. The “man of property” is but a first-class functionary of the kind. What is commonly spoken of as “his private fortune” is really nothing else than the wages paid him by society for distributing to others, through the expenses of his daily life, a large share of his goods.’

These words are not, as might be supposed, the words of some orator of the time when the revolutionary movement was at its zenith. They were spoken by Mirabeau on the 10th of August, 1789, and may serve to show how early subversive ideas had gained currency—largely through the philanthropy of those who were the first to suffer from them.

The fashionable pessimism of our day might seek to justify itself by appealing to the irony of human life even more than to its absolute pains. There is a deep pathos in evils which result from benevolent actions inspired by what appear to be the best-founded hopes. Pessimism has also sought to justify itself by the consideration, that evil necessarily results from that which gives man his supreme dignity—namely, his self-consciousness. Too unlike the brute, which ne’er ‘reflects that this is I,’ to be safely guided by instinct; too like the brute to be secure from the dominance of appetite, he is doubly exposed to error, and it is the knowledge that the area of self-conscious fallibility is ever extending in a world elsewhere the product of the harmonious interplay of unconscious forces, which mainly supports the arguments of Von Hartmann. For language, poetry, art, science, political organizations, and religious systems, were all first evolved by man’s unconscious efforts—almost as the spider weaves his web and as ants and bees congregate in their social forms of life. But as man’s intellectual powers advanced, first one and then another sphere of his activity became the arena of deliberate intention and reflective effort—generally with practical deterioration as its result. It may be said that Adam’s fall is the symbol of a process which ever recurs in the great drama

drama of human life. As often as man's eyes become freshly opened by again eating of the tree of self-conscious knowledge, so often does he fall into some relative temporary inferiority. It is but temporary, for the fall is not without the prospect of redemption and the attainment of a higher state, however long and painful may be the efforts needed to attain it.

These reflections especially apply to the calamitous accompaniments of that great step in human self-consciousness, the French Revolution. Many as had been the antecedent aspirations after an 'ideal state,' then for the first time did a whole nation, in the van of civilization, make the reconstruction of society from its foundation on certain 'principles,' its self-conscious, deliberate aim.

The work first named in the list which heads this article is devoted to the elucidation of the causes of the great catastrophe, and to the setting forth of its less-known consequences; and incidental illustrations are afforded by the works of Mallet-du-Pan and Lord Malmesbury. Some of our readers may be tempted to think that they know enough already about that great political convulsion, and certainly there has been no dearth of 'explanations:' 'It was all due to the weakness and indecision of the King'; 'its excesses were the result of the treachery of the King and Queen and the dread of foreign invasion; it was the inevitable recoil from antecedent despotism'; 'it was the consequence of the oppression of the poor by the nobility, and of the ignorant intolerance of a corrupt church'; 'it was the bursting forth of a new and vigorous social system which had formed itself beneath the old, like the moth within the stem of the chrysalis'; 'it arose from the fact that almost all the land was in the hands of large proprietors succeeding each other by primogeniture, or else was held in mortmain'; 'it was occasioned by the burthens imposed on the occupiers of land by lords of manors, and was, in truth, but a large, tumultuous movement to effect the enfranchisement of copyholds.'

So vast a convulsion as that initiated in 1789 could never, of course, have taken place but for the fact, that many independent circumstances happened then and there to concur in its production. No doubt most of the above suggested causes did co-operate, though we must recollect that the land was much subdivided *before* 1789, as also that De Tocqueville has once for all shown that, in its essentials, the new system was an exaggeration rather than a reversal of the system which had preceded it. But it will be some time yet before all the causes of the movement are fully known, and thanks are due to M. Taine for having given very valuable aid towards their elucidation.

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In the first place, he depicts the social system upon which such unexpected ruin so suddenly came—its nobility, its clergy, and its urban and rural citizens. As in a forest of old growth, the underwood is of comparatively little worth, the more valuable product being accumulated in the larger trees, so in the venerable French social system, yet almost intact in 1789, all that was of the greatest value, intellectually, æsthetically, and morally—all the choicest products of an ancient civilization—had become concentrated in the Nobility, the Clergy, and what were called the ‘Notables.’\* It is true that many opulent and illustrious noble families had ceased to render services to the State, in proportion to the consideration they enjoyed. There were lords and ladies of the Court, worldly bishops and abbés, and drawing-room lawyers, who were acquainted with little save the arts of dexterous solicitation, graceful manners, and prodigal expenditure. An injudicious system of culture had converted them into merely ornamental trees, uselessly cumbering much ground at large cost, and producing much more flowers than fruit. Nevertheless those flowers were exquisite. At that time the great world of France exhibited a refined politeness and an exquisite polish, the like of which had never been seen before and has not yet been regained. As M. Taine well says:—

‘When such refinement exists not only in the drawing-room but in the family circle, in the conduct of business and in the very streets; when it characterizes the intercourse not only of friends but of superiors with their inferiors, with their servants and even with a stranger encountered by chance, then it brings to human life both dignity and sweetness. A delicate observance of what is deemed fitting conduct becomes a second, and a better, nature; for that internal code, which governs every detail of speech and action, teaches self-respect as well as consideration for others.’—Vol. iii. p. 399.

Not only was intellectual, and especially literary, cultivation then carried to an extreme, but what rich men then most feared was the reputation of being wanting in ‘sensibility.’ An exaggerated tenderness marred the administration of justice, and rendered those who had force at their command, incapable of using it adequately for the repression of crime and outrage, thus giving a fatal licence to revolt. These nobles still showed the same refined culture when they became victims. In prison, while awaiting the scaffold, they dressed with care and conversed with their wonted wit and grace. But, besides some two or

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\* People who occupied a prominent position independently of the *Noblesse*—for the most part in the towns.

three thousand frivolous nobles, there were at least as many others who were in every way estimable, and no less experienced in the serious business of life than in social refinement. It was these who furnished the State with its ambassadors, generals, and ministers, from Marshal de Broglie to Machault and Malesherbes, and with exemplary bishops like De Durfort of Besançon. It was these, both cleric and lay, who with parliamentary magistrates and rich bourgeois, recruited the twenty-one provincial estates of France, from 1778 to 1789, and represented all the capacity, practical information, and good sense of the nation.

As regards the army, thirty thousand gentlemen were brought up from childhood for its service. The vast majority of them had had for their home a country house devoid of luxury and with little comfort, where with plenty of rural sports amidst gamekeepers and farmers they passed a healthy childhood, their young imagination kindled by listening to their father's and their uncles' tales about the wars. To serve the State with life and limb seemed to them an obligation of their rank and an hereditary debt, and they began the service young. M. des Echerolles, captain of the regiment of Poitou, took with him to the army his son aged nine (with a dozen young cousins), who while still a stripling received seven wounds and the Cross of St. Louis. The Prince de Ligne had experience of war from the age of eight, and Marshal Saxe fought at Malplaquet when thirteen. The mass of French officers followed the military career for its own sake, knowing well that the higher grades were destined for successful courtiers and men of very high family. At the end of fifteen or twenty years' service they returned home with the rank of captain, and perhaps a small pension or a cross, content to have performed their duty honourably. Under the Revolution, their moderation and abnegation, and their reluctance to strike even when struck, still maintained a shadow of public order. As patriotic as military, they constituted by birth and education, a natural source of strength and a weapon ready to hand for use against both external foes and domestic traitors to civilization and social order.

The clergy formed an estimable body of men, consisting of 65,000 ecclesiastics. According to the testimony of M. de Tocqueville; \* 'All things considered, and in spite of the vices of some of its members, I doubt whether there was ever a body of clergy more remarkable for their patriotism, public spirit, and honest faith, than the French clergy at the moment when

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\* 'L'ancien Régime et la Révolution,' p. 169.

the Revolution burst upon them. . . . I commenced my studies of the *ancien régime* full of prejudice against the clergy, but I conclude my studies filled with respect for that body.' In those days not only the minor dignities but the parochial cures were filled by men of much better family than are the existing French clergy. Large families were then common (as is still the case in the only part of Old France which survives—namely Canada), and parents were right willing that one of their sons should enter the Church. Then the parish priest was no object of popular suspicion or aversion, he was respectfully greeted by artizans and peasants, and was thoroughly at home with his parishioners of the middle class. He was no salaried state-functionary, nor was he (as the Concordat has since made him) removable at will, but a freeholder directly interested in all that concerned the temporal prosperity of his friends and neighbours—the prospects of the harvest, the making of roads and canals, and all the other concerns of a landed proprietor. The clerical profession had then in France many attractions, indeed, which it now lacks. Perhaps amongst all the changes which democratic tyranny has inflicted on France, not one has been so fruitful in evil consequences as that which transformed a great body of estimable men, public-spirited and independent, into a mass of salaried officials, with no direct interest in anything but matters ecclesiastical, the bond-slaves of salaried bishops, who are but so many dependent agents of the Roman Curia. Truly it is the Revolution which has created 'clericalism,' and the disastrous result which has befallen our neighbours should at least save us from ever following in their footsteps!

But besides the nobility and clergy, the Revolution found France in possession of some 100,000 families of the higher middle class—lawyers, doctors, architects, engineers, artists, merchants, manufacturers, and civil functionaries. These last, however, were very unlike the members of existing bureaucracies, for the place each held was his own property, which he had bought and was free to sell. This made them independent and contented, not seeking incessantly to change from place to place, but, on the contrary, identifying themselves with the welfare of the city in which they had taken root. Established for life, and living with old-fashioned simplicity and economy, they thought more of the esteem of their fellows and less of mere gain than is the case now. In fact, nothing could well be more unlike the modern French system, whose administrators are but nomads, often living in an hotel or furnished lodging, ready to start elsewhere for the

the slightest increase of pay, and without a single local interest or connection.

Side by side with these 'Notables,' there were about 150,000 families of the lower middle class—farmers, peasant-proprietors, shopkeepers, master-workmen, village officials, and small householders—who formed another set of respectable citizens. The whole State had indeed its manifest imperfections, but was for the most part healthy and sound save at its centre. The rottenness and corruption of the court, and the exaggerated power of the head of the centralized administration, were incalculable evils; but the evils were on the road towards extinction; the provincial assemblies were in action, and it would seem as if it had been quite possible for all the benefits of the Revolution to have been obtained without any of its attendant evils. But whether such beneficent action was or was not within the bounds of possibility, we learn that the Revolution intensified the greatest evils it was evoked to cure. That in bursting upon this brilliant, highly-cultured, and in many respects estimable social order, it shattered an ancient nobility, destroyed a venerable Church, and ruined the most notable families of the nation, is what everybody has long known; but it has been reserved for M. Taine to depict its effects upon the poorest and lowest members of the population. It has commonly been supposed that these were great gainers by the cataclysm. Whether they were so or not, M. Taine shall tell us.

Before, however, putting before our readers some of the more noteworthy effects of Jacobin measures, it may be well first to cast a glance at one or two of the leading Jacobins themselves. Three men stand out from the ranks of that party in well-merited pre-eminence as regards both influence and infamy,—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. They present three very different types of character, but all agree in testifying to the wonderful conjuncture of circumstances, which could alone have raised men of the kind to the rank of supreme rulers over such a society as that which has been briefly described.

Marat was not a Frenchman, but the offspring of a Genevan mother and of a Spanish father, Dr. Jean Mara, who had been domiciled in Sardinia till his abjuration of Catholicism caused him to migrate to Switzerland. The son showed early a certain taste for physical science, but soon manifested an amount of vanity which was the first indication of a mind trembling on the verge of positive insanity. He says of himself: 'I was from my childhood devoured by a passion for glory, a passion which changed with years the objects to which it was directed,

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but which never quitted me for an instant.' He became the author of various scientific treatises, but his want of success in gaining public appreciation soon soured him, and envy and hatred resulted from the mortification of the egregious vanity by which his own words prove him to have been possessed. 'My discoveries,' he tells us, 'tend to transform the whole science of optics. Before *me*, the true primary colours were unknown. . . . And no one knew the true place of electricity in nature. I have established it beyond doubt. . . . As to the igneous fluid, that creature unknown till I came, I have cleared its theory from erroneous hypotheses in a work which will consign to oblivion all that the learned societies have previously published on the subject.' He thought he was the victim of a conspiracy of 'all the learned men of Europe against him.' When his treatise upon Man was forwarded from Amsterdam to Paris, 'the philosophers,' he tells us, 'caused it to be seized at the Custom House.' There was a conspiracy of doctors moved by grief and envy at his professional gains, as also of Academicians. 'I could prove, were it necessary, that they held meetings in order to calumniate me. The disgraceful persecution of me by the Academy lasted ten years. . . . Could it be believed that the charlatans of that body would have succeeded in depreciating my discoveries in the eyes of Europe and in getting all its learned societies to refuse me a place in their publications?\*' He was thus evidently verging on insanity. His confidence in his political wisdom was no less than that in his scientific acumen. 'If I were only a tribune of the people, aided by a few thousand determined men, I answer for it that in six weeks the nation should be free and happy . . . and that it should so continue for the rest of my life.' His egotism is similar as regards philosophy. He says: 'I believe myself to have exhausted all the combinations of which the human mind is capable.' His politico-ethical system he draws out as follows:—'I deduce the whole of a man's rights from his physical needs. . . . If a citizen is in want, he has the right to snatch from another the superfluity with which he is gorged. What do I say? He has the right to snatch away even what is necessary to that other, and rather than die of hunger, he has the right to cut his throat and devour his quivering flesh.'† His diseased mind passed on rapidly from exaggeration to exaggeration, till arrested by the knife of Charlotte Corday. After the taking of the Bastille he demanded five hundred

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\* 'Journal de la République française,' No. 98.

† Taine, vol. iii. p. 162.



heads. In September, 1792, he declared at the Communal Council that 40,000 ought to fall, and six weeks later he raised his demand to 270,000 heads.\* His filthy and degraded personal habits need not here be described, but they should not be forgotten in our estimate of this sordid, ferocious madman, who succeeded in raising himself to supreme influence in that France which but three years before seemed to take the lead in Europe, not only in intellect, but yet more in gentle delicacy and refinement.

Different indeed from Marat was Danton, the second chief of the Revolution. A man with a healthy vigorous animal nature, coarse and with violent instincts, but having a clear judgment withal, and never himself the dupe of the prejudices he played upon, or of the abstract formulæ he did not hesitate to conjure by. Energetic enough, though only at intervals, and not with the incessant feverish activity which characterized Marat, Danton was most ill-suited for his calling. A poor lawyer, poorly married, he loathed his sedentary toil. A Colossus with a Tartar's head, pock-marked, small-eyed, and endowed with a voice of thunder; fond of foul oaths and brutal jests, he was a sort of eighteenth-century Rabelais, who plunged heartily into the muddy current, which he was clear-sighted and vigorous enough to see through and direct. His rare political sagacity and political instinct enabled him to gauge accurately men's characters and the true bearing of events. From the outset of the Revolution he divined its true nature, and comprehended its normal mode of procedure, usually the systematic employment of popular brutality. Already in 1788 he figured in *émeutes*, and before the beginning of the Revolution was perceptible to many, he had already understood its true end—the supremacy of the violent minority, and especially of that of the Capital. On the 10th of August, 1790, he declared before the National Assembly that the citizens of Paris were the natural representatives of the eighty-three departments of France. Here we have proclaimed by him what we shall find to be the essential idea of Jacobinism, and it was he who carried through its most decisive acts—those of the 10th of August, the 2nd of September, the 31st of May, and the 2nd of June. For a time he ruled, in his turn, a system founded on conquest and maintained by terror. Nevertheless he was in his heart no fanatic, and he even entertained the idea of saving the King. One who had been on friendly terms with Danton, Count Théodore de Lameth, ventured, though a

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\* 'Moniteur' of the 26th of October, 1792.

denounced *émigré*, to return from Switzerland to Paris to make one last effort in the royal cause. 'I went straight to Danton,' he tells us, 'whom I found in his bath. "You here," he cried, "don't you know that with one word I could have you guillotined?" "Danton," said I, "you are a great criminal, but you are not the man for an infamy like that of betraying me." "You come to save the King?" "Yes." Thereupon we conversed on that subject in a confidential and friendly manner. "I consent," said Danton, "to try and save him, but I must have a million of francs in a week to bribe the voters, and I warn you that if I find that I cannot for a certainty save him I shall vote for his death. I am quite willing to save his head, but not to lose my own." He did vote for death, and then connived at Lameth's return to Switzerland. Danton, in fact, had no real taste for blood and cruelty; coarse, corrupted, and unscrupulous as he was, he rescued several illustrious lives from the September massacres, and could not refrain from tears at his inability to save the Girondists. He was also incapable of sustained and systematic labour, and these two characteristics were his ruin. He could not keep up the constant vigilant activity needed to defend him from his rivals, while his more generous instincts furnished the latter (with whom he had but a simulated sympathy) with ample grounds for denunciation. In reality he hated the fanatical zeal of the Jacobin true believers. 'Give free scope,' he said, 'to Robespierre and St. Just, and soon France will be nothing more than a Thebaid with a score of political Trappists.' Towards the end he saw yet more clearly the true bearings of his own acts. 'I ask pardon of God and men,' he cried, 'for having set up the Revolutionary tribunal. In revolutions, power passes into the hands of those who are the greatest villains. It is better then to be a poor fisherman than a ruler of men.' When such sentiments as these had developed themselves within him, he had evidently become ripe for the fatal knife.

Robespierre, the third person of the Jacobin Triad, was its true head, and differed greatly from each of its two other members. Self-contained and free from either mental or bodily disease, decorous in every word and gesture, and ever dressed with scrupulous care, he was untiring in his constant attention to the routine of business. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of the Revolution, and a profound believer in its doctrines, being alike blind to all facts or arguments opposed to them. Unlike Danton, who saw living breathing men, Robespierre saw only abstractions duly ticketed and grouped according to revolutionary formulæ. It was this excessive narrowness of mind

mind which kept him faithful to his one idea, and carried this soulless, vain, third-rate literary pedant to the very crest of the inflowing revolutionary wave, and sustained him there till its commencing ebb. Even at that fatal moment for him, he could not rise above the empty stilted verbiage, which was essentially congenial to his nature. When the time approached to do or die, he could but declaim from the tribune he was so soon to quit for the scaffold such stuff as:—

‘O ever blessed day when all France united to render to the author of Nature the only homage worthy of him! What a touching assemblage of those objects capable of arresting the gaze of men and filling their hearts! O venerable and honoured age! O generous youth of our country! O the guileless, pure joy of young citizens! O sweet tears of tender mothers! O divine charms of innocence and beauty! O the majesty of a great people, happy through nothing but the knowledge of its power, its glory and its virtue. . . . No, Chaumette, no, death is not an eternal sleep. . . . If it has now become necessary that I should disguise such truths as these, then let there be borne to me the fatal draught of hemlock.’

Here at the end of his terrible career is manifested the same pedantic intellectual mediocrity, which at its beginning had obtained for him, before 1789, a second-class prize from the Academy of Arras, and the warm approbation of that of Amiens. Had it not been for the advent of the Revolution, as M. Taine says: \* ‘his little intellectual lamp, like a hundred such kindled at the fire of the new philosophy, would have burned tranquilly and caused no conflagration, shedding over a narrow provincial area a tiny light in proportion to the little oil which one of its small capacity could hold.’ Quite eclipsed by the many able men of the National Assembly, it was only towards the end of the Constituent Assembly that he emerged from their shadow, and step by step became conspicuous through the resignation or removal of his betters. Then it was that his narrow, consistent fanaticism, his absolute devotion to his impracticable ideal, and boundless confidence in his own infallibility, gradually transformed him first into the most conspicuous figure of his sect, and ultimately into its deity. The salon of 1791 contained two portraits of him, one bearing the inscription, *l’Incorruptible*. He was hailed from Marseilles as ‘the sole rival of the Roman Fabricius, the immortal defender of the rights of the people.’ The Parisian mob sought to draw him, crowned with oak-leaves, to the house of the cabinet-maker where he lodged in the Rue St. Honoré. There an

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\* Vol. iii. p. 194.

audience of the lower middle class eagerly drank in tirades of political declamation suitable to their capacity. He was the infallible pontiff who night and morning gave forth his oracles. The believers waited in files in the courtyard for an audience. Admitted to his salon, they waited again till his hand beckoned them into the sanctuary of his cabinet. The women especially adored him. Seven hundred of them, to two hundred men, crowded the tribunes of the Convention to hear his apology, and when he spoke at the Jacobin Club, their sobs and cries resounded on all sides. A spectator who appeared cold and unmoved soon had evil eyes fixed on him, and it was well for him to slip away like a heretic, who had ventured near some sacred shrine, where devotees were performing a sacred function. In public writings he was spoken of as—

‘the genius whom nothing can deceive or seduce, who with the energy of a Spartan and the eloquence of an Athenian, shelters the republic beneath the ægis of his genius, while he enlightens the universe by his writings and fills the world with his renown. He was the regenerator of the human race, whose name will be venerated through all future ages as the Messiah whom the Eternal has promised to redeem the world.’

But the very virtues of Robespierre made his preponderance more fatal than even that of Marat, for they added the immense multitude, whose morals were opposed to the Dictator’s standard, to the Royalists, Aristocrats, Federalists, Feuillants, and Girondins, previously proscribed. According to him, immorality was a political crime, as tending to egoism, and to the drying up of those sentiments of admiration for moral beauty by which alone public opinion can judge either the enemies or the defenders of humanity. Thus every one who corrupted the people by his vice or luxury, or who agitated, deceived, blamed, or distrusted the people; every one, in fact, who did not march along that narrow way which Robespierre had marked out as the only road to salvation, was a villain and a traitor. Thus the harvest became ripe indeed for the guillotine; nor did any natural sympathies plead for mercy in his heart as they did in that of Danton, and induce him to listen to the prayers of fathers, mothers, wives or children, for their nearest and dearest. It was as Mirabeau had said in 1789, ‘All that man says he really believes,’ and thus the course of events had called forth a man such as no dramatist has ventured to depict. A hypocrite convinced of his own honesty; a Cain who believed himself Abel, and who was taken by others to be so.

The Feast of the Supreme Being of June 8th, 1794, was the culmination of his career, and the greatest exhibition ever made of

of preposterous self-deception. The orgies of the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame, revolting as they were to every decent mind, were nevertheless in a sense honest. They really expressed the gross and violent passions of the most depraved portion of humanity. But the Feast of the Supreme Being was an elaborate sham, such as could have taken place nowhere but in France. Robespierre, the pontiff of the ceremony, in his well-known costume performed his often described part at the head of the Convention, exclaiming, 'Behold humanity indeed, and a united universe. O nature, how sweet and sublime is thy power; how tyrants must tremble at the idea of such a festival!' Himself sincere, around and behind him the other aspect of the Revolution, full of silent antipathy and revolt, lay hidden, or began to show itself in murmurs and sarcasms, soon to display itself fully with fatal effect. The Supreme Being had, in truth, judged him, and with his great festival began his rapid downfall. With him fell the Jacobin *par excellence*, the orthodox true believer without spot or suspicion of heresy or schism, who, without delay, precipitation, or indulgence, advanced along the straight and narrow road bordered by abysses, which could alone lead to safety, since, as there is but one reason, there can be but one path.

Such being the Revolution as displayed in the notorious triad of its chiefs, let us now glance at the doctrine propagated—the essential principles of Jacobinism. They were those of Rousseau, which had a singular fascination when first promulgated, and which, owing to an ambiguity which allows them to be accepted in two widely different senses, not only retain that fascination for many persons, but, as we lately indicated,\* are even regaining influence amongst us. On this latter account it may be well briefly to point out, that no men are more eager than are Conservative politicians to maintain that there are sacred 'rights of man,' and to promote the only possible 'equality.' For 'rights' are but the correlatives of 'duties,' freedom to perform which only atheistic systems can deny. Every social system also must exist by some sort of tacit compact of its members, a compact tending to become more explicit as their education and political activity increase. Finally, the wish that good things should be as widely diffused, and evil influences as much restricted as possible, is that aspiration for 'equality' in which all good men may share. It is almost needless to say that the Jacobin view of these principles was widely different, and implied the sacrifice of the

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\* See the 'Quarterly Review' for April 1885, p. 281.

freedom and welfare of the *real* men and women of a nation to an abstract *ideal*. The reasonable maxim, that the minority should yield to the majority in *many* things, became transformed in practice into the absurdity of trying to make a real, concrete whole yield to an ideal, abstract whole in *all* things.

But the attractiveness of Rousseau's principles for the French in 1789 was partly owing to their not being really new, but only a new embodiment of ideas current under the old Monarchy.\* Moreover their effects would have been comparatively harmless had not those whose duty it was to maintain order been unfitted for their task, as they had never been before, by that softness of manners and sensibility, of which we have before spoken, and by the then generally accepted belief in the virtue of man fresh from the 'hand of nature and unsophisticated by culture and civilization.' Moreover this very refinement of the times had made men doubly sensible to whatever was galling in privileges which had come to be both more than ever divorced from duties, and more diffused amongst persons with no traditional claim to reverence; seeing that a successful tradesman, by buying some paltry sinecure, could get himself enrolled amongst the privileged orders. The decay of religion also, with the influence of philosophy and the effects of the late King's vices, all, as every one knows, concurred to help on the movement towards the triumph of Jacobinism.

Now Jacobinism essentially consists in the advocacy of certain *à priori* principles of one order, regardless of the, possibly conflicting, claims of principles belonging to other orders. It resembles the advocacy of political economy regardless of physiology, or of physiology regardless of ethics. Jacobinism demands of every citizen the entire alienation to 'the State' of all his rights and possessions, each man yielding himself up entirely, and without any reserve whatever. Thenceforward nothing that he had or was, is to be any longer his own, and whatever he may have, he is to hold by favour of a concession always revocable. His person and powers, no less than his goods, are to be public property. He is to become a functionary entrusted, during the State's pleasure, with the administration of the property which was once his own. How thoroughly and universally these principles were accepted is shown by the completeness with which they were acted on.

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\* As we have before said (in the 'Quarterly Review' for April 1885, pp. 283, 284): 'The despotic sovereign of the *Contrat Social*, the all-powerful community, is an inverted copy of the King of France invested with an authority claimed for him by his courtiers and by the most courtly of his lawyers.' 'The Omnipotent democracy is the King proprietor, the lord of men's fortunes and persons; but it is the French King turned upside down.'

They were carried out with that often boasted but extremely absurd logical completeness which is so often to be found on the other side of the Channel.

After the confiscation of the Church property—worth about four milliards of francs—came that of the *émigrés*,\* worth about three milliards more. Then came that of the guillotined and transported, probably to be estimated by hundreds of millions of francs. Then came a like sum from the sequestration of the goods of the ‘suspected,’ and so on. The property taken from the hospitals and other charitable institutions amounted to eight hundred millions of francs; and besides this there was that of industrial institutions, schools and colleges, libraries and scientific societies. Finally there was the property which had been granted by the Kings of the three hundred years preceding, and which was then reclaimed and taken. Thus three-fifths of the soil of France passed into the hands of the revolutionists; by far the richest three-fifths, including, as it did, so many palaces, abbeys and chateaux, with rich furniture, plate, pictures, and the art collections of centuries, to say nothing of money and securities for money.

Besides all this, the Government, by its rights of ‘pre-emption’ and ‘requisition’ became for a time practically the proprietor of all that commerce, manufacture, and agriculture, could produce or import. At last, for greater convenience, produce was taken at its place of production—corn and fodder at the farm, cattle at the breeder’s, wine at the vineyard, hides at the butcher’s, leather at the tanner’s; soap, sugar, cloth, &c., at the manufacturer’s. Carriages and horses were seized in the streets or in the stable; cooking-utensils were taken for copper, beds, clothes, and even shirts from their owners. In one day ten thousand persons were deprived of their shoes in a single city.† ‘In public need,’ says the representative Isoré, ‘everything belongs to the people, nothing to the individual.’ And persons were as little respected as property. Almost a million of men—all between eighteen and twenty-five years of age—were enrolled in the army at once. Any one failing to answer the call was liable at first to a punishment of ten years in irons, confiscation of goods, or the punishment of his relations in his place. Afterwards he incurred the penalty of being ranked as an *émigré*, condemned to death, and his father and mother treated as ‘suspected,’ imprisoned, and their property sequestered. But civil needs are not less imperative than military

\* Mallet-du-Pan (*‘Mémoires,’* ii. p. 17) tells us of 12,000 *émigrés* whose goods were confiscated in Marseilles alone.

† Taine, p. 74.

wants, and a forced labour was exacted of artizans, and contributions from every kind of tradesman. Sentiments even were requisitioned—or at least their simulation. Mothers were required to bring their daughters to the popular fêtes, and not to grudge their exhibition in patriotic processions, mounted on chariots, in antique costumes. Even marriage was a subject of requisition, and rich ‘citoyennes’ were forced to marry poor patriots.\* The young mind was also ordered to be brought up in orthodoxy, and children were forcibly submitted to an education befitting young citizens. The Government was pedagogic, philanthropic, theological and ethical, no less than military and political. Even men’s feelings were to be controlled, and not only opponents, but those reckoned as indifferent, moderate, or egotistical, were taxed, imprisoned, or guillotined. And all this was not by any means to be considered as arbitrary government. The State was omnipotent for the very purpose of regenerating mankind, and the same theory which conferred its rights also prescribed its end. The prodigious task which it was proposed to accomplish was expressly stated by Billaud-Varennes : † ‘It is necessary to, as it were, *recreate* the people whom we desire to make free, since we must destroy old prejudices, change venerable customs, elevate depraved affections, restrain superfluous wants, and extirpate inveterate vices.’ Saint-Just exclaimed : ‘When once I become convinced that it is impossible to reform the morals of the French people, the dagger shall end my days. . . . Either I will make patriots of them, or they or I shall die;’ while Baudot and Carrier declared : ‘Rather will we make France one vast cemetery than fail to regenerate it according to our convictions.’

Accordingly sanguinary repressive measures were decreed against farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers, who raised the price of their goods, as the market price tended to rise through the increasing scarcity of produce. Such ‘legal brigandage’ was not to be tolerated, and ‘forestalling’ was made a capital offence. It was death to the merchant who did not offer his stores for sale daily; death to him who kept more bread than his subsistence needed; death to the agriculturist who did not bring in his grain to the weekly market; and death to the shopkeeper who closed his shop. The prices of all articles needed for food, warmth, or clothing, were fixed by authority, and not only those who took more, but also those who offered more, must go to prison. If, owing to this fixed maximum price, the dealer abandoned a calling which only brought him

\* Page 77.

† Page 79.



loss, he became a 'suspected' citizen. Thus farmers, merchants, shopkeepers, and even artisans, became but clerks of a State which was rapidly becoming the only proprietor, capitalist, manufacturer, merchant, or shopkeeper, assigning to each citizen his task according to his estimated capacity.

The first steps in this direction were indeed taken by the Constituent Assembly itself, which dissolved all those traditional, historical groups in which the French people had naturally arranged themselves—provinces, nobility, clergy, parliaments, trade-corporations. The suppression of parishes, literary and scientific societies, agricultural, commercial, and charitable associations, were but so many further steps along the same road. All local attachments and organizations were attacked, and centralization more and more enforced, with the intention that the whole people should be united but by one tie. The official religion, with its decades for weeks and its inane festivals, was enforced, and children were not only to be taught its catechism, but brought up in all respects according to a Spartan ideal. Thus, according to Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, boys from five to twelve, and girls from five to eleven, were to be educated together in State schools, with similar clothes, food, and teaching. Saint-Just desired that all lads from five to sixteen should be dressed alike, in cotton, at all seasons of the year, sleeping for eight hours, and nourished with bread, roots, fruits, vegetables, water, and milk, and should only eat meat when their military and agricultural education began. A select few were to be enrolled in a special band, carefully guarded, fed on black bread and lard, with oil and vinegar, and formed in frugality, fraternity, morality, the love of country, and the hatred of kings.

Bakers were forbidden to make more than one kind of bread, 'the bread of equality,' and each citizen was to receive his ration in turn. On festival days every one was to take his provisions down into the street, and there dine with his neighbours, and on each *décadi*, all were to assemble with festivity in the temples of the Supreme Being. Women had to mount the tricolor, and men to wear long hair, moustaches, a red cap, and wooden shoes. A rude familiarity replaced the old monarchical politeness, and all were to address each other as comrades.\* In a word, to ensure the welfare and happiness of the French

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\* 'Sois grossière, pour devenir républicaine; redeviens sauvage pour montrer la supériorité de ton génie; quitte les usages d'un peuple civilisé, pour prendre ceux des galériens; défigure ta langue, pour l'élever; parle comme la populace sous peine de mort . . . deviens sotte, et prouve ton civisme par l'absence de toute éducation.'—Mallet-du-Pan, *Mémoires*, ii. 498.

people they were subjected to a despotism more complete and universal than any which the world had previously experienced.

As M. Taine well says,\* if there have been some other despotisms which have been nearly as oppressive, there was never one so unutterably stupid, there was never one which not only tried to raise so crushing a weight with so short a lever, but also went on augmenting the weight, while continually shortening the lever wherewith it tried to raise it. When Philip II. burnt heretics and Jews, and Louis XIV. converted Huguenots by his Dragonnades, those tyrants at least oppressed but a small minority of their subjects, and were supported by the vast majority. Frederick II. by his endless wars caused the death of about a sixth of his male subjects; but at least these were serfs, the citizens escaped the conscription while justice was administered and great intellectual freedom prevailed, even fly-sheets against himself having a free sale in Berlin. Peter the Great, whip in hand, made his Muscovite bears dance to European tunes, but he remained the chief of their religion, and neither their traditional habits nor their communal rights were interfered with. Even the Caliph—a Mahomet or an Omar—whether brutal Turk or fanatical Arab, not only allowed his conquered Christians, in consideration of a certain sum of money, freedom to practise their religion, but State countenance and support for it, sustaining the jurisdiction of their patriarchs and other head men, with freedom of association for their convents and schools. Thus whatever tyranny had previously existed, it had only been pushed to a certain point or exercised over a small minority, so that however unjustifiable and pernicious, it was not manifestly absurd.

The Jacobin tyranny, however, continually added fresh multitudes to those already persecuted, while at the same time it alienated greater and greater numbers of those who had supported the system in its earlier stages. At first it had contented itself with attacking the venerable Church and the effete, monarchical State, but ultimately it attacked all religion, all property, and family life, at their very foundations. During the first few years of its power it was content to destroy, and its work was then comparatively easy; but when the time came to build, then the magnitude of the task and the insignificance of the means became apparent. When it began the attempt to impose a new religion, new sentiments and manners, Spartan rigour and the universal police regulation of the whole of life, every step that it advanced was a harder task, and raised up a greater and greater host of silent enemies. In its early days it

\* Page 149.

had against it only a large section of the clergy, and of the nobility of sword and gown, but, by degrees, all men imbued with a love of European civilization, class after class, and ultimately even the greater part of the revolutionists themselves, became its secret opponents, the latter finding at last that they also had to bear what they had only thought of inflicting, and much disliked the strait-waistcoat which they only approved of as applied to their neighbours.

Finally, Couthon, Saint-Just, Billaud, Collot, and Robespierre had about them (with a few exceptions like Carnot) only narrow-minded sectaries unable to see the stupidity of their effort, and too fanatical to shrink from its inevitable horrors—a set of men whose incompetence equalled their ambition, and whose consciences were perverted by sophistry and vanity, or destroyed by the prolonged impunity of crime. They were thus necessarily reduced to but one mode of government—Terror—and they were therefore forced more and more to parade its terrible instrument, for the full force of its effect on the imagination could only be maintained by an exaggerated use of it, owing to the tendency of habit to accustom the mind to any stimulus. As a negro chief, if he desires that all should prostrate themselves before him, must be attended by his headsmen and kill arbitrarily, suddenly, on suspicion, and at will, the innocent with the guilty; so it was with the Jacobin in power. He was lost, if he relaxed the tension of his rule. Thus it is, that the natural leaders of such a movement are marked out from the first. They must be theorists who can seize its principles, and who are logical enough to carry them out, while remaining stupid enough not to understand that their task exceeds all human power. They must feel that brutal force is their only weapon, and be inhuman enough to apply it without scruple or reserve, and be prodigal of life to strike the indispensable terror.

But severe as were the trials of those whom the Revolution directly attacked, it has generally been believed that not only were great benefits\* conferred by it on the mass of the nation, but that also the lower and lowest classes were exempt from the sufferings which befel their social superiors. M. Taine, however, brings before us abundant evidence that this is a mistaken view. If, as is generally supposed, the 'people' under the

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\* The class which benefited most from the Revolution were those agriculturists and small peasant proprietors who had succeeded in hiding away their coin during the full force of the Revolution, and who, when it began to abate and assignats became greatly depreciated, brought out their stores and bought land at incredibly low prices. See Lord Malmesbury's 'Diary,' vol. iii. p. 290, 2nd October, 1796.

*ancien régime* were chastised with whips, he shows us that the revolutionary *régime* chastised them with scorpions.

The absurd laws against forestalling, and that fixing a maximum for selling prices, brought the nation almost face to face with positive famine. In 1793, Collot d'Herbois wrote \* from Lyons: 'We have not enough food left for two days, our situation is desperate, we are on the verge of famine.' At Cahors, in spite of requisitions, Taillefer was forced to declare that 'the people have for a week past had to eat bread but a fifth part of which was made of wheat.' An agent writing from Tarbes said: 'On the day after the festival held to commemorate *the death of the tyrant*, there was absolutely no bread.' At Rouen and Bordeaux the inhabitants had allowed them daily but a quarter of a pound of bread each. Crowds were lying down at night outside the bakers' shops, in order to buy in the morning wretched bread, for which they had to pay very dear, and this, indeed, they could not always obtain. Many peasants did not taste bread for a fortnight together, and gave up work.† One writer declares: 'I myself have been eight days without bread. I should not mind that if I could only get potatoes, but there are none.' Five months later the distress still continued, and it only ended when the Reign of Terror ended. Tallien himself admitted‡ that in the district of Cadillac the most absolute scarcity reigned (the country people quarrelling over grass for food), and that he himself had been forced to eat couch-grass. The same misery extended far and wide. In Le Cher we read: 'the butchers no longer slaughter, and the shops are empty;' and that 'in L'Allier, the markets are deserted, the public-houses shut up, and every kind of food, including vegetables, has disappeared, the starving people for the most part being as submissive as dejected.' Only Paris was turbulent, and so the rest of France was sacrificed to it. Not only did the Government spend in feeding it two millions of francs each week, but whole regions were devastated for its exclusive benefit. Armed revolutionary bands were appointed to collect the requisitioned food, and with the prospect of the prison and the guillotine before them, and by the help of the maximum, six of the departments were forced to supply it with corn, and twenty-six with pork.

During the fourteen months of the revolutionary government, tumultuous crowds besieged the doors of every butcher, grocer,

\* Taine, p. 493.

† 'Archives des Affaires étrangères,' vols. 331 and 332; 'Letters of Desgranges from the 3rd to the 8th Brumaire and from the 3rd to the 10th Frimaire.'

‡ 'Moniteur,' xix. 671.

poulterer, and greengrocer, as well as the stores of fuel. The crowd extended from a grocer's door of the Petit Carreau, half-way down the Rue Montorgueil. These files, or 'queues,' began to form at midnight, the wretched men and women lying down when it was fine, but often obliged to stand shivering for hours with their clothes soaked with wet or their feet in snow, and this in streets both dark and filthy beyond expression, as the existing poverty no longer afforded means to pay for the sweeping of the streets or the lighting of more than half the lamps. Nor did hideous moral evils fail to accompany so much physical misery. The most horrible and debasing depravity showed itself without shame or disguise before the eyes of half-starved wives and daughters, who were forced to stand their ground or go empty away. And empty they often had to go, after standing their ground. When the hour came for the meat to be carried in by a backway, all the best portions were reserved for various categories of citizens, including the pachas of the quarter. The wretched people who wait know that what is left will be insufficient, and with this dread before them there arise cries and struggles till, all at once, the queue is broken, then blows are freely given, and oaths resound on all sides; children are overthrown, food is snatched from the hands of the weak, and force alone decides the contest, which is indeed a struggle for existence. Elsewhere impatient, famished women, more emotional and violent than the men, throw themselves on the carts as they are driven to the market, and the ground becomes strewed with eggs, butter, or vegetables, amidst the struggling women, who half suffocate each other in their eagerness for food. The report of one of the superintendents is thus expressed: 'This morning the people of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine sallied out on the Vincennes road and pillaged the convoys coming to Paris. Some paid for what they took, others carried off produce without paying anything. The peasants swear they will not bring in another thing, and the scarcity is made greater by the efforts of each one to save himself from it.' But it is almost in vain that the authorities try to force food into Paris in order to sell it there at a price below its real value. Naturally all the mayors and other village authorities are loath to starve their own surroundings, and the agents of the Government are bribed or cheated, so that often but half quantities of damaged corn are sent in. Moreover, when the food has come inside, naturally, bread which, thanks to the State, costs but three sous in Paris, finds its way surreptitiously to the suburbs, where it sells for six sous; and so with other goods. Naturally also those who have power use it to

increase

increase their own store first. Thus by this doubly vicious system not only is Paris badly fed, but those of its inhabitants, for whose benefit all this violence is employed, get but a small portion, and that by far the worst. In 1793, women remained for six hours in file in the Place Maubert without obtaining a quarter of a pound of bread. Many people complained of not having tasted meat for a fortnight. Of 2000 women who attended the market to get a share of haricot beans, only 600 could obtain any. Flour and peas trebled in price, and people had to go to bed at sundown from scarcity of candles. Sick women and others with children in arms had to remain in the snow at night for hours in the Rue Vivienne and on the Pont Royal, begging alms of passers-by, with cries and tears, the image of despair.

But the Jacobins said, that all this was only due to the imperfect execution of the decrees against forestalling and establishing the maximum, and to the egoism of the producers and the cupidity of the distributors who, on account of this imperfect execution, were not enough restrained by fear. Thereupon all the engines of terror, fines, the prison, the scaffold, must be brought to bear with increased energy against all kinds of free trade, and especially against that of labourers and farmers. Even in April, 1794,\* these latter were to be seen in troops on their road to prison. It was impossible to make them understand that their harvests were the property of the nation, and that they were but trustees. It became necessary to remove them out of the way of temptation, and to make the State not only the one owner but also the one distributor of grain. The Committee of Public Safety therefore placed in requisition all grain throughout the Republic.† In the provinces, Paganel in Tarn, and Dartigoyte in Gers and the Haute-Garonne, ordered each Commune to establish a public granary, where each citizen was to put all his grain of every kind, and no one was to retain in his house more than 50 lbs. of corn or flour per head for a month's provision. The municipalities were to deliver out rations of food, and to take care that all vegetables were economically distributed as they became fit for use, always at the price of the maximum, and if any one should try to sell his at a higher price he was to be summoned before a special criminal tribunal. Maignet, in the departments of Vaucluse and the Bouches-du-Rhône, ordered every munici-

\* 'Un Séjour en France,' 22 April, 1794.

† 'Archives Nationales,' A. F. ii. 68 (Arrêt du Comité de Salut public 28 prairial, Le prix maximum de l'avoine est de 14 francs le quintal; après le 30 messidor, il ne sera plus que 11 francs).

pality to make two lists, one of labourers and the other of proprietors, so that the latter might have assigned to them, on demand, such hands as they might require. Two years in irons and the pillory were ordered for every labourer who failed to get himself put on the list, or who asked a higher price for his labour than that fixed for him by the authorities. Two years in irons, and a fine of 300 livres, were also ordered for every proprietor who should employ a labourer whose name was not on the list, or who should pay a wage above the prescribed maximum. Thus the people had indeed attained to an era of liberty and freedom! According to M. Taine, we have a farmer lamenting his woes as follows:—

‘In Messidor they took all my grain of last year at a price of 14 francs in assignats, and in Thermidor they will take this year’s at 11 francs. At that price I shall sow no more, since my horses are taken away for the army. To raise more corn and rye than I want for my own use is a mere loss; better to leave my land fallow. They have requisitioned my pigs of three months old, so I have killed and salted them beforehand, but they will very likely requisition that provision. The new eat-everythings are worse than the former ones. Another six months and we shall all starve! We had better cross our arms at once and go to prison, there at least we shall be fed.’—Page 511.

And they did go to prison by thousands, and Lindet,\* at the head of the committee of supply, found with dismay that land was no longer under cultivation, cattle were no longer bred, and it appeared certain that France the following year would have nothing to eat. ‘Many cultivators,’ wrote Dartigoyte,† ‘show an inconceivable indifference with respect to the wonderful harvest which is to be expected. One must see to believe how the corn is neglected and smothered with weeds.’ And these were French peasants, so proverbially devoted to their farms. Four simultaneous happy accidents alone saved France from famine at the eleventh hour. These were: (1) the weather was extraordinarily mild, so that vegetables were ready in April and May, and the harvest was wonderful; (2) 116 ships laden with grain from America arrived safely at Brest on the 8th of June, 1794, having eluded the English fleet, which might easily have dispersed or destroyed the French ships; (3) the Republican armies had invaded other states, and were now supported at the expense of the countries they had invaded; and (4) by a piece of supreme good fortune, Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, the Paris Commune, and the Jacobins,

\* ‘Moniteur,’ XXII. 21 (Discours de Lindet), 20 Sept. 1794.

† A. F., il. 106, Circulaire de Dartigoyte, 25 floréal.

who were really faithful to their principles, were guillotined on the 28th of July. From that time the law of the maximum ceased to be enforced, and the Convention abolished it in December. Then the producers at once began to sell freely at two prices, according to whether they were paid in cash or in assignats. This change, which was in many respects a great amelioration, was nevertheless a new source of misery to the unhappy poor. In fact, as soon as the guillotine began to be less active, the assignats (which was the only money possessed by the great majority of the people) began to shrink and vanish in their hands, losing that fictitious value which force alone had enabled it to maintain. Thus, as early as August 1794, the value of assignats had fallen 66 per cent, 72 in October, 78 in December, and 81 in January 1795. From that time the fall went on yet more rapidly, owing to the reckless emission of paper money by the Government to keep pace with the rapid depreciation in the value of the paper. First a milliard of francs was issued, then a milliard and a half, and finally two milliards a month! Of course this only occasioned a still further decrease in the value of the Government notes. Thus in June 1795, a single louis d'or was worth 205 francs in assignats, 400 in July, 1000 in June, 1700 in October, 2850 on November 13th, and 3000 on November 21st, while six months later it was worth no less than 19,000. On the other hand, an assignat of the nominal value of 100 francs sold for 4 francs in June 1795, for 3 francs in August, for 15 sous at the end of November, and finally for 5 sous. Of course the price of food rose simultaneously in proportion. On the 2nd of January, 1796, one pound of lard cost 50 francs in assignats, a pound of meat 60 francs, a pound of candles 180 francs, and a bottle of wine 100 francs. It is almost impossible for us now to realize in imagination the distress which then overtook those unhappy persons who had to live on pensions and fixed incomes. France contained millions of famishing people, especially in the departments which produced little grain. A municipality of the Seine-et-Marne wrote:—

‘Since the last fortnight at least two hundred citizens of our commune are without bread, corn or flour, and they have been living on bran and vegetables. We see children starving, because neither mothers nor wet-nurses can maintain a sufficient supply of natural nourishment for them.’—‘Archives Nationales,’ A. F., ii. 171.

A like misery existed in all the Isle-de-France, in Picardy, and in Normandy. In the neighbourhood of Dieppe whole communes lived on bran and herbs. At Caen, mothers and children had to be driven by force from the fields of peas and other



other vegetables, which hunger led them to pillage. The Commissary of Laon declared that for the past two or three months whole communes had been without bread, and lived on whatever vegetable substances they could manage to obtain. Mothers of families, old men, and pregnant women, often fell down fainting whilst begging for bread from the Directory. But matters were still worse in the towns than in the country. At Montreuil, two hundred citizens were obliged to wander forth into the country to beg for food, while bands of brigands pillaged on all sides. 'Quite lately,' wrote \* the Syndic of St. Germain, 'the dead body of the father of a family was found in the fields with his mouth full of grass.' At Boulogne-sur-Mer it was only possible to distribute two pounds of bad barley per head, as provision for ten days. At Brienne, out of 1660 inhabitants, 1360 were reduced to live each on a pittance of from three to eight ounces of corn, doled out weekly. At Caen the people lived on barley bread mixed with ox's blood. At Amiens, 20,000 needy souls were nominally allowed half-a-pound, often practically reduced to four ounces, and this was the case six months after Fructidor, so that the distress which we now depict, and which was subsequent to the Reign of Terror, was certainly not less than that which we before described during it. Disorders naturally arose. Bread riots took place at Evreux, Dieppe, Vervins, Lille, and many other places. Violence indeed abounded on all sides, and the butt end of the musket was freely used. Such musket blows were needed to teach the peasant patriotism, and the townsmen had to be taught patriotism by blows also. Everywhere physical constraint was freely exercised in the name of 'the people,' and everywhere the real, breathing individual had to groan beneath a tyranny exercised in the name of an ideal 'State.' The men themselves who exercised the central power of this ideal State had one great anxiety, that of preserving from famine the seat of the Government. Everything that the most absolute and arbitrary power could do to effect this was, as has already been suggested, done. Military posts surrounded the city and patrolled the roads for fifty miles around it. The men who ruled felt that, to save themselves, Paris must be fed, no matter at what price, no matter who might suffer. It soon cost the State 546 million francs a-month. Under the old Government, Paris, although overgrown, yet had its utility. If it absorbed a great deal, it produced a great deal, and instead of living upon the rest of the country, it paid seventy-seven millions of francs into the public

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\* 'Archives Nationales,' A. F., ii. 70.

treasury. Under the new Government, however, it became a monstrous ulcer on the heart of France, an insatiable parasite, which by its six hundred thousand suckers absorbed all nourishment for a hundred and twenty miles around, and, while devouring every month the whole annual revenue of the State, still remained famished and unappeased. Those who had now come to suffer in the most extreme degree were the lowest of the people, the very insurgents who had again and again urged on the mad Jacobin terror, as well as the far greater mass of miserable people who had had no hand or part in it.\* 'How many times,' says a Swiss traveller† who was in Paris at the end of 1795, 'have I not seen men who had fallen from weakness, without strength to rise again?' We read of no less than seven wretched people falling down in one street through starvation, and of a woman fighting with a dog for a bone. Meanwhile those at the head of the Government were in very different case. 'Towards ten o'clock,' M. Taine tells us,‡ Cambacères, the President—destined later on to be the Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, and renowned for his gastronomic inventions and other more exceptionable tastes—might be seen in the pavilion of Equality, seated before an ample *pot au feu*, with white bread and good wine. From twelve to two his colleagues arrived, fed, and went to their various occupations. Meanwhile Roux, the President of the Committee of Food and Supply—an unfrocked Benedictine, afterwards a Terrorist, and subsequently an *employé* of Fouché—continued at intervals to harangue the crowds of wretched women who besieged the office, begging for bread. Towards nine or ten at night, the Committee of Public Safety assembled again. After more or less prolonged discussion, amicable gaiety ensued; jaws worked, champagne flowed, and jokes went round amongst those who thought little enough of the millions of empty stomachs amongst 'the people,' who were nominally their masters, but really their abject slaves.

If such evils were wrought in the name of Liberty in France itself, it is no wonder that dire calamities everywhere followed the footsteps of the 'liberating' armies which overflowed from France into the surrounding countries. Everywhere we find the same contrast between the 'nominal' and the 'real'; the same grandiloquent phrases served to screen the same crimes, and systematic brigandage invariably followed the proclamation of liberty. The sanguinary farce which had been first played in Paris was repeated in Flanders, Holland, Germany, and

\* 'Taine,' pp. 537 and 539.

† Meisaner, 'Voyage à Paris,' p. 132.

‡ Page 548.

Italy, and always ended with the same transformation scene—a shower of blows to force individuals and corporate bodies to yield up their last coins. The piece generally began with an insurrection, fomented by the nearest French general, whose agents were those discontented souls who are to be found everywhere—the Jacobins of the place. In the eyes of the French representatives these Jacobins were ‘the people,’ even if they were but a handful, and of the worst kind. Then followed a command that they must not be repressed or punished, after which a French intervention upset the traditional government, whether Royal, Aristocratic, or Municipal. Next, a copy of the French system was instituted and sustained by French bayonets, and a subject-republic, with the title of ‘ally,’ was made to pass anti-Christian and levelling laws copied from those of Paris. Then the mushroom legislative body was ‘purged’ and ‘purged’ again, till it was sufficiently filled with servile tools. The army of the subject state was next added to that of France, and thus 20,000 Swiss were levied to fight against Switzerland and its friends. Belgium was subjected to the conscription, and oppressed and wounded in its national and religious sentiments, till there arose half-a-dozen local rebellions (like that of La Vendée) in Belgium, Switzerland, Piedmont, Venetia, Lombardy, Rome, and Naples, to repress which fire and sword were freely used, and, above all, pillage. Thus General Lorge brought away (as we learn from Mallet-du-Pan) 165,000 livres pillaged from Sion; Brune, 300,000 from Berne, and Rampen and Pijou 216,000 each. General Duhem, in Brisgau, contented himself with 100 florins daily. Masséna, on his entry into Milan at eleven o’clock at night, seized in four hours, without any inventory, the moneys of all the convents, confraternities, hospitals and pawnbrokers. Altogether, that night brought him in 1,200,000 livres.\* It may be estimated that the French Jacobins took a total of 655 millions of francs from Belgium, Holland, Germany and Italy in hard cash. In jewels, gold and silver work, and movable property of all kinds, 666 millions; and in lands and possessions of the clergy and corporations, and of fugitives and opponents, 700 millions more, or about two milliards in all in the course of three years. To replace the multitudes slain in effecting such plunder, other multitudes were required, and in October 1798, 200,000 more youths were called out. No wonder the Belgian youths revolted, with their motto, ‘Better to die at home than abroad.’ But it was in vain; they were brought in with hands bound, or,

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\* Mallet-du-Pan, ‘*Mercur*e Britannique,’ February 10, 1799.

if they escaped, their relations had to smart for it, and the conscripts themselves were shot if taken, and the property of their relations sequestrated.\* Thus the vile Directory gained either way. If it lost soldiers, it grasped money in their place, and in fact it filled both its coffers and the army list, and was enabled to pillage Europe by squandering French lives at will. A hundred thousand such lives were needed yearly, and thus, together with those sacrificed by the Convention, a mortality of nine hundred thousand was caused in eight years. And all this was for the profit of the five Directors and their creatures. Well may M. Taine say: † 'I do not believe that any civilized nation ever before made such a sacrifice for such an object: a remnant of a discredited sect; a few hundred declaimers who no longer believed in the dogma they preached; usurpers as much despised as detested;‡ chance survivors carried upwards by the blind waves of revolution, not through any merit of theirs, but because their emptiness gave them little weight.' These were the wretches who strangled France to make her free, and drew her life-blood to give her strength; who conquered the people under the pretence of freeing them, plundered them under the pretence of regenerating them; and who, from Brest to Lucerne, and from Amsterdam to Naples, robbed and murdered systematically in order to obtain the means of perpetuating their incoherent, stupid, and corrupt rule.

The natural and inevitable end of such a system came, as we all know, through the means it was forced to make use of as the only support of its power—that is to say, the army. The advent of that inevitable end had been facilitated by the illegal acts of the chiefs of the State themselves, and the democratic revolts they induced against even the incipient order which was beginning legally and peacefully to arise after the cessation of the Terror.§ These prepared the way for the final and decisive military revolt. The *coups d'état* of the 18 Fructidor, year V., of the 22 Floréal, year VI., and of the 30 Prairial, year VII.,|| naturally led up to the not more illegal *coup d'état* of the

\* Decrees of the 19 Fructidor, year VI., and of the 27 Vendémiaire year VII.

† Page 620.

‡ Lord Malmesbury's 'Diary,' ii. p. 164, July 14, 1799, shows the aversion of the people for the laws of the Republic.

§ Lord Malmesbury testifies (ii. p. 544, Sept. 9, 1797) to the arrest of the best men by the Directory—men not Royalists, but who wished to limit the Directory's solitary power. He also witnesses (iii. p. 541) to the bad effect of one of the Directory's *coups d'état* which destroyed the hope of peace then nearly concluded; as also (p. 599) to the horror manifested at Lille at the prospect of a revival of the Terror after the *coup d'état*. Mallet-du-Pan also recounts ('Correspondance inédite avec la Cour de Vienne,' i. 253) the distress occasioned to all classes by the conduct of the Directory and its *coups d'état*.

|| Taine, pp. 588; 624 and 625.

18 Brumaire, *i.e.* the 9th of November, 1799, by which Napoleon put an end to Republican Jacobinism, to the advantage of Democratic Imperialism.

When Napoleon came upon the scene, the Revolution had all but dissolved the French nation. All the various bodies, which had constituted the tissues, organs, and systems of organs of the social body, had been destroyed and reduced to their component millions of isolated atoms. It was as impossible for such a mass of incoherent units to reconstitute a stable state, as for the dust or mud of Paris to form itself into Notre Dame. Only two great bodies remained with their old spirit of union and strong internal cohesion. These were the Army and the Clergy, but the latter were persecuted, and had become almost socially impotent. As to the Army, in spite of the violences perpetrated by its generals abroad, loyalty, submission, obedience, discipline, attachment, and fidelity, were still to be found within its own body. Those strong and healthy sentiments, which unite together human wills in a bond of mutual sympathy, confidence, and esteem, namely, frank comradeship and familiar gaiety such as the French love, were generally diffused in it. These soldiers were but skin-deep republicans, and thought it natural and proper enough that the whole nation should be subjected to that sort of discipline, with which they were familiar, and which they thought good for themselves. Naturally enough they gave a hearty aid to their recognized chief in his efforts to establish a rule, which he declared was founded on an alliance between philosophy and the sword. By 'philosophy,' men then understood the application of abstract principles to politics, and the constitution of a state on a uniform pattern according to certain simple general notions. The pattern might be anarchical, as that of the Jacobins, or else despotic; and naturally the second was chosen by Napoleon. As a practical man, he began to build a structure, every detail of which implied and promoted the omnipotence of the State. The Government became omnipresent. Local and voluntary initiative was everywhere suppressed, the action of all that smacked of hereditary authority was impeded, and those sentiments by which the individual seeks to live in the past and the future were in every possible way discouraged. Never was a more excellent barrack constructed, more symmetrical, more attractive to the vulgar, more satisfying to the superficial mind, more convenient to narrow egotism, more calculated to discipline the vicious and to corrupt the really noble, than that philosophic barrack in which, M. Taine says, the French nation has now dwelt for eighty years.

But the tendency to a recrudescence of Jacobinism is clear

in France, and a tendency to favour excessive State action and interference is clear amongst English Radicals. Nevertheless Jacobinism is essentially retrograde, and is, in fact, a reversion towards a type of slavery from which Christian civilization has set us free. In ancient Rome and Sparta, which Jacobins take for their models, there were two supreme anxieties: the due propitiation of the Immortal Gods, and adequate protection during what was an incessant state of war. In such a condition of things arbitrary power was a necessity, and no conduct of any citizen was exempt from claims requisite for the protection of the city by Divine and human arms. Individual morality, apart from devotion to the State, had no existence. But with the advent of Christianity, not only the external circumstances, but the mental groundwork of them, became changed, and two ideas are now generally diffused which were before unknown—those of *conscience* and *honour*.

Alone and in the presence of God, the Christian finds all the bonds, by which the citizen of the ancient state was bound, dissolve like wax before the fire. He is bound indeed by duty to his friends, his fellow-citizens, and his temporal rulers; but such duty reposes ultimately and supremely on his individual duty, as a reasonable soul, to his God. Before that awful, Divine tribunal he must stand alone to answer individually for his acts, and no community of citizenship can save him from their consequences. Patriotism has gained an infinitely higher sanction by abdicating its absolute and supreme control.

The sentiment of honour also, as often yet more practically effective, is not less socially precious. Its history is inseparable from that of bygone Christian ages. In his castle, at the head of his retainers, the early feudal chief had only himself to look to for support, for the arm of the law was powerless. In such a world of armed anarchy, he who tolerated the least encroachment on his rights, or who allowed to go unpunished a semblance of insult, showed weakness or cowardice, and quickly became the prey of his stronger and bolder neighbours. He was bound to be proud, under pain of death. Pride also was natural to a man who ruled over a domain in which he had no equal. His own person and all that belonged to him was sacred in his eyes, and with this sentiment of self-respect, arose that of 'honour'—a generous self-respect which forbade base actions to the noble. Of course there were many individual exceptions; of course vanity and folly often led to the placing of the point of honour elsewhere than where it should have been placed. Nevertheless, broadly speaking, the sentiment thus generated was of prodigious efficacy, and as age succeeded age, it preserved the

the dignity of the nobility even under the most absolute sovereigns. The tradition has descended, modified, ameliorated and softened, from the old feudal baron to the modern gentleman, ever broadening and extending its beneficent influence till, in our own day, the citizen, the artizan, and the peasant (as may be seen especially in Spain) has his point of honour—his nobility. Each man now has at the least his own moral castle, wherein his beliefs, his opinions, his sentiments, and his affections are sacred and inviolable. He is lord of a very sacred if very small domain, which honour bids him defend against every possible aggressor.

These two ideas, conscience and honour, reign supreme in the moral world of Europe. The first teaches each individual his duties, from which no State command can absolve him; the other reveals to him his rights, of which no one may justly deprive him. These are, as M. Taine truly says, the two roots of modern civilization, and through them it flourishes. The modern European is what he is, because of a long past of Christian education, which has made his conscience a sanctuary, and through a long past of knightly chivalry, which has constituted his home his castle, a castle which Radicalism and Jacobinism would summon him to surrender, nominally to an abstract ideal, but really to a few unscrupulous demagogues. It is a fact, that in no political system is it so necessary to restrict the powers of the Government, as in a democratic State. To its representatives should be accorded the minimum of confidence and power; and conscience and honour should be specially kept on guard against their encroachments, for with every extension of the suffrage, we necessarily have fewer and fewer guarantees for the competence and discretion of our rulers. The great French Revolution, as vividly depicted by M. Taine, has many an important warning for us in England. On these, however, space does not allow us to enlarge now. It must suffice to point out, as tendencies likely to be especially disastrous to us: a sentimental tenderness, as distinguished from a rational benevolence, for the less worthy members of the community; weakness in suppressing the beginnings of mob rule; too light an estimation of what is traditional and hereditary; and forgetfulness that the action of a political natural selection is more to be trusted as evidence of what is useful than the abstract speculations of individual minds.

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ART. V.—1. *History of the British Turf, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By James Rice, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Formerly of Queen's College, Cambridge. London, 1879.

2. *The Racehorse in Training. With hints on Racing and Racing Reforms.* By William Day. Third Edition. London, 1880.

3. *Ruff's Guide to the Turf.* Spring Edition. 1885.

'I' has been observed,' says Johnson, 'I think by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world.' Never having made the observation ourselves before, and as Johnson's dry remark seems to imply that we are bound to make it sooner or later, we do not think we shall find a more suitable occasion for it than that which is offered by the title of this paper. The most self-denying asceticism, the most selfish epicureanism, are two extremes between which every degree of variety is illustrated by large numbers of our countrymen. Some men to business, some to pleasure take: and in the pursuit and choice of pleasure they divide into sects as manifold, and as zealous, as are to be found in the returns of the Census under the head of religion. The ardour, with which we pursue various out-door sports especially, makes us the wonder of foreign nations. The hunting man thinks happiness is scarcely to be found while the hedges are green; and when his sport ends that of the yachtsman begins. Cricket, most innocent and best of games, is the breath of life to thousands: the rougher football, and the free and flying bicycle have deeply fixed themselves in the affections of this generation; shooting, fishing, mountaineering, have all enthusiastic followers. And while some men and youths combine several of these divers pursuits, each one of them is the exclusive object of the passionate fondness of countless admirers. But of all the pastimes which excite and absorb the mind none is more absorbing or exciting, none more exclusively pursued by large numbers of our countrymen than horse-racing. 'The Druid,' writing in 1856, estimated the number of those whose affections were bound up in the 'Guide to the Turf,' at four millions; and although this is a palpable exaggeration—it is not far from the whole adult male population of the three kingdoms—it must be acknowledged that the interest taken in horse-racing is so great, as to furnish us with a ready apology for approaching the subject for the second time in these pages. It is more than half a century since an article on the Turf appeared in the 'Quarterly Review,' and although the interest taken by the nation in racing is



is no keener than it was in 1833, the conditions under which racing is pursued have greatly changed: a new public, a new race of horses, owners, jockeys and trainers are on the scene. The memories of the dead heat between Cadland and the Colonel have faded away; Priam is an empty name to those whose thoughts are full of Melton; the old familiar titles of Egremont and Jersey, of Rutland and Grafton, are heard on the course no more; and Robinson and Buckle are unjustly vilipended by the worshippers of Archer and Cannon.

We have selected the three works which we have placed at the head of this article, not because they are the only, nor perhaps the best\* books of their kind, but because they happen to be ready to our hand, and are sufficient for the purpose which we have in view, which is to lay before our readers some reflections as to the present state of horse-racing in England. As to the history of the Turf, we have derived some useful information from Mr. Rice's work: but we cannot speak highly of it. It has all the faults of a hasty compilation. The chapters are not in chronological order. Particulars are often neglected: and nothing is so wanting in a history of the Turf as minuteness. Mr. Rice should give his authorities for the anecdotes which he tells, if they have any foundation beyond racing gossip, while he should abstain from repeating them if they have not. Thus he tells us, vol. i. p. 298, that it has been rumoured that the rider of Musjid in the Derby of 1859 weighed in and out with a whip weighing from seven to nine pounds, and that he exchanged it with a lighter one before and after the race: a gross and most unfounded calumny on the memory of Wells, if not of Sir Joseph Hawley.† And there are many instances of carelessness and inaccuracy. In the match between the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, the weight borne by the former is given; the reader is left to find out elsewhere what burden Voltigeur carried. The time taken by Hambletonian to win his match against Diamond is stated on p. 91 of vol. i. to have been seven minutes and fifteen seconds. On p. 159 of vol. i. it is stated to have been eight minutes twenty-five seconds. From the order in which he prints the stallions imported from the East in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it might be supposed that Mr. Rice imagined that the Byerly Turk reached England many

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\* The best account of the horse and racing that has appeared of late years is to be found under the article 'Horse,' in the 9th edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

† There is a worse instance than this, vol. i. p. 274, where the cause of the severance between a well-known nobleman and his trainer is reported. The story is an amusing one; but as we do not believe it, and as its reproduction might give pain to persons still living, we forbear to reprint it.

years after the Darley Arabian, instead of several years before him. From instances such as these it will be inferred that Mr. Rice's work is susceptible of considerable improvement, and we should not gather that he possessed exceptional qualifications for the task undertaken by him.

It is otherwise as to Mr. Day's work. Mr. Day being one of the best trainers England ever produced, it is superfluous to say that he is well qualified to write on the selection, the breaking, and the training of the race-horse. We should no more venture to dispute the opinion of the trainer of Foxhall on any of these points, than we should venture to suggest to Dr. Grace how to hold his bat, or to John Roberts how to make a cannon. The book is written in better style and better English than we should have expected the associations of a training-stable to produce. We notice, however, that the verb 'to lie' has given Mr. Day a fall, as it has to more ambitious writers, when he tells us, on p. 144, that 'Dulcibella laid second until passing the gap;' and such a sentence as the following has the reverse of a tragical effect, though it is intended to be very pathetic: 'Mr. Chifney—certainly the most accomplished, and probably the wealthiest jockey of his day—after winning the Derby, and making a large fortune, ended his days in abject poverty, dying of a broken heart, caused by the duplicity of friends and scorn of foes.' And, although Mr. Day's knowledge of the history of modern racing is vastly superior to our own, there are not a few points where we, or any casual reader of sporting news, can correct him. On p. 102 he writes that Dulcibella's Cesarewitch, 'if we consider the way in which the race was won, may be safely assumed to be the shortest time race on record, being given in "Bell's Life" as four minutes one second.' We can call to memory several races run at a faster rate. Uhlan won the Doncaster Cup in 1873 in four minutes thirty seconds, a much faster pace: and we could give other instances. Mr. Day may note, for future editions of his work, that the very fastest long-distance race on record is, we believe, the race for the Doncaster Cup in 1880, when Dresden China was stated to have traversed the distance, more than two miles five furlongs, in four minutes five seconds, a rate which throws the mythic deeds of Flying Childers into the shade. On p. 159, Mr. Day, endeavouring most laudably, but most unsuccessfully, to defend the disgraceful running of Lady Elizabeth in the Derby of 1868, pretends that the defeat of Gamos at Bath, in 1869, compared with her running in the Oaks, which she won, furnishes a parallel to it. At Bath, Gamos, he says, 'was beaten so easily in the worst of company, that her jockey had

to pull her up, and she did not pass the winning post.' She was beaten, it is true : but it was by Macgregor, the best horse in England : and she passed the post third. And if we may make a criticism on those chapters on Turf reform, wherein the trainer rises *supra crepidam*, we should say that Mr. Day's defence of his profession is too naïf. It never seems to occur to him that a trainer can do wrong : owners sometimes are, it seems, eccentric ; jockeys are not to be trusted ; commissioners do dark deeds : the trainer alone walks in the narrow path of uprightness, on which the fierce light of criticism beats in vain. This is all we have to say about Mr. Day's book. For the statistics of the Turf we have had recourse to Ruff, although the 'Racing Calendar' and McCall's compendious 'Guide' supply information at least as accurate.

Horse-racing is indigenous to the English soil. It cannot be said to be derived from the horse-races of the Greeks and Romans, although it has many features in common with them. Both of these nations were horse-loving peoples, especially the Greeks, whose fondness for the noble animal is not exceeded by that of the Arabian or the Englishman. A figure of the horse is stamped on the coins of many Hellenic states ; many Greek proper names of men are compounded with the name of the horse. To call a country fit for breeding horses was to praise it most highly ; to describe a hero by the epithet 'horse-taming,' was to attribute to him a most coveted excellence. The noblest creation which Poseidon could set against Athena's olive was a horse : a legend which makes us wonder that the sea god's emblem does not appear on the coinage of our own ocean-girt, horse-loving, island. It is often stated that the first horse-race on record is the chariot contest described by Homer as taking place at the funeral games in honour of Patroclus ; but it is forgotten that an earlier race is described by Nestor on that occasion. The Pylian knight relates how he was defeated in the chariot race many years before by the two sons of Actor ; and he attributes his defeat to the fact that his opponents were two in number : one of them kept steadily driving, steadily driving, while the other encouraged the horses with the whip.\* Next we have the great Homeric race itself ; and we may defy the best reporter on the staff of the sporting press, well though they sometimes write, to describe a race so well. We meet in it many features presented by races of our own day. We have the unexpected defeat of the favourites,

\* If our jockeys understood Greek, they would fully appreciate the original here : a swift even pace, watchfulness, resolution, even a light hand, seem all expressed, if not by the words, at least by the movement of the verse : *ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἠνιόχευεν, ὁ ἑμπεδον ἠνιόχευ'.*

the mares of Eumelus: we have the first instance of betting on record, when Idomeneus offers the lesser Ajax to lay a cauldron or tripod that the favourites are out of the race. We have the first offence of foul riding or driving committed by Antiochus, and his resignation of his claim to the second prize rather than submit the appeal of Menelaus to arbitration. At the various Grecian festivals, which resemble our own race-meetings in having been held in unimportant towns consecrated by tradition rather than at great capitals, the chariot-race was the principal event. To win in that contest was not to gain a fortune for the owner, but to cover himself, his horses, and his city with undying fame. We know little indeed of the particulars of these struggles: no sacred bard has depicted an Olympic Derby, although Sophocles has almost rivalled Homer by his description of an imaginary race at Delphi. The poems of Pindar are laudatory of the virtues, and hymn the glories of the victor; but the Theban eagle seldom stoops to particulars, and the names and breeding of the horses, the rival charioteers, and the incidents of the races, have for the most part passed into oblivion. Races for colts ridden by jockeys, or by their owners, were established at an early date, and a corresponding contest for fillies later on. Hiero, the horse-delighting King of Syracuse, at least twice carried off the former race with his famous chestnut, Pherenicus, at Olympia and at Delphi. The interest in the saddle-race was, however, quite secondary to that taken in the chariot-race. The absence of stirrups, as has been pointed out, must have rendered the management of a horse during the race difficult, while it must have quite prevented a rider vigorously finishing. The nature of the course itself must have been unfavourable to the saddle-horse. Long stretches of green turf do not seem to have been selected by the ancients for their race-courses. They conceived of the race as a spectacle to be viewed by many thousands of seated spectators as closely as a gladiatorial show, and the circus was simply a vast arena. The sand covering the course, and the dust\* created by the competing steeds, were features familiar to the ancients, but strange to ourselves.

Still, such as they were, the races of the ancients were much as they are now, the best aid to the improvement of the breed of the horse, and the delight and ruin of wealthy young men. It was for the race-course that the Thessalian breed of Bucephali,†

\* *Pulverem* Olympicum, Hor. Od. i. 1; *primus in æquore pulvis*, Juv. Sat. viii.

† The correct form of the name of Alexander's famous horse, on whose death at the age of thirty he founded a city, Bucephalia, seems to have been Bucephalas, not Bucephalus, which is the name of the breed.

and the Corinthian Koppatias, and the foreign strain of Samphoræ were so eagerly sought. We have seen how old Strep-siades was ruined by his horse-loving son, and his experience was, we may be sure, repeated in numerous instances. Many allusions in the Roman poets testify to their admiration of the horse, as that fine simile which Ennius applies to himself:—

‘Sicut fortis equus spatio qui sæpe supremo  
Vicit Olympia, nunc senio confectus quiescit.’

Virgil and Horace derive many excellent metaphors from racing. Horace gives a hint to horse-buyers, which might be of service to many a gaping purchaser even in our day, namely, to cover the animal when looking over him, that the attention may not be drawn off defective legs by handsome upper points. In the times of the Empire, racing was the chief amusement of the Romans. It was the policy of the Emperors, as it was of Louis Napoleon, to amuse their subjects, who might be trusted to keep quiet so long as they were pleased and fed. The satirist tells us how the people, who of old had awarded all the offices of State, in his day were content so long as they got bread to eat and the circus shows to look at: a political apathy which sometimes seems to us to find a parallel in our own times, when patriotism is benumbed by the selfishness of Free-trade, and morality dulled by excess of pleasure. The young gentlemen of Rome could repeat the pedigrees of Hirpinus and Aquilo, of Passerinus and Tigris. The driving of the rival agitadores, Scorpis and Incitatus, the Fordham and Archer of the day, was the theme of discussion at hundreds of dinner-tables. Betting ran high, and plungers existed even then. Juvenal points the moral of his eighth satire, that on the vanity of long descent, by the illustration of the degenerate race-horse:—

‘Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta  
Quis generosa putet nisi fortia? nempe volucrem  
Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma  
Fervet et exultat raucæ victoria circo.  
Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, ejus  
Clara fuga ante omnes et primus in æquore pulvis:  
Sed venale pecus Corythæ posteritas et  
Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit.  
Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla  
Umbrarum: dominos pretiis mutare jubentur  
Exiguus: trito ducunt epiredia collo  
Segnipedes, dignique molam versare nepotes.’

These lines Bishop Hall has imitated in one of his satires, in a passage which has been quoted by almost every writer on racing

racing from Strutt downwards, though they one and all fail to notice that the Roman satirist is paraphrased by the Bishop, whose oft-quoted verses we will not cite again, but perhaps we may adapt to our own day, after the following fashion :—

‘Go to the brutes, for here, you’ll think with me,  
Vain, without deeds, is pride of pedigree.  
Yon horse is noble, ask not how he’s bred,\*  
Who wins the Cup at Goodwood by a head :  
Who bears his heavy burden first of all,  
And bravely answers Archer’s anxious call :  
Though beaten, quickens to his rider’s hand,  
Amid the thunders of the roaring Stand.  
But if the jockey rouse, but rouse in vain,  
The quailing scion of a noble strain,  
The handsome coward has no charm for you,  
Though son of Stockwell, son of Caller Ou.  
Without a sigh you bid the jade depart  
To penal servitude in cab or cart.’

But horse-racing would have existed in our island had the Greeks and Romans never been heard of, and the only genuine relic of the games of the circus is to be found in the bull-fights of the Spanish arena. Our elastic turf and equable climate must have produced the racer ; and it was only a question of time, how soon horse-racing would spring up amid a people whose thoughts naturally turned to sport. As a matter of fact it arose very early, but the history of its infancy does not exist. There was racing at Smithfield, we know from Fitz-Stephen’s Description, in the time of Henry II. ; but Strutt dates the commencement of regular racing in England from the institution of a silver bell as the prize at Chester Races in the thirty-first year of Henry VIII. Silver bells were awarded at several other places : the name of a race-horse of Lord Falmouth lately recalled that competed for at Garterly, in Yorkshire. It was not, however, until the bestowal of royal patronage on racing by the first of the Stuarts, that the sport can be called national. There is scarcely an allusion to racing in Shakspeare, an omission which is difficult to account for, unless we suppose that the sport was all but non-existent in the reign of Elizabeth. It is difficult to believe that the great poet, who loved the horse as much as he loved the hawk and the hound, and who has so perfectly described all the country sports of his day, should have been silent as to racing had it come under his notice. His younger contemporaries, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, have many allusions to it ; and so early as 1621,

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\* We strongly suspect that Juvenal wrote *germine*.

Burton enumerates 'Horse-races and wild-goose chases'—presumably steeple-chases—among 'the disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop quite out of their fortunes;'—a definition which accurately described the English Turf until some two generations ago. James I. was the real founder of horse-racing in England. He loved the sport for its own sake, though, if we may believe Moniplies in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' he himself sat 'na mickle better than a draff-pock in the saddle,' and he frequently attended race-meetings at Croydon and Enfield. 'The wisest fool in Christendom' purchased the Markham Arabian in 1616, at a price which is generally stated as having been 500*l.*, but which Mr. Rice proves from a State paper to have been but 154*l.* Since James's time no English monarch has discouraged the sport. Charles I. saw the importance of racing as a means of improving the breed of horses for his cavalry, and, like his father, was a visitor to Newmarket Heath, where he firmly established the sport. During the Puritanism of the Commonwealth, racing shared the fate of other sinful amusements, only to burst forth with redoubled strength at the Restoration. The Round course at Newmarket was laid out in 1666, and thither the Merry Monarch and his courtiers often found their way. Tom D'Urfey was their Tyrtæus with his song: 'To horse! brave boys of Newmarket, to horse!' This Moore of the Restoration is sarcastically compared by Steele to Pindar, who celebrated the jockeys at the Olympic Games. But he is a veritable Tom Moore, with all his detestable licence, much of his rhyming powers, though none of his occasional sweetness. In one of his songs he says:—

' Another makes racing a trade,  
And dreams of his projects to come,  
And many a crimp match has made,  
By bubbing another man's groom: '

showing not only that villainous practices on the Turf were of early growth, but that it was even then considered becoming to make use of cant expressions in discussing affairs connected with horses. All slang is odious, but obsolete slang is intolerable: it is like the dregs of a bottle of bad wine. Mr. Whyte says that 'bubbing' means bribing: but as Johnson defines the substantive 'bub' as a cant word for strong liquor, it is likely that bubbing was merely the equivalent for treating. To proceed with our summary: In William's campaign in Ireland in 1689 a certain Captain Byerly was well carried by an entire Turkish charger, who, when the wars were over, became

became the first in chronological order of the three Eastern sires to whom every thoroughbred on the Turf traces back its origin—*per memores fastos*—in direct male line. The most famous of his descendants in recent times have been Wild Dayrell, The Flying Dutchman, Buccaneer, and Kisber. Queen Anne and her consort Prince George of Denmark, the phlegmatic '*est-il possible?*' of the Revolution, were well mated in their love for horses: the Queen, we are told by Swift, drove like a Jehu. She won a plate at York two days before she died. In her reign, or just before it, the Darley Arabian was imported, a horse who, through his great-great-grandson the illustrious Eclipse, was the ancestor of most of the racing-stock in England. He was the sire of Flying Childers, who was the hero horse of the eighteenth century, until Colonel O'Kelly's Eclipse enriched the English language with a new proverb. In or about 1729 the Godolphin Barb is said to have left the shafts of a cart in Paris to become famous in story as the third and last of the three Eastern sires referred to. His descendants in the direct male line, says Count Lehndorff, are now in danger of dying out in England, being here represented by the Melbourne family only. Melbourne's only great son, West Australian, was sold into France; and there the most successful stallion of the family, his son Ruy Blas, is located.\* On the other hand, as Lehndorff remarks, no sire has begotten daughters superior to Melbourne's; whether as performers on the Turf or as brood-mares; numbering, as they have done, Blink Bonny, Blooming Heather, Canezou, Mentmore Lass, Stolen Moments, and others.

The three first Georges patronized, but cared little for the Turf. In 1727, as well as we remember, the first King's Plates, then thirteen or fourteen in number, were instituted. In 1752 there were between seventy and eighty race-meetings in England, and sixty thoroughbred stallions standing in various parts of the kingdom. Racing, we see, was now a thoroughly national sport. In 1753 we find the following account given by Misargyrus in the '*Adventurer*' of the causes which brought to the Fleet Prison one of its occupants:—

'One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate which he determined to improve; and therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the King's Plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expense of

\* Count Lehndorff has overlooked West Australian's son, Solon, who through Barcaldine ought to become the ancestor of an illustrious progeny.



very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered that victory brought him more honour than profit; resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets with another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring bettor, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, and at last won the race by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired, and some friends that had no souls advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore without caution increased his expenses. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse-race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on every course, divided his time between lords and jockeys, and as the inexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risked his whole fortune upon Bay Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon two bailiffs fastened upon him and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.—‘*Adventurer*,’ No. 53, May 18, 1753.

But though such a quotation as this, and such statistics as we have cited, prove that horse-racing was by this time a popular pastime, it was not until the eighteenth century was drawing to its close, that the sport underwent those changes which shaped it into the institution with which we are familiar. The establishment of the Jockey Club had supplied the need of a legislating and governing body which should bring order and decency into the conduct of races throughout the kingdom. This peculiar institution, which exercises supreme and unchallenged jurisdiction simply by boycotting all who do not bow to its authority, has to a great extent relieved Parliament of the responsibility of legislating for the Turf. From the first it has been composed of the greatest among our ‘greater men,’ and in all lands where horse-racing has been copied from England, from France to Australia, a ‘Jockey Club’ is looked on as the proper body to supervise racing affairs. It was towards the close of the century that the great three-year-old races of the St. Leger, the Derby, and the Oaks were established; that the barbarous system of heats began to grow obsolete, and that book-making began to grow into a science. The eighteenth century as contrasted with the nineteenth may be called an epoch of matches

matches as contrasted with an epoch of handicaps. Much larger sums were then staked on matches, without hope of 'hedging,' than an owner will now back his horse for with comparative security. Betting was between one horse and the field; large odds against outsiders were unknown until the rise of book-making. Most of the modern developments of racing took place during the youth of George IV., in whom love for the Turf was the ruling passion: strong in death it was, for, when he lay in his last illness, expresses were at his desire sent from Ascot Heath to inform him of the results of the races. He joined the Turf in 1785, when twenty-three years of age. Nor was he unlucky there. He won the Derby in 1788 with Sir Thomas, and the valuable Oatlands Stakes at Ascot with Baronet in 1791. Up to 1792 he won no less than 185 races, and some 30,000*l.* in stakes; but his lavishly-managed stud cost him that sum every year. He preferred Newmarket to all other courses, but his racing and joking there came to an end in October 1791. On the 20th of that month His Royal Highness's *Escape*, ridden by the famous Samuel Chifney, ran from the Ditch In, in a sweepstakes against three other horses: he was favourite in the betting, but last in the race. The next day *Escape*, with the same jockey in the saddle, ran over the Beacon Course against five horses, two of whom had beaten him the day before: five to one was betted against him, but he won the race. This contradictory running was made the subject of an investigation by the Stewards of the Jockey Club; and Sir Charles Bunbury informed the Prince that, if he permitted Chifney to ride for him in future, no gentleman would send his horses to the post against him. The Prince had to choose between abandoning his jockey and taking leave of the Turf; and, greatly to his credit, he gave up his favourite amusement rather than desert his servant. He returned to the Turf at the beginning of the new century; but Ascot took the place of Newmarket in his affections. A few years afterwards the Jockey Club asked him to forget the past, and return to Newmarket; but though the Prince answered their petition in the same spirit in which it was offered, he never revisited the heath where his pride had been so deeply wounded. The conduct of the Stewards is generally admitted to have been unjustifiable. *Escape* may have been wilfully pulled by Chifney, for anything we know, but the fact that he was able to win a race next day on a different course nowise proves it; and that was the sole evidence against Chifney. We wonder what Sir Charles Bunbury would have said to the running of Dutch Oven at York in 1882, when she

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was easily beaten by two second-rate animals, compared with her running three weeks afterwards, when, on a course of almost exactly the same length and nature, she won the great *St. Leger* with facility. As Admiral Rous said before the Committee of 1844: 'I have tried a horse one week, and he has been beaten a quarter of a mile; and then perhaps, two weeks after, in consequence of having a couple of sweats, he has won a second trial on the same racing terms.' Unfortunately this recognized mutability in the form of the racehorse, which honest men cannot foresee or guard against, is the shield which screens rogues when they deliberately arrange to prevent a horse winning; and although not one even among those who lost their money ever thought for a moment that there could be anything suspicious about the running of a mare owned by Lord Falmouth, trained by Matthew Dawson, and ridden by Archer, there were other cases that same year which caused those who believed in the immaculate purity of the Turf to wink hard; but the measure dealt to Chifney was not meted out to the delinquents.

William IV. tried to patronize racing in his rough, sailor-like way, but he did not know how to do it. His starting 'the whole fleet' must have shocked his trainer; and his present of the hoof of Eclipse, gold-mounted, to the Jockey Club as a challenge prize, does not seem to have been regarded with due veneration; in fact, we do not know what has become of it.

Shortly after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, horse-racing may be said to have ceased to have been the sport of 'greater men' exclusively. The causes owing to which it has become the amusement of the many instead of the comparatively few, are three in number: the invention of railways, the invention of telegraphs, and the great development of newspapers. For one who saw the Cobweb colt, afterwards Bay Middleton, beat Elis in the Two Thousand Guineas, at least ten saw the Chopette colt cause the backers of Paradox to quake. No need now to visit the Corner in person, a message by wire from Gibraltar or even Melbourne will do just as well; for the sum of one penny the doings of the favourites on the training grounds only yesterday may be read, and their chances estimated, by a sportsman in his box in Inverness, or an officer quartered at Fermoy. Hence it is that we find the distinction between the racing of this generation and that of earlier epochs lies not so much in the increase in the value of stakes won, or in the number of horses in training, as in the multitude that the railway carries to the course, and the even larger multitude that derive their racing lore through the telegram and the newspaper.

paper. The recommendation of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1844—would it be repeated now?—that betting should be free, but that bets should not be cognizable in a court of law, was followed by an immense development of betting. Davis invented lists: and houses, where money was received in advance, were opened in the Metropolis, and all over the kingdom. Lists were hung up in the public-houses, and landlord and bookmaker grew rich together. Even vacant walls were used for exhibiting the tempting odds; betting-men blocked the streets; gentlemen and ladies, clerks and shopkeepers, cab-drivers and school-boys, were enticed into the net. The betting-house pest lasted until 1853; during that time Davis grew so rich that he was able to bear unmoved the loss of a hundred thousand pounds on Teddington's Derby, and another huge disaster when West Australian won. In 1853 the Betting House Act was passed, and cleared the Metropolis of the nuisance; and though frequently still evaded, we fear sometimes with collusion on the part of the police, it has had considerable effect towards moderating the gambling fever. Now 'Ripe-for-a-jail, who had gold for the winning,' was forced in company with honester men of his trade to seek new homes; and as the Betting House Act did not extend to Scotland, he moved his base of operations to Glasgow. Thence, for twenty-one years, these men carried on a lucrative business. Long advertisements of the odds they were prepared to lay appeared in the sporting newspapers, and their circulars were scattered broadcast all over the kingdom. At last Parliament was moved to stir itself again. In 1874 the Act was extended to Scotland, and a much-needed provision was added, by which any individual publishing offers of advice respecting any race, or offers to lay wagers respecting such, is subject to fine and imprisonment. This Act also was effectual in its main provisions. The honester advertisers moved to Boulogne; the less scrupulous resorted to nefarious means of earning their livelihood. The English public could no longer be robbed of their money by Systematic Investment Companies, and Companies for Discretionary Investments at the Post; but the limits of human audacity and human credulity were surely reached when Kurr and Benson concocted and published a fictitious newspaper for circulation in France, for the purpose of praising the righteous dealings and successful Turf investments of Mr. Montgomery, 'sworn bookmaker'—a snare into which Madame de Goncourt fell, and was robbed of 10,000*l.*: some of the most trusted of the English detectives being bribed to wink at the operations of the thieves. But '*quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'

custodes?' that chartered libertine, the press, the supposed custodian of public morality, is as great an offender as any. The clause of the Act of 1874 forbidding advertisements of odds, or offers of information on races, is every day flagrantly violated both in letter and spirit; the prophets with impunity prophesy falsely—of course at a high advertising rate—in the columns of many newspapers, both sporting and general, both respectable and otherwise. But, in spite of such evasions, the legislation which has taken place has been most beneficial in allaying the fever of speculation that raged so furiously about fifteen years ago. Much more might be effected if the Betting-house Act were carried out rigorously and universally wherever it is violated, and not, as is now the case, by fits and starts. It is manifestly unjust to set the law in work in Manchester, and permit it to be broken in Nottingham. And still more good will be effected, we believe, if Parliament will be induced to restrict betting to its proper place—the race-course. This can be easily done by the prohibition of the publication of the odds before the race in the newspapers. We do not expect that betting will ever be put down altogether. It has grown up along with racing, and they must continue to live together. But betting on the race-course itself, especially if betting in ready money there is not prohibited by torturing the Betting-house Act to a construction it never contemplated, will do comparatively little harm. It requires some courage to state it, but it seems to us an obvious truth, that what is ruinous in betting is not betting in ready money, but on credit. We do not for one moment wish to interfere with our 'greater men' betting on credit, either in person, or through their commissioner, at Tattersall's, or on the course. But what we protest against is the senseless cry raised against ready-money betting on the race-course, which is the only legitimate way for the multitude to bet, if they bet at all. When we read in a newspaper a paragraph like this—'The ready-money men carried on their trade unblushingly,' we smile, and wonder what mysterious sin there can be in paying a bet in advance: and such remarks could only be made by those who totally misapprehended the intentions of Parliament.

Ready-money betting on race-courses is legalized and protected in some of the Australasian colonies, by means of the Totalisator, which should not be condemned by those who have only seen it in operation, as a private speculation, on French courses. This invention has had the effect of clearing the ring of welshers, and has much diminished the number and lessened the gains of book-makers; while it enormously benefits the funds

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of the meetings where it is adopted. It is, or was, under the protection of special Acts of the Colonial Parliaments. The principle of operation is very simple. A board is exhibited, containing the names of the horses starting. A person who wishes to back a horse pays in a pound, or as many pounds as he likes, to the officer in charge of the totalisator. When the race is over, all the money staked is divided between the backers of the winning horse, less ten per cent., which is the profit of the management. The amount of money staked on each horse is indicated by figures, which are altered every time a fresh deposit is made, so that a backer can at any time see with how many others he is to share the total stakes, should the horse selected by him win; and he can, if he chooses, make some computation as to the total amount of stakes to be divided. How much better would a system like this be on our race-courses, by which the bettor should be protected, by which he should receive the legitimate odds against a given horse, rather than that which is prevalent in England, where he is liable to be welshed, to be forced to take unfair odds, or to bet on credit sums which he cannot afford to lose, and even does not own?

We learn from 'Ruff's Guide to the Turf' that 1968 horses competed last year in Great Britain and Ireland; that 125 race meetings were held, 110 in Great Britain, 15 in Ireland; and that the sum of 412,912*l.* sterling was won in stakes, of which sum 9327*l.* was won in Ireland. This, we are informed, is the largest amount recorded as having been won in one year, with the exception of 1882, when the total was exceeded by some 2000*l.* These figures show that the finances of the Turf are in a flourishing state, but it surprises us to find that 600 horses less ran last year than in 1870. We find too that the long distance races are feebly supported. This was very apparent this year when the ancient race for the Goodwood Stakes, a race which we always think the most interesting in the 'Calendar,' collapsed, owing to the paucity of acceptances. The length of the course for the great Ebor Handicap was reduced from two miles to a mile and a half. The Chester Cup, the Great Metropolitan Stakes, are the mere shadow of their former selves. As regards the amounts won by individual horses, we find that they were more evenly distributed last year than has often been the case. St. Gatten has the largest amount opposite to his name; but as half the Derby Stakes must be deducted from this sum, the winner of the greatest total is really Busybody, who won 6425*l.* These sums have often been greatly exceeded. Gladiateur won 18,581*l.* at the age of three years; Lord Lyon, 18,025*l.*; Formosa, 17,850*l.*; Achievement won 11,755*l.* at three years

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of age, 10,387*l.* at two years; Wheel of Fortune won 12,074*l.* at three years, 7665*l.* at two years of age. The Bard at the moment at which we write bids fair to surpass any sum gained in stakes by a two-year-old; having won sixteen races successively, and more than 9000*l.* in stakes. Eighty-two horses won more than 1000*l.* each in stakes last year. It is no wonder that with such prizes to be gained, the fees of stallions and the prices of race-horses should have enormously increased. Twenty-five years ago forty or fifty guineas was quite an unusual fee, and quoting from statistics of that period, we find that the most costly stallions at that epoch were Voltigeur at forty guineas; Wild Dayrell, West Australian and Stockwell at thirty guineas each. Next season breeders will have to pay a hundred guineas for the services of Hampton and Rosicrucian; a hundred and fifty or two hundred guineas will be Sterling's and Galopin's fee; it is said that Hermit's will be three hundred!

But we cease to wonder at such high fees being paid for the services of these sires when we find that the average price paid last year at public auction for a foal or yearling by Galopin was 1942 guineas: by Hermit, 1323 guineas: by Hampton, 646 guineas. The average price of 544 yearlings, the produce of 122 different sires, was 268*l.*; the highest price realized being 3000 guineas for Godolphin, a yearling colt by Galopin out of Jannette, bought by Lord Zetland at Lord Falmouth's second sale, for 3000 guineas. This figure was surpassed in two instances at the recent Doncaster sales, when 3600 guineas were given for a yearling colt by Hermit out of Fortress, Dresden China's dam; and 3100 guineas for a colt by Hampton out of Doll Tearsheet. It is in such figures as these that the real justification of racing in England is to be found. We have no national breeding stud, and private enterprise must supply its place. Campaigns in the Crimea and Afghanistan, and the African desert, have taught us that we must not allow our horses to diminish or degenerate. But private enterprise cannot be carried on unless it pays: and it is the race-course which provides the only chance of repaying the buyer the large sums he gives the breeder for his high-bred stock. Moreover the race supplies the only recognized test, and at the same time the best test, of the speed, the endurance, the temper and the heart of the horse. Count Lehndorff, in the sensible observations prefixed to his '*Horse Breeding Recollections*' is only enforcing the views of Admiral Rous when he writes:—

'The thoroughbred can, however, fulfil its mission only, provided the young produce be continually subjected to severe trials in public. . . . The grand ideal principle which places this test so incomparably higher

higher than any other, based upon the individual opinion of one or more judges, is the absolute and blind justice, personified in the inflexible winning-post, which alone decides on the race-course; and the irrefutable certainty, that neither fashion nor, fancy, neither favour nor hatred, neither personal prejudice nor time-serving—have biassed the decision of hotly contested struggles, as recorded in the “*Racing Calendar*” for the space of one hundred and seventy years. This it is that gives to the English thoroughbred horse a value for breeding purposes, unequalled and looked for in vain in any other species of animal creation.’

During the Victorian age the Turf has been the glory and the shame of England. We may well be proud of having seen our own generation produce such horses as the Flying Dutchman, West Australian, Stockwell, Blair Athol, Blue Gown, Doncaster, Galopin, and St. Simon: such finished horsemanship as that of Custance, Chaloner, Wells, Fordham, and Archer. No other country in the world could produce such a spectacle as that which some of our races have exhibited: take for an example of weight-for-age races, the Ascot Cup of 1874: for a great handicap, the Chester Cup of 1871. The English Turf has been the free battle-ground for the best horses in the world. The Derby has been carried off in fair competition by a French horse, Gladiateur; an Austrian horse, Kisber; and an American horse, Iroquois. From France have come also those magnificent horses, Mortemer, Boiard, Henry, Verneuil, all winners of the Ascot Cup; the mighty Rayon d’Or, winner of the St. Leger in 1879; Dollar, Monarque, and Flageolet, all of whom carried off the Goodwood Cup: Montargis, as fine a horse as ever won the Cambridgeshire; Peut-être, who won that race, and whose owner dared to lift the glove thrown down by the owner of Prince Charlie, to his utter discomfiture amid patriotic cheers: Fille de l’Air, Enguerrande and Reine, winners of the Oaks; Chamant, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas; Sornette, and many others of less note. At one time it seemed that the Gallic cock would quite o’ercrow our native spirit. From Austria-Hungary came conquering and to conquer the unbeaten Kincsem, the Crucifix of the Continent, and won the Goodwood Cup of 1878. The American Starke won that race in 1861; and the deeds of his compatriots, Prioress, Parole, and Foxhall, are often talked over by our cousins beyond the Atlantic. Our best strains of blood have been, and are, eagerly sought after by buyers from Germany, Austria, and from distant Australia. And not only do we supply the world with horses, but, going farther than the Assyrian of old, we set riders on them too. All the jockeys that ride in France, most



of those that ride in Germany, are English. In all our defeats by foreigners on the Turf, the winning horse has been of English blood, he has been generally trained by an English trainer, and always ridden by an English jockey.

There is always a cry that the quality of our horses is degenerating. It was so in Chifney's time. It was so in the time of Admiral Rous. Many of our readers will remember the vigorous letters and articles in which the Admiral exposed the falsehood of this common complaint. We have heard less of this kind of talk lately: it has been silenced by the quality of our horses. Probably there never were so many good horses on the Turf as we have lately seen running. During the last five or six years, Isonomy, Bend Or, Robert the Devil, Thebais, Corrie Roy, Geheimniss, Foxhall, Border Minstrel, Tristan, Peter, Barcaldine, St. Simon, St. Gatien, the Bard, have covered themselves with glory. Can any preceding quinquennium show an array surpassing this? Of these gallant steeds, four were never beaten; and at least five raised the record of weight in great handicaps. Which was the best of these horses is a question often debated, but one which cannot be decided. Most people, we fancy, would agree with us in placing St. Simon, St. Gatien, and Barcaldine as the first three. As a two-year-old St. Simon ran five times, and won all his races with the greatest ease. His best race that year, the race which marked him as a wonder, was in the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate at Doncaster, where, carrying nine stone, he caracoled away from a field of twenty of his contemporaries, to all of whom he was giving weight from seventeen pounds to three stone. At the age of three years he won four races, including the Ascot and Goodwood Cups, not including a 'walk over' for the Epsom Cup. There was, however, nothing remarkable in these victories beyond the extraordinary ease with which they were won, for Tristan, Ossian and Chislehurst were his chief opponents, and of these the two latter were never great horses, while Tristan was never quite at the top of the first class. Still his victories over this excellent honest horse of Mr. Lefevre were St. Simon's best performances as a three-year-old; he has not appeared in public since. St. Gatien ran thrice when two years of age, being successful in every instance. His races, however, were not all easily won: the fields were small, and the animals he vanquished were of little merit, so that it was a surprise to many to find him heavily backed by his party for the Derby. Even after running a dead heat with Harvester for that race, no one would have named him in the same breath with St. Simon. But when he had beaten Corrie Roy and Tristan for the Queen's

Queen's Vase at Ascot in something of the style of the Duke of Portland's famous colt, people began to look upon him as a rival star. It is ever to be regretted that he did not meet St. Simon in the Ascot Cup or Goodwood Cup last year: his owner had the Cesarewitch in view, and the unparalleled impost of 8st. 10lb., did not prevent his carrying off that handicap in a canter with nineteen horses toiling in the rear. Two victories over the Duke of Richmond and Archiduc completed his career as a three-year-old.

In the spring of this year those who loved a good race for its own sake looked wistfully forward to the meeting of the two champions in the Ascot Cup; but when it was announced that St. Gatien was seriously ill, and that St. Simon could not be trained, they hoped against hope that the contest was only postponed until Goodwood. But it was not to be. St. Gatien indeed recovered from his indisposition, and carried off both the Ascot Cup and the Alexandra Plate; but we had seen our last of the far-striding son of Galopin, and the Duke of Portland's nomination was struck out of the Goodwood Cup. Thus the question as to the comparative merits of these two horses must remain for ever undecided. Our own opinion is, that as a two-year-old St. Simon would at any time have conceded at least a stone in weight to St. Gatien, and beaten him; that in the early part of their third year, especially on courses of moderate length, St. Simon still was greatly superior; but that after Ascot the improvement of St. Gatien was so rapid, that had the pair met in the Doncaster Cup the contest would have been as exciting, the issue would have been as uncertain, as when Voltigeur lowered the colours of the Flying Dutchman for that race in 1850. We ourselves should have favoured the chances of St. Simon, for the simple reason that we never saw anything like his style of moving on a racecourse; such easy powerful propulsion, as seemed to cost him no effort, as he shot to the front the moment his jockey asked him. It is something of a stain on the escutcheon of St. Gatien that a moderate horse like Harvester was able to run a dead heat with him in the Derby, to say nothing of the fact that he could only beat Priscilla by a head when two years of age; but no horse was ever able to extend St. Simon; his races were all won by many lengths.

But what shall we say of Barcaldine?—Barcaldine robbed of his place in history by a piece of folly. This horse, Irishmen will tell you, was superior to both St. Simon and St. Gatien; and we have heard that that is the opinion of a great Newmarket trainer. Barcaldine had won all his races

as a two-year-old and three-year-old in Ireland, and the Curragh of Kildare, the queen of race-courses, had never felt the tread of a finer mover. In an evil hour his owner entered him in the Northumberland Plate. He was assigned the weight of 6st. 10lb., and, as all the world now knows, the Newcastle race was at his mercy. There were many who knew it even then, and the horse was at once made first favourite, the book-makers refusing to offer more than 2 to 1 a fortnight before the race. Under these circumstances infatuation seized the owner. He telegraphed to Sir John Astley, asking him if he would give him 2000*l.* on condition that he did not let the colt start. The result of this silly act—we can scarcely call it roguery, it was so foolish; there is a touch of simplicity, a *εὐθυσία*, about it which to some extent redeems it, and shows that the perpetrator had not tasted villainy with half his mind—the result was what might have been expected. Sir John naturally did not value the compliment paid him: he at once communicated with the Jockey Club: the erring one was warned off the Turf, and the innocent Barcaldine was forbidden to run while his property. Thus the best horse Ireland ever produced was banished from the Turf for nearly two years. Attempts were made to run races with him under the names of other owners; but the Jockey Club were not satisfied that he had really passed into the ownership of another until the spring of 1883. Then Barcaldine's career of greatness began. Having been bought by Mr. Robert Peck, he won the Westminster Cup at Kempton Park. Here, starting with longer odds against him than any of the other competitors, he easily worsted such good horses as Tristan, Lucerne, and Wallenstein. The winning of the Epsom Cup, and the Orange Cup at Ascot, cost him no trouble; but he did not attain the pinnacle of fame until he carried the unexampled weight of 9st. 10lb. to victory in the race for the Northumberland Plate, thus doing his best to wipe out the stain which the transaction of two years ago had left upon his name in connection with that very race. He never competed again, and quitted the Turf, leaving the conviction with many that they had never seen so good a horse. He was never beaten, and he was robbed of his best year by his owner's act, who, if he had acted differently, would have greatly changed the course of Turf history. Finding himself unable to back his horse, he should have reserved him for the autumn handicaps. Then Foxhall might have won neither Cesarewitch nor Cambridgeshire: he certainly would not have won both if Barcaldine had competed; and the next year the Ascot, the Goodwood, and the Doncaster Cups might all have been won by him; for  
what

what chance would the declining Foxhall, the wretched Friday, or the moderate Retreat have had against West Australian's grandson? Thus was Barcaldine cheated of his destiny.

Whether these horses and others like them could have beaten the great horses of the last century is a question generally answered in the affirmative. Admiral Rous held this opinion very strongly. He wrote once: 'the form of Flying Childers might win now a 30*l.* plate, winner to be sold for 40*l.*: Highflyer and Eclipse might pull through in a 50*l.* plate, winner to be sold for 200*l.*' We are not ourselves of this opinion as regards Eclipse. He was a wonder and a terror to his contemporaries; his powers were tested again and again: and he was never approached. We rather incline to believe that if Eclipse could be matched at racing weights over four miles against the best stayers of this present year, he would confirm his reputation, and that some three or four others would pass the post. Eclipse may rest undisturbed in possession of his fame: *habeat secum servetque sepulcro*. Childers, indeed, is wrapped in the clouds of myth: his picture is more like that of a stout hack than a race-horse, and the great handicapper is more likely to have been right in his depreciation of him than of Eclipse and Highflyer. We have not the means of estimating the merits of the latter, the hero of the latter part of the eighteenth century, as compared with the horses of our own day. We can only say, altering the words of Shallow with regard to Master Page's dog, that we are sure that 'he was a good horse, and a fair horse: can there be more said?'

And, if we turn from the horses and their riders to their owners, it is gratifying to find that during the whole of the reign the Turf has been patronized by a succession of noble and opulent men, who by their honourable dealings and upright conduct, have maintained the credit of the sport. If Melton and Paradox are no unworthy successors of Priam and Bay Middleton, the Dukes of Portland and Westminster, the Marquis of Drogheda, Lord Falmouth, and many others too numerous to mention, keep up the qualities associated by old tradition with the character of the true sport-loving Englishman. It was most satisfactory to read the names of Lord Hastings, Lord Bradford, and Lord Cadogan—names which a long connection with racing has never tarnished—as owners of the first three horses in the last St. Leger. Indeed, since the Marquis of Rockingham won the first St. Leger with Allabaculia, until the day when the Right Hon. James Lowther carried off the latest Yorkshire Handicap with King Monmouth, many of our best and most truly English statesmen, Cabinet Ministers, aye,

and

and Prime Ministers, have sought their recreation on the Turf. Rockingham, Fox, Bentinck, Palmerston, Derby, Peel, Eglinton, Lowther, Cadogan, these are not the names of men who have had any share in working the ruin of their country. It may seem strange, but it is true, that the perusal of the racing calendar has produced as good political stuff as has resulted from the composition of theological pamphlets, and the statesmen we have named have served their country as well as if their appearance had been expected at the lectern rather than on the Stewards' Stand. These men, and others like them,

‘*Quorum opera in bello, in otio, in negotio,*—

whose services have been freely given to the nation, made the excitement of the race their means of recruiting after arduous labours in Parliament. Of Fox's interest in a race the following passage is quoted from Walpole's ‘*Recollections*’ :—

‘When he had a horse in a race, Mr. Fox was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the animal was to make his final effort, or the race was to be most strongly contested. From this spot he eyed the horses advancing with a most immovable look ; he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace ; and when they came opposite to him he rode in with them at full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, as if he would have infused his whole soul into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite racer. But when the race was over, whether he won or lost seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not.’

The famous passage wherein Lord George Bentinck's great biographer narrates the story of his chagrin at having sold his horse *Sûrplise* just before he won the Derby is too well known to quote here. It is surprising that ‘the Druid’ should place the scene in Bellamy's instead of the library of the House of Commons, and change the historical groan uttered by Lord George from a ‘superb’ into a ‘splendid’ one. The sequel of the passage is, however, not so generally known :—

‘But on Monday the 29th (May, 1846), when the resolution in favour of a ten shilling differential duty for the colonies had been carried, and carried by his casting vote, “the blue ribbons of the turf” were all forgotten. Not for all the honours and successes of all the meetings, spring or autumn, Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, would he have exchanged that hour of rapture. His eye sparkled with fire, his nostril dilated with triumph, his sanguine spirit saw a future of continuous and illimitable success. “We have saved the colonies,” he said, “saved the colonies. I knew it must be so. It is the knell of free trade.”’

We quote this sequel because it shows, better than any other passage with which we are acquainted, that an ardent love for horse-racing may be concurrent with industrious, unselfish patriotism, and healthy political views, in the heart of an Englishman. We have, however, this quarrel with the memory of Lord George. Great as were the services of the Lycurgus of the Turf, he betted much too heavily. In fact, his example, perhaps as much as that of any other patron of the Turf, prepared the way for the heavy gambling of the Hastings era. We should much prefer to take the racing career of Lord Palmerston as a model of that moderation which a betting man is most bound to study. When his mare Ilione\* won the Cesarewitch in 1841, he thus writes:—

‘I had but one horse in training and that was Ilione, and she won me about 1700*l.* at Newmarket in one stake, and though John Day will no doubt send me in a large bill to set against these winnings, yet a decent surplus must remain.’—Ashley’s ‘Life,’ vol. i. p. 439.

The same economical management and anxiety to win stakes is apparent in several more of his letters. And this is what we should like to see more of on the Turf; not the sudden making of a fortune by a great *coup*. Lord Palmerston had great hopes of winning the Derby of 1860 with Mainstone, but the horse broke down shortly before the race with strong suspicion of foul play. On May 21st of that year, the following entries of various matters occur in his Diary:—

‘John Day and Professor Spooner, about Mainstone. Settled he should run on Wednesday. Shaftesbury, about Church appointments. Powell, to ask about Mainstone. Sir Robert Peel, ditto. Bernstorff, to read me a dispatch. Sidney Herbert, about his evidence to be given to-morrow before Committee on army organization.’—Ashley’s ‘Life,’ vol. ii. p. 397.

This passage is likely to become historic, and will be read with curiosity in future generations. Mainstone did run in the Derby, and came in about tenth. Lord Palmerston shortly afterwards retired from the turf.

The fourteenth Earl of Derby, scholar, orator, thrice Prime Minister, a man of the most stainless character, was, like his rival, all his life an enthusiastic supporter of the Turf; and, like him, sustained a great disappointment when Toxophilite

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\* She was by Priam, and Lord Palmerston named her Ilione, who was ‘*maxima natarum Priami*.’ The question of the quantity of the second *i* produced a great deal of betting, which was set at rest by an appeal to the Master of Trinity. Lord Palmerston, on being informed of the discussion said ‘they might call her just what they liked so long as she won the Cesarewitch.’—Ashley’s ‘Life,’ *l.c.*

was second to Sir Joseph Hawley's Beadsman for the Derby of 1858 during the Earl's second tenure of the Seals of Office as First Lord of the Treasury. How keenly he loved racing is well told by Greville in his Diary for May, 1833:—

'I went to the Oaks on Wednesday, where Lord Stanley kept house for the first, and probably (as the house is for sale) for the last time. It passed off very well . . . racing all the morning and whist and blind hobkey in the evening. It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe they beheld the orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the turf, full of the horses, interest in the betting, eager, blunt, noisy, good humoured, "has meditans nugas et totus in illis:" at night equally devoted to the play as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax whose existence is devoted to great and serious thoughts.'—'Greville Memoirs,' ii. p. 374.

But though the victories of good horses and the patronage of noble and honourable men have been gratifying features in the history of the Turf, there are others less satisfactory. We do not complain that men of much lower rank have begun to compete for the highest honours of the Turf; it was necessary, if horse-racing was to continue a national sport, that it should become more democratic with the age; and it is only natural that men like Gully and Ridsdale, Lambert, and Hammond, men racing altogether for profit, should be found contending against men like Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Payne, against the Dukes of Portland and Westminster. Nor can we say anything here against the new system which has very lately sprung up of making race-meetings speculations profitable to a company, as is the case at Manchester, Kempton, Sandown, Derby, and elsewhere,—meetings where the public have to pay for admission to the course. These companies have initiated the system of offering enormous prizes, generally for races not longer than a mile, and are, in fact, inaugurating a new era, of which we are only at the commencement,—whether for good or evil we cannot foresee. But we regret to see the enormous increase in the number of handicaps, the decline in long-distance races, and the diminution in prestige with which races of almost historic celebrity, like that for the Goodwood Cup, are now attended. In connection with this subject, we venture to express an opinion that the principal changes made in the regulations for Queen's Plates have been changes for the worse. In 1876, Lord Bradford, then Master of the Horse, raised the prize from one hundred to two hundred guineas, reducing the number

number of places at which the Queen's Plates should be run for to one-half. This year the Duke of Westminster again raised the prize to three hundred guineas, but the number of recipient meetings has suffered a corresponding diminution. The late Master of the Horse must be disappointed at the result. At the time at which we write eight races have been run on the new system, and only twenty-seven horses have competed—a miserable average of a little over three. Nor can the quality of the competitors be said to have improved on the whole. True, Chislehurst went southwards and picked up six hundred guineas for Mr. Perkins; and Hermitage and Thebais ran a good race at Stockbridge; and Charmian's victory over Sandiway at Lichfield showed what a good mare she is; but we had results as good as this in the past. We remember seeing a better race in 1871, at Lewes, for one hundred guineas, between Siderolite and Border Knight, than the tripled prize was able to create this year at the same place between Newton and Criterion. The race for the Queen's Plate is, in our opinion, the best race at many meetings; and we are sorry to see the number cut down from thirty-two to ten or eleven. In 'Ruff's Guide' for 1871, which we take up at random, we find winners of the calibre of Falkland, Starter, Siderolite, Paganini, Pâté, Musket, Kennington; and, though there were four 'walks over,' there were twenty-seven contests. And we must remind the Master of the Horse that a race is not necessarily a failure because it does not bring out a large field. Women who love colour, or bookmakers who love 'outsiders,' may think so; but a real admirer of racing feels no dissatisfaction when the numbers of only two runners go up, provided they are well matched.

The morality of the Turf is perhaps at this moment purer than it has been during the last fifty years. We do not now read open and uncontradicted charges that nearly every horse in the Derby was made safe, *i.e.* safe not to win. Such a charge was referred to in the 'Quarterly Review' for July 1833, as having been made respecting the Derby of the previous year; and, curiously enough, we find in the 'Greville Memoirs' for 1833 itself the following circumstantial account of what went on just before the decision of the Derby in that year:—

'I had considerable hopes of winning the Derby, but was beaten easily, my horse [the Whale] not being good. An odd circumstance occurred to me before the race. Payne told me in strict confidence that a man who could not appear on account of his debts, and who had been connected with Turf robberies, came to him, and intreated him to take the odds for him to 1000*l.*, about a horse for the Derby, and deposited a note in his hand for the purpose. He told him that

half



half the horses were made safe, and that it was arranged this one was to win. After much delay, and having got his promise to lay out the money, he told him it was my horse. He did back the horse for the man for 700*l.*, but the same person told him if my horse could not win Dangerous would, and he backed the latter likewise for 100*l.*, by which his friend was saved, and won 800*l.* He did not tell me his name, nor anything more, except that his object was, if he had won, to pay his creditors, and he had authorised Payne to retain the money, if he won it, for that purpose.'—*Greville Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 374.

The only comment necessary to make on the above is that Dangerous won the Derby, and 30 to 1 was laid against him before the start: against Mr. Greville's horse 8 to 1 was laid.

This incident may be taken as a sample of the roguery that was rampant half a century ago, which culminated when a horse four years old won the Derby. We do not care to meddle any further with such a muddy stream; much less are we careful to rake together instances of dishonesty which have been exposed of late, to prove that we are not very much better than our fathers. It is satisfactory to know that a perceptible improvement exists; and though there is room for great improvement still, though the conventional standard of honourable dealing even might be somewhat higher than it is, the river of horse-racing is more pellucid than at any previous period, and we hope that ere long it will run perfectly clear and unsullied. A more dangerous stream than rapid Aufidus it will, we fear, prove, so long as the betting exchange exists, and the young and inexperienced are induced by three columns of sporting news in their daily paper to launch their frail barks upon its waters.

That river begins to flow in early spring. It bursts like a mountain torrent at Lincoln in the end of March; flows wide and deep through Newmarket, Epsom, and many lesser places; has grown swifter and more dangerous when it revisits Newmarket a month later; is a seething torrent at the Epsom Summer Meeting, and with unabated flood deluges royal Ascot in June, ducal Goodwood in July: it knows not dam or ford as it sweeps through Doncaster in September; it shoots over the cataracts of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in October, and reaches the winter sea of calm at Warwick in the end of November. On that dangerous stream you shall see many a proud garlanded bark, many a gay and gallant company, many a shattered and sinking ship, many a hand of a drowning man held up above the flood, vainly grasping for aid before he is merged for ever beneath the surface. You shall see the most

precious

precious wares thrown overboard in the desperate struggle to keep the vessel afloat; honour, honesty, fortune, character are everywhere mixed with the foam and froth of the going flood; precious time is lost; opportunities let slip; honest labour despised:—

‘*Languent officia atque ægrotat fama vacillans.*’

And it is curious to observe how totally distinct and separate this river of horse-racing is from the scenes and people through which it passes, just as if it were a real river. In some quiet country town, as Chichester for instance, where a grand cathedral lifts its sacred head, perpetual calm seems to reign until the week of the races comes round. Then what a change and contrast! Every house and lodging is let; every cab and carriage is furbished up; every horse and pony is pressed for the occasion from many miles around; omnibuses and hansoms and nondescript vehicles from London descend upon the scene; the hotel-keeper trebles his staff of waiters and cookmaids; the parson preaches his annual sermon against the races, and sends his boys on a visit, to be out of the reach of temptation, and the inundation begins. They come—horses, groomers, jockeys, lords and ladies, bookmakers, backers, touts, welshers, card-sharpers, pickpockets, gaily-dressed women, and as long as the races last, those of the inhabitants that stay at home sit at their windows twice a-day to watch the incessant stream of four-horse drags, omnibuses, carriages, cabs and carts, pass and repass their windows. When the races are over, the motley throng is swept away to another meeting: the bookmaker counts his gains, the backer tries to forget and underestimate his losses; the weary landlord wipes his forehead and ejaculates a thanksgiving that the races are over, and the little town gathers itself together again under the shadow of the cathedral.

And if we visit the racecourse and take our place on the Stand while the horses are going to the post, what a scene is exhibited below! That roaring mob of ring-men, making the face of the summer day hideous, screaming like vultures flocking to the prey, what a truly noble institution is this! The less custom the book-maker has, the more frantically he screams the odds; the respectable men, with whom our *magnanimi juvenes* gamble away their patrimony, these are comparatively silent; so are vultures when their beaks are in their prey. These are the high-hearted men who cheered the Marquis of Hastings when he had stripped himself of an ancestral estate to pay the hundred thousand pounds which he had lost on Hermit's Derby; the men who hooted the broken-hearted young nobleman into his

grave

grave when he could pay no longer. The ring is no doubt an English institution, but we have lost many English institutions of late years, and we could spare the betting-ring better than any of those which we have lost; though how to replace it we confess we know not, unless by some such contrivance as the Australian totalisator.

Such is the 'Turf of England—not all evil in itself, nor necessary evil at all, but owing to pernicious license the cause of misery to many thousands. Although it is true that the turf is one great system of national demoralization, as Lord Beaconsfield called it, it is not all evil; it springs from one of the best and most distinctive features of the English character—the love of out-door sports. It was originally essentially manly, honest, and good. Nothing can be more natural than for an owner of a good horse to match him and ride him against another. Nor can the lover of the beautiful find fault with racing. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a horse-race. The poetry of racing was felt in its perfection when Wells mounted the handsome Rosicrucian, or Parry bestrode that good-tempered giant Prince Charlie, or when Wood brought St. Simon to the front with long sweeping stride at the distance. Add the effect of the soft summer air and the pure breezes that are wafted over the wide heath or moor; add the legitimate interest caused by a small bet, and the excitement of a close struggle between two famous horses, well ridden. For betting on a racecourse is legitimate, and *secundum naturam*, ever since that offer of a tripod or kettle, in Homer. But it is only on the racecourse that betting is legitimate, and only legitimate there in very small sums. But now clerks in Aberdeen and railway porters in Cornwall will have their wager on a horse they never expect to see; and many a well-dressed Irus visits the course at noon with the confident hope of leaving it a Croesus at five. They win sometimes of course; but their winnings remind us painfully of the highwayman's spoil: 'a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing—Lay by—and spent with crying—Bring in—now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.' Hear 'the Druid' on betting ('Post and Pad-dock,' p. 67):—

'Looking at the system of betting generally, not five men in twenty can afford to lose, and certainly not one in twenty afford to win. This may seem a paradox; but few men unless they have a very large fortune indeed can take settling quietly. It can't be done. A young man drawing his first winnings is like a tiger tasting his

first blood ; he seldom stops again till he is brought to a deadlock as a defaulter ; his visits are extended from a few afternoons to weeks after weeks of race meetings, and the mind becomes untuned for everything else.'

These words are not part of a Puritan's diatribe against racing, but were written by a man who loved sport as keenly as Whyte Melville himself. And we will cap his reflections by a remarkable passage from the diary of one of the most notable turfites of the century :

'*May 27th, 1833.*—All last week at Epsom ; and now, thank God, these races are over. I have had all the excitement and worry, and have neither won nor lost ; nothing but the hope of gain would induce me to go through this demoralising drudgery, which I am conscious reduces me to the level of all that is most disreputable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Jockeys, trainers, and blacklegs are my companions, and it is like dram-drinking ; having once entered upon it I cannot leave it off, though I am disgusted with the occupation all the time. . . . While the fever it excites is raging, and the odds are varying, I can neither read nor write, nor occupy myself with anything else.'

Neither are these the words of a Methodist : they were written by Charles Greville, as well-known a figure on race-courses as the Admiral or Lord George : who made racing his occupation : who was associated with as many stratagems and *coups* on the Turf as Mr. Day himself : one who, if any one, ought to have been rendered by custom a callous advocate of everything appertaining to racing. And what is the answer to such passages as these? Why, that racing is necessary to maintain the breed of the horse in its perfection, and that betting is necessary to racing, and that handicaps are necessary to betting. This is the hackneyed sorites confidently employed by those who care nothing about the noble animal, whose excellence is their professed end. That the horse would to a certain extent degenerate both in speed and stamina without racing is undoubtedly true. But that betting and handicapping are essential to our national sport we are reluctant to believe : certainly they are not necessary to the extent nor in the manner in which they are conducted. But even were they necessary to that extent, and after that manner, we can only suggest that it may be possible to pay too high a price even for perfection in the horse. And if the demoralization of half the nation, if broken hearts, desolated homes, thefts, embezzlements, and worse crimes, are part of the price, that price is too high : would be too high though its equivalent were the placing on English soil the fabled breed of volant Pegasus himself.

ART.

- ART. VI.—1. *Journal of a Visit to some Parts of Ethiopia.* By George Waddington and Rev. Barnard Hanbury. London, 1822.
2. *Voyage à Méroé, au Fleuve Blanc, au-delà de Fazoql, &c.* Par M. Frédéric Cailliaud. 4 tomes. Paris, 1826.
3. *Travels in Kordofan.* By Ignatius Pallme. (Translation.) London, 1844.
4. *The Albert Nyanza.* By Samuel White Baker. 2 vols. London, 1866.
5. *Ismailia.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pacha. 2 vols. London, 1874.
6. *The Heart of Africa.* By Dr. G. Schweinfurth. 1874.
7. *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa, 1874–1879.* By George Birkbeck Hill. Third Edition. London, 1884.
8. *The Journals of Major-General C. G. Gordon, C.B., at Kartoum.* Edited by A. Egmont Hake. London, 1885.
9. *Parliamentary Papers (Egypt).* 1882–1885.
10. *Private Correspondence.* 1882–1885.

THE recent evacuation of Dongola closes a chapter of Sudan history which opened sixty-five years ago, when Ismail Pasha broke up his camp at Assuan and marched southwards in search of gold, slaves, and glory. In 1820 Muhammed Ali determined to subdue all the countries lying south of Wady Halfa. His avowed motive was to put an end to the disorders which had caused a temporary cessation of the Sudan trade, and thus revive and extend those commercial relations which had formerly conduced so much to the wealth and prosperity of Egypt. His real motives were to gain possession of the gold-mines on the confines of Abyssinia; to obtain slave-recruits for his army; and possibly to find employment for the wild Albanian, Anatolian, and Circassian peasants who had helped him to establish his power in Egypt. The moment was well chosen; the old Funj kingdom of Sennar, torn by internal dissensions, was tottering towards its fall; Kordofan had been occupied by the Sultan of Darfur; Halfaya, Shendi, and Berber, had become independent provinces under their own *Meliks*, or Kinglets; the warlike Shagiyeh had done the same, and were raiding the country many days' march north and south of their home round the ruins of the ancient Napata; whilst a remnant of the Memluks, under Ibrahim Bey, who had escaped death by leaping his horse from the parapet of the citadel at Cairo when his comrades were massacred, and Abd er Rahman Bey, had obtained possession of Dongola eight years previously by treacherously murdering the Shagiyeh Governors of Argo.

By

By the last week of September 1820, a force of 4000 men\* had been assembled at Wady Halfa, with camels for land, and boats for river transport. With keen discrimination Muhammed Ali placed his younger son Ismail in command. Young, brave, active, filled with the spirit of adventure, and eager to win for himself a reputation, such as his elder brother Ibrahim had already acquired, Ismail Pasha was in many respects well fitted to lead an expedition to the then unknown countries of the Upper Nile, and carry out the ambitious scheme of his father. On the 5th of October Ismail left Wady Halfa. On the 4th of November he completely defeated the Shagiyeh in a stubborn fight near Korti, a place which was afterwards to become notorious as the scene of the Mudir of Dongola's victory over the Shagiyeh, and the camping-ground of British head-quarters for three long winter months during the late campaign. The Egyptian force marched by the left bank; the Meliks of Sukkot and Mahass at once submitted; the Memluks, who, when called upon to submit, had returned the proud answer: 'Tell Muhammed Ali that we will be on no terms with our servant,' retired to Shendi; and Tumbol, Melik of Argo, whose descendant now occupies the unenviable position of 'buffer' between the Sudanis and the British advanced posts, hastened to claim protection for himself and people from the youthful conqueror. The boats were long delayed in the cataracts; the story of their successful ascent, after weary days of incessant toil, of hardship and danger cheerfully encountered, is not unlike that which filled so many columns of the daily press last autumn. On emerging from the cataracts progress was more rapid, and early in December the astonished Shagiyeh saw, for the first time in their lives, boats—'water-mares,' as they quaintly christened them—mounting the current without the aid of oars. With the advance of the Egyptian troops commenced that long reign of terror, of unbridled lust, of cruelty and oppression, which has

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\* Ismail's force consisted of:—

1200 Osmanli cavalry.  
400 Arab cavalry.  
600 Osmanli infantry.  
300 Artillerymen.  
800 Bedawin under their own Sheikhs.  
700 Ababdehs.

4000 men with 24 guns.

It was accompanied by 2000 camp-followers, and a transport train of 3000 camels; whilst several Ulema were attached to the expedition to conduct diplomatic relations with the tribes. The Osmanlis were men from all parts of the Ottoman Empire, Albanians, Anatolians, Circassians, Syrians, and Moors from the towns of Northern Africa; the camp-followers were native Egyptians and Ababdehs.

turned

turned some of the most fertile portions of the earth's surface into barren, uninhabited wilderness, and been the source of more human misery, of a greater waste of human life, than any one can realize who has not studied the blood-stained annals of the Sudan. The reign opened when Ismail Pasha ordered his Janissaries to beat a woman of Mahass to death for refusing to accept Egyptian money, and when his soldiers plundered peaceful villagers, and violated their wives and daughters; it closed, consistently, last May, when Sir Mustafa Yaver's Bashi Bazuks swept the country in front of them as they retired from their advanced position at Tangassi.

During the fight at Korti, on the 4th of November, the Shagiyeh, led to battle in true Arab style, by a richly-dressed maiden seated on a dromedary, fought with determined bravery. Their cavalry, by an impetuous charge, broke through the right wing of the Egyptians, and for a few moments victory seemed trembling in the balance. Their spearmen, trusting to the amulets and charms which had been specially prepared for the occasion,\* charged home, and left 600 dead in front of the Egyptian muskets. Defeated, but not crushed, the Shagiyeh crossed the Nile and took up a strong position on Jebel Deka, whence they were dislodged a few days afterwards with great slaughter. After this second defeat, Melik Chaues, the most able chieftain of the tribe, retreated with his followers to Shendi; whilst Melik Zebehr, touched by the chivalrous conduct of Ismail to his daughter, gave in his submission. The rich country known as Dar Shagiyeh now lay open to the Egyptians; the manner in which they abused their power may be inferred from the comments of an eye-witness, Mr. Waddington:—

‘Our servants, in their expedition into the village, found only an old woman alive, with her ears off. The Pasha buys human ears at fifty piastres a-piece, which leads to a thousand unnecessary cruelties, and barbarizes the system of warfare; but enables his highness to collect a large stock of ears, which he sends down to his father as proofs of his successes. The shore is putrid, and the air tainted, by the carcases of oxen, sheep, goats, camels, and men. The latter, in particular, are found every fifty yards, scattered along the road and among the corn; some in an attempt to reach the Nile, and escape by swimming, have been overtaken on the bank and there killed; others are found with their oxen in the sakies, where they had been labouring together; some near the houses they probably inhabited.’—Waddington, p. 118.

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\* The Shagiyeh, like the Hadendowa at Tamai, and the Arabs at Abu Klea, believed that their charms would protect them from the bullets of their enemy; some even believed that their amulets rendered them invisible.

After each fight, boxes of ears were made up for transmission to Cairo, and their collection led to some quaint scenes, such as that described by M. Caillaud (ii. 31-33), when a Shagiyeh, feigning death on the field of Korti, had to lie motionless whilst his ears were cropped by two Turkish soldiers. In happy contrast to these horrors of barbarous war, are the careful tending of Chaues' wounded son by the surgeons of Ismail, and the romantic story of the capture and restoration of Zebehr's daughter, Safi, who, when taken captive and brought before Ismail, was clothed in rich garments, mounted on a camel, and sent back under escort to her father.

The expedition was long delayed by want of transport, and it was not until the 27th of December that a force could be sent across the desert to occupy Berber; Ismail had previously prepared the way by promising to protect the people from the dreaded raids of the Shagiyeh, and the place made no resistance. The boats left Merawi four days later and reached Kandi Island, after struggling for thirty-nine days against adverse winds and the rapid water of the cataracts. At Kandi the difficulties increased, and though nine small boats were partly dragged, partly carried, round the great bend of the Nile, to Berber in fifty-seven days, it was found impossible to pass boats drawing more than three feet of water over the remainder of the cataract. Ismail now ordered the larger boats to remain at Kandi until the river rose, and the guns, ammunition, &c., which they contained to be landed, and sent across the desert to Berber. On the 21st of February, 1821, he broke up his camp in the Dar Shagiyeh, and marched by the left bank of the river to Kirbekan, the scene of General Earle's action on the 10th of February last, and of his untimely death in the hour of victory. At Kirbekan Ismail left the Nile, and, making a forced march across the desert, reached Ghubush, opposite El Makkeir, the modern Berber, on the 5th of March. Many camels were lost on the march; and it was not until the 4th of May that the transport of guns,\* ammunition, and provisions from Kandi was completed, and the force placed in a condition to continue its advance.

During this period of enforced inaction, Nimr, chief of the Sadab clan of the great Jalin tribe, and Melik of Shendi, arrived at Ismail's camp to tender his submission. Fully six feet in height, of a fine presence, stern of feature, somewhat haughty and reserved in manner, Melik Nimr appears to have

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\* The guns were drawn by camels throughout the campaign, from Kandi to Sennar; but in action the camels were replaced by horses, which, on the line of march, were led, ready harnessed, by their respective guns.



created an unfavourable impression on the prince. He was badly received; no pipe, no coffee was offered to him; and, though rich presents were made to him on the following day, the slight seems never to have been forgotten. The submission of Nimr was followed by that of many of the Memluks who had taken refuge at Shendi, and the flight of the others to Darfur. The short-lived kingdom of the Memluks deserves a passing notice. They entered the Sudan in 1812, and, rapidly gaining possession of the Dongolese territory, from Hannek southward to Handak, selected Marága, afterwards called New Dongola,\* as their capital. Once established in their new home, they introduced a better system of agriculture, encouraged the growth of wheat, carried on a large trade with Kordofan and Darfur, and protected the Dongolawi from the raids of the Shagiyeih, whom they defeated in two pitched battles.

On the 5th of May Ismail resumed his advance, and on the 27th concentrated his force at Omdurman. The army suffered much on the march from heat, and scarcity of food, and on one occasion missed its way whilst endeavouring to pass a sandy tract, covered with acacia, during the night. The Meliks of Matammeh and Halfaya submitted; and at the former place an event occurred which was not only to influence the immediate conduct of the campaign, but to be fruitful of result in the future. Chaues, principal Melik of the Shagiyeih, and by far the most warlike of the Kinglets in the Sudan, submitted, and passed with all his followers into the service of Ismail.

The Shagiyeih, who now commenced that close relationship to the Egyptian Government which was only to cease with the fall of Khartum, appear to have established themselves in the district they now occupy towards the close of the thirteenth century; and to have dispossessed and largely intermarried with a people of Nuba origin whose language was Rotana.† They were distinguished for their love of liberty, their courage, their skill as horsemen, their hospitality, their schools, and their great wealth in corn and cattle; whilst their cavalry, armed with lance, shield, and long two-edged Solingen swords, and mounted on horses of the famous Dongola breed,‡ were celebrated

\* The site of Marága proving unhealthy, the capital of the Province was moved a few miles higher up the river by the Egyptians, to whom the foundation of El Ordeh, the existing New Dongola, is due.

† Rotana is the language spoken, with certain dialectic differences, by the riverain population from Assuan to Korti; the word has passed as a verb into Sudan Arabic, and is used in the sense of 'to speak'; thus a man is said to 'rotan' in Turkish, English, &c.

‡ The Dongola breed of horses is now extinct, destroyed by the Egyptians, as the more celebrated breeds of Cappadocia and Cilicia have been by the Turks in

brated and dreaded throughout the Sudan. The services of the Shagiyeh in Sennar, and during the avenging campaign of the Defterdar in 1822, were rewarded by the grant of forfeited Jalin lands, on the right bank of the Nile, between Khartum and the Atbara. As the Egyptian power became consolidated, the settlements thus established increased in importance and supplied recruits to the Shagiyeh battalions of Bashi-Bazuks, which gradually took the place of the cavalry. Close contact with their rulers, and with the ruffianly Turk and Albanian irregulars in the Egyptian service, does not seem to have improved the *morale* of the tribe, for the Shagiyeh are now considered the most fickle of all the people in the Sudan, and it is impossible to say what line of action they will take under any given condition. General Gordon's Journal contains many allusions to the difficulty he experienced in managing these impulsive people; he calls them the 'worry of my heart,' and says that he 'will back them to try a man's patience more sorely than any other people in the wide world, yea, and in the universe.'

The passage of the White Nile by the Egyptian army occupied three days; the troops were crossed in the nine small boats which had been brought, with so much difficulty, round the great bend of the Nile; whilst the horses and camels, partly supported by inflated skins, were taken over by the Ababdeh and Shagiyeh. On the 30th of May the force encamped on the low sandy spit, Ras El Khartum, where in after years rose the town which was to be rendered famous for all time by the genius and sublime self-sacrifice of the hero Gordon. Sennar, distracted by internal dissensions, made no resistance; the King, Badi, tendered his submission at Wad Medina; and on the 12th of June Ismail entered the capital in triumph. His first care was to organize slave-hunts on an extensive scale. Before a week had elapsed detachments were at work in various directions; and soon the streets and bazaars of Sennar were crowded with unfortunate men and women who had been torn from their homes to lead a life of misery in Egypt, and encumbered with camels, cattle, and the varied household wealth of many a ransacked village. With the advance of the rainy season sickness began to declare itself on an alarming scale, and, by the 25th of September, 500 men had died, and 2000 were on the

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Asia Minor. The Dongola horses were descended from Arab horses brought over by the first invaders, and are said to have been of greater size and to have had more bone than their original sires. They were, as a rule, black with white legs, and were noted for their strength, their speed, their docility, and their great endurance of fatigue.

sick list out of a force of 3000 men. Proper food was wanting; the natives, who watched the mortality amongst their conquerors with eager eyes, were ripe for revolt; and the situation was becoming precarious when, on the 22nd of October, Ibrahim Pasha arrived and filled every one with fresh life and energy. Ibrahim had come up the Nile with the fixed determination of extending his brother's conquests, and he soon matured his plan of operations. It was to divide the Egyptian force into two corps; one, under his own command, to raid the Dinka country, on the White Nile, and collect 30,000 or 40,000 slaves; the other, under Ismail, to occupy Fazoglu and obtain possession of the much coveted gold mines. After this enterprise had been brought to a successful conclusion, Ibrahim intended to explore the White Nile in armed boats; to conquer Darfur and Burnu, and finally to return in triumph, through Tripoli, to Egypt. On the 5th of December Ibrahim left Sennar; but a serious illness soon obliged him to abandon his dreams of conquest, and return to Cairo. His force penetrated to the Dinka country; ravaged it for eight days, and returned to Sennar with no more than 700 or 800 slaves. Ismail's force, after a toilsome march, during which the troops suffered much from sickness, occupied Fazoglu, and pushed on to the gold mines. The villages on the line of march were pillaged and given up to all the horrors of which a soldiery, devoid of generous feeling, is capable. The search for gold, of which M. Cailliaud gives an amusing account (iii. 2-15), having proved unsuccessful, Ismail turned his attention to the collection of slaves. The blacks, however, knowing the country well, and strongly posted on rocky, wooded hills, were able to hold their own, and the Egyptians were several times repulsed with loss. Disappointed at not obtaining the great wealth in gold and slaves which he expected, alarmed at the state of the country in his rear, and at the condition of his men, who were enfeebled by constant exposure in an unhealthy climate, Ismail now decided to return to Sennar. He reached that place, after an absence of about three months, to find that several of the officers and soldiers he had left in the villages had been murdered; that his convoys and messengers had been interrupted; and that the garrison of Halfaya had been obliged temporarily to evacuate the town. In the autumn Ismail set out for Egypt, having previously established posts at Wad Medina, and Ras El Khartum. On arriving at Shendi he made exorbitant demands, on Melik Nimr, for money, camels, forage, and food. The Melik threw himself on his knees and begged for an abatement; but a blow on the face from the Pasha's jewelled pipe-stem was the

the only answer vouchsafed to him. The insult was speedily and terribly avenged. Large quantities of dry dura-stalk, the usual fodder for camels, was brought into the town and loosely stacked round the house which Ismail was to occupy; then, at dead of night, whilst the soldiers were sleeping off the effects of the *merissa* which had been liberally supplied to them, a torch was applied to the highly-inflammable material, and in a few moments nothing remained of the conqueror of the Sudan but a charred corpse. Ismail's murder was the signal for a rising in Sennar, under Muhammed Adlan, during which the soldiers in the district were killed, and the whole country south of Berber was temporarily lost to the Egyptians.

Whilst Ismail Pasha had been engaged in the conquest of Sennar, his brother-in-law, Muhammed Bey, the Defterdar, had been similarly occupied in Kordofan. The Defterdar left Debbah, with a force of 4500 Osmanli infantry and cavalry, 800 Bedawi auxiliaries, and 8 guns, and after several days' march across a desert, ill-supplied with water, found the enemy assembled in force to defend the walls of Bara. A fierce struggle ensued. The Darfurian cavalry, clad in helmets and shirts of mail, and mounted on horses protected by plates of native copper, were more than a match for the Bedawi horsemen; whilst the spearmen charged home, and for a short time gained possession of the guns. The death of the Darfurian leader decided the battle; two days later, Obeid was occupied and pillaged; and the whole of Kordofan passed into the hands of the Egyptians, with the exception of Tagalla, Jebel Deir, and other small districts, inhabited by a Nuba population, which have maintained their independence to the present day. Under the mild rule of Darfur, Kordofan had attained a high degree of prosperity; caravans brought the produce of Egypt, Abyssinia, and Central Africa; trade was free; a light tribute was the only tax; the people were happy and contented; and everywhere gold and silver ornaments attested the general wealth. All this was soon to change. The Defterdar was insatiable; he robbed everybody and everything; duties and taxes of every description were imposed; the rights of property were ignored; every one who was suspected of having acquired wealth in goods, money, or cattle, was under some pretext killed and his property confiscated; and the whole country was ruined to fill the coffers of the Defterdar and his followers. The Defterdar seems to have been one of those monsters in human form who occasionally appear to startle mankind by their cruelties and their crimes. Hardly a day passed without its tribute to his thirst for blood, or the invention of some

new

new mode of gratifying his delight in the torture of his victims. An offending servant is nailed by his tongue to a door, or roasted alive in an oven; a tired groom is tied head downwards to the tail of a horse; a request for shoes is answered by nailing iron shoes to the feet of the applicants; the slightest offence is punished by impalement in its most horrible form, by blowing men from guns, or by the loss of an arm, a nose, or an eye. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, maimed creatures, wandering over the country in search of alms, bore witness to the cruelty of the Defterdar.

When the news of Ismail's murder reached Kordofan, the Defterdar at once placed himself at the head of his troops and marched on Shendi. Melik Nimr fled, with a few followers, to the country between the Settit and the Bahr Salam; Shendi was razed to the ground; men, women, and children were put to the sword; murder was committed in every form; and the Sadab clan of Jalin was almost exterminated. The Defterdar next marched on Sennar, punishing on his way the various Jalin \* clans with all the cruelty that has made his name notorious, and near Khartum he encountered and defeated the rebels with great slaughter; Adlan thereupon fled to Abyssinia, and Sennar again submitted.

It is unnecessary to follow closely the annals of the Sudan; they are one long record of revolts ruthlessly suppressed, and afford abundant evidence, if such were needed, of the inability of Turco-Circassian officials to govern subject races. Before the arrival of the Egyptians the Sudanis lived a contented, peaceful life, only disturbed by the occasional raids of the nomad tribes. The Meliks, who were by no means despotic, administered justice according to the precepts of the Koran; and the village sheikhs collected the tithe, the only tax, for the Meliks, who shared it with the ruler to whom they owed allegiance. At first the Egyptians made no change; they simply reinstated the Meliks, as collectors of taxes, in their respective districts. The country was afterwards divided into provinces,† which were governed by Turkish or Circassian

Kaimakams

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\* The Jalin were always distrusted after the rebellion, and rarely employed in the public service; their lands on the right bank of the Nile were given to the Shagiyeh who had thrown in their lot with the Egyptians. During the recent rebellion they sided with the Mahdi, and the position they occupied north of Khartum enabled them to arrest all messengers to and from that town. The Mahdi appointed as Emir of Shendi a man of Melik Nimr's family, and the district thus passed again into the hands of the old ruling family.

† The administrative system of the Sudan was frequently altered. The most recent change was early in 1882, when a Minister for the Sudan was appointed, and the country was divided into three large provinces under Hukumdars or Governors-General.

Kaimakams (Lieut.-Colonels), who reported to the Governor-General at Khartum. The provinces were subdivided into districts under Kashifs, each of whom had forty irregular soldiers (Bashi Bazuks) to maintain order and collect the revenue. The system was simple and not unsuited to the country, but unfortunately the rough Turkish soldiers of fortune, who had to apply it, thought much more of enriching themselves than of the welfare of the people. From the Governor and his Vakil to the lowest servant, every one plundered; pillage was reduced to a system; for every pound the Bashi Bazuks collected they robbed another from the peasants; extraordinary requisitions of grain, cattle, camels, butter, leather, &c., were made for the troops; and the people were speedily reduced to a state of abject poverty.

The general disorder was so great, that when Muhammed Ali visited the Sudan in 1838, he instituted a Court of Inquiry, before which many offending officials were brought, and forced to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. The confiscation, however, was for the benefit of the Viceroy, and not for that of the people. The system remained unaltered, and the despoiled officers immediately set to work to amass new fortunes. Muhammed Ali, though animated by the best intentions, was to a certain extent paralysed by the constant fear that his Governors might rebel and proclaim their independence of Egypt, and the consequent necessity he was under for treating them leniently. When the Viceroy himself was not in the Sudan, the Governor-General exercised unlimited power; he was addressed as Effendina; and a promise of some slight remission of taxation, and additional pay, would have secured the adherence of the Sudanis and the support of the black soldiers, who had gradually replaced the Osmanlis, to any declaration of independence. That the fears of Muhammed Ali were not groundless is shown by the case of Achmet Pasha, in 1841, whose conspiracy was checked by supersession and a cup of coffee.

During the reign of Abbas Pasha the disorders increased; and his successor Said Pasha was so moved by the reports which he received of the deplorable state of the country, that, in 1857, he determined to visit the Sudan himself. Horrified at the widespread misery which had been brought upon the people by the extortion and oppression of the Government

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Governors-General, who corresponded direct with Cairo; the smaller divisions were administered by Mudirs, Nazars and Hakems. The changes had not been completed when the disturbances which led to the present condition of affairs commenced.

officials, his first impulse was to abandon the country; and it would have been well for Egypt and the Sudan if he had obeyed the impulse. Unfortunately he was persuaded to retain the Sudan; but before his return to Cairo he ordered certain reforms to be made, such as the collection of the taxes by the village sheikhs instead of by Bashi Bazuks; the lowering of all taxes on irrigation; the appointment of local councils, to assemble once a year to enquire into the state of the country, &c. The reforms were short-lived, for Sir Samuel Baker thus writes of the government, in 1862-64, of Musa Pasha, whom he describes as 'a rather exaggerated specimen of Turkish authorities in general, combining the worst of Oriental failings with the brutality of a wild animal:—'

'During his administration the Soudan became utterly ruined; governed by military force, the revenue was unequal to the expenditure, and fresh taxes were levied upon the inhabitants to an extent that paralysed the entire country. . . . From the highest to the lowest official, dishonesty and deceit are the rule; and each robs in proportion to his grade in the Government employ.'—'Albert N'yanza,' i. 13, 14.

A report dated 1881 shows how far misgovernment could be carried. Said Pasha had reduced the tax upon sakiyes, by which the land is irrigated, to 200 piastres; but Jafar Pasha, 1865-70, raised it to 500 piastres. Col. Stewart, in his official report, writes:—

'This officer (Jafar Pasha) stated openly that he was quite aware the tax was excessive, but he had fixed it at that rate to see how much the peasant would really pay. . . . In the Report just quoted (that of 1881) a melancholy account is given of the ruin this excessive taxation brought on the country. Many were reduced to destitution, others had to emigrate, and so much land went out of cultivation, that in 1881 in the Province of Berber there were 1442 abandoned sakiyes, and in Dongola 613.'—'Egypt,' No. 11 (1883).

Sir Samuel Baker also gives a sketch of the lamentable state into which Jafar Pasha had brought the country:—

'Khartoum was not changed externally; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my former visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few years since been highly cultivated, had been abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels, was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost

lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.'—Baker, 'Ismailia,' i. 22.

During Col. Gordon's tenure of office as Governor-General, every effort was made to ameliorate the condition of the people by reducing taxation and other measures; but Gordon was so occupied in the suppression of the slave-traders' rebellion, that he had little time to see that his reforms were carried out. All that he did was soon undone by his successor, Raouf Pasha, who had previously been dismissed from his command at Gondokoro, and from his post of Governor of Harrar, for connivance at the slave-trade, oppression, and illegal trading on his own account. Ismail Pasha, who, whatever his faults may have been, was a strong and vigorous ruler, had been succeeded in the Khedivate by the more pliant Tewfik, who was in the hands of the English and French Controllers. These gentlemen looked upon the Sudan as a useless and expensive appanage of Egypt; they regarded it from a budget, and not from an administrative point of view; and Tewfik was allowed to govern the country much as he liked, so long as the drain on the Egyptian exchequer was stopped. Thus commenced that system of ignoring the close connection between Egypt and the Sudan, which was to develop so rapidly and produce such unforeseen results. Raouf Pasha was sent to Khartum, with stringent instructions to reduce expenditure; such instructions in the hands of a man like Raouf could have but one result. The old system of plunder, extortion, and oppression, was restored; and the exasperated people were ripe for revolt, when Muhammed Ahmed proclaimed his divine mission and his determination to drive the Egyptians from the Sudan.

One of the difficulties which the Egyptians had to contend with in the government of the Sudan was the maintenance of an armed force to keep order and suppress the constantly recurring revolts. The force which conquered the country was composed almost entirely of Osmanlis, but it was soon found that men of European or Asiatic origin could not stand the rough life of a private soldier in those districts which were subject to periodic rainfall. As the Osmanlis died out, they were replaced by captured slaves, and in a few years the regiments became entirely black, and were even officered, as regards the junior ranks, by blacks. The men of the Bashi Bazuk force were, on the other hand, nearly always Osmanli or Shagiyeh. The evils attendant upon a slave army were enhanced, in the Sudan, by the rapacity of the officials, who often kept the troops in arrear, and sometimes robbed them entirely of their pay. Mutinies were frequent, and in 1865 a serious one broke

out



out in Taka, which led to the transference of several black regiments to Egypt and their replacement by Egyptians. The climate, however, proved as fatal to the fellah as it had done to the Osmanli, and though some fellah battalions were always retained in the Sudan after this *émeute*, most of the regiments were again filled up with blacks. The Bashi Bazuks were employed in the collection of taxes, and it is impossible to exaggerate the misery caused by this system. Col. Stewart writes in his official report:—

‘Many, if not most, of these men (Bashi Bazuks) are very indifferent characters. They are mostly swaggering bullies, robbing, plundering, and ill-treating the people with impunity. Probably for every pound that reaches the Treasury these men rob an equal amount from the people. They are a constant menace to public tranquillity, and before any amelioration can be expected they must be got rid of. As soldiers they are valueless, having no discipline, nor, except in talk, do they exhibit any extraordinary courage.’—‘Egypt,’ No. 11, 1883.

Even the presence of British troops did not suffice to keep these men, ‘the scum of Cairo and Stambul,’ as Gordon well calls them, within decent bounds. During the recent occupation of Dongola, villages of unoffending Dongolawi were raided by Bashi Bazuks, and the women abused and carried off to slavery. If the husbands or fathers objected, they were soundly beaten, and in some cases broken heads and limbs were the result of protest. In the Egyptian fort at Debbah there were at one time at least 200 women who had been taken from the villagers; and the Bashi Bazuk officers were not above making money by buying the women from the soldiers, and selling them back to their relatives at high prices.

The most disturbing influences in the Sudan, however, have been those due to slavery, slave-hunts, and the slave-trade. During the reign of Muhammed Ali slave-hunts were annually made in Jebel Nuba, Tagalla, and other districts inhabited by blacks. Some of the slaves thus obtained were enrolled in the black regiments, some were given to the officers in lieu of pay, and some were sold to increase the revenue. Four years after the conquest it was estimated that 40,000 slaves had been captured. In 1838 the Viceroy ordered Kordofan alone to supply 5000 slaves, and a force of 3000 men was employed in the hunt; the horrors that ensued are graphically described by M. Pallme (chaps. 16, 17). The greatest disorders, however, date from 1853, when European traders first visited the upper waters of the White Nile. These men went up the river, nominally in search of ivory, and established fortified posts with black garrisons under

Arab

Arab leaders. The search for ivory soon degenerated into the much more lucrative business of slave-hunting, and in 1860 the scandal became so great, that the Europeans had to get rid of their stations by selling them to their Arab agents, who paid a rental for them to the Egyptian Government. The system under which the Egyptian Government leased lands that did not belong to them to adventurers, called merchants at Khartum, but well known to the authorities as slave-hunters, attained an extraordinary development. Dr. Schweinfurth estimated that in 1869 twelve mercantile firms at Khartum maintained 11,000 soldiers in the Bahr Ghazal district; Sir Samuel Baker placed the number as high as 15,000, and found one trader assuming the right of slave-hunting over 90,000 square miles of territory. The annual number of slaves captured is said to have then been 50,000. The atrocities committed by these slave-hunters and their soldiers, 'dapper-looking fellows, like antelopes, fierce, unsparing,' would be beyond human belief if they were not attested by such men as Speke, Grant, Baker, Schweinfurth, and Gordon. Dr. Schweinfurth writes of the state to which they reduced the country: 'I have myself seen whole tracts of country in Dar Ferteet turned into barren, uninhabited wildernesses, simply because all the young girls have been carried out of the country;' and Sir Samuel Baker thus describes the ruin brought on the rich district along the banks of the Victoria Nile in a few brief years:—

'It is impossible to describe the change that has taken place since I last visited this country. It was then a perfect garden, thickly populated, and producing all that man could desire. The villages were numerous; groves of plantains fringed the steep cliffs on the river's bank; and the natives were neatly dressed in the bark-cloth of the country. The scene has changed! All is wilderness! The population has fled. Not a village is to be seen! This is the certain result of the settlement of Khartoum traders. They kidnap the women and children for slaves, and plunder and destroy wherever they set their foot.—'Ismailia,' ii. 186.

In 1869 Sir Samuel Baker was given the command of an Expedition to subdue the countries south of Gondokoro, with full powers to deal with the slave-dealers. He left Khartum in 1870, and returned in 1873, after having annexed to Egypt the country as far south as the Equatorial Lakes, and 'rendered the slave-trade of the White Nile impossible, so long as the Government is determined that it shall be impossible.' Whilst Baker was suppressing the slave-trade on the White Nile, slave-hunts were carried on with unabated ardour in the districts of the Bahr Ghazal. The slave-traders had become almost inde-

pendent

pendent of Khartum, and one of them, Zebehr, who was afterwards to play an important part in the politics of the Sudan, is described by Schweinfurth as living in almost regal state.

In 1870 the Egyptian Government sent an expedition under Kutchuk Ali, 'one of the most notorious ruffians and slave-hunters of the White Nile,' to establish its authority in the Bahr Ghazal District; and at the same time a certain Hellali was sent, with a detachment of black troops of the regular army, to occupy the celebrated copper-mines of Darfur. Kutchuk Ali and Hellali proceeded to Zebehr's camp, and demanded supplies for the soldiers. These were refused by Zebehr, who at once prepared to resist. In the quarrel that ensued Kutchuk Ali sided with Zebehr, and the strange spectacle was offered of the Governor of the district and his Bashi Bazuks fighting side by side with the slave-hunters against soldiers of the regular army. Hellali was killed, and the proposed seizure of the mines was abandoned; but the affair greatly increased the power of Zebehr, and alarmed the Sultan of Darfur, who stopped all intercourse between his subjects and the Egyptians. Constant quarrels ensued, and in 1874, on the pretext that some Darfurian troops had entered the Bahr Ghazal in pursuit of slaves, Zebehr determined to invade Darfur. The Egyptian Government, fearing that Zebehr would acquire greater power, made the quarrel their own, and two expeditions were organized for the conquest of Darfur; one under Ismail Eyub Pasha, the other under Zebehr. The results of the campaign were that the Sultan and his two sons were killed, and Darfur became an Egyptian province. Zebehr was made a Pasha, but he wanted also to be made Governor of Darfur, and in order to push his claims went to Cairo with 100,000*l.* to bribe the Ministers. He was not allowed to return to the Sudan. After the conquest of Darfur two-thirds of the population are said to have been carried into slavery.

In 1874 Colonel Gordon was appointed to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. When he arrived he found the Egyptian occupation limited to the possession of three military posts, outside of which the soldiers never ventured to show themselves. He made no attempt to extend Egyptian territory, but he introduced order where none had existed before, and, after three years of incessant labour, he left the country peaceful and prosperous, with its Government organized on so firm a basis that it remained unshaken during the recent rebellion. In 1877 Gordon was appointed Governor-General of the Sudan, and he went to his post with the avowed

avowed intention of suppressing the slave-trade. Whether Ismail Pasha was sincere or not in his wish to suppress the slave-trade, there is no doubt that he was extremely anxious to limit the power of the slave-traders and put an end to a state of affairs that seriously threatened his supremacy in the Sudan. Gordon was given full powers ;\* but soon after his arrival in the Sudan he was called upon to suppress two formidable rebellions ; one of the slave-traders, south of Kordofan, which was clearly traced to the instigation of Zebehr ; the other in Darfur. The romantic incidents of the campaigns which followed, and the remarkable personal influence which Gordon exercised, have so recently been the subject of comment that it is unnecessary to touch upon them now. Gordon succeeded in breaking up the slave-traders' organization, and in giving the slave-trade a serious check, but unfortunately he did not remain long enough to complete his work. Under his successor, Raouf Pasha, the traffic speedily revived. No one can attentively read Mr. Hill's book, '*Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*,' without feeling that even in 1878-9 the country was ripe for revolt, and that it was only kept quiet by the personal energy and strict impartiality of Gordon. A leader and an incapable Governor-General were alone required to bring about a general rebellion. In 1881 the leader appeared in the person of Muhammed Ahmed, the Governor-General in that of Raouf Pasha. All previous rebellions had been local ; the Ethiopic tribes between the Nile and the Red Sea, the riverain population of the Nile Valley, the Negroes of the southern districts, and the nomad Arab tribes of the western desert have nothing in common ; and until religious fanaticism was aroused by the teaching of Muhammed Ahmed, anything like joint action or a simultaneous movement was looked upon as impossible.

If rebellion is ever justifiable it was so in the case of the Sudanis. As the result of Egyptian rule, a few miles of useless railway at Wady Halfa, a few steamers placed on the upper reaches of the Nile, by the energy of Englishmen, a line of telegraph for the use of the Government, and the development of the gum trade, were all that could be placed in the balance against a wasted country, a diminished population, the infliction of untold human misery, and the enslavement or purposeless slaughter of tens of thousands of human beings. Muhammed

\* On the 17th of August, 1877, a Convention was signed between England and Egypt for the suppression of the slave-trade, and certain measures were taken to give it effect which have had more or less result. A Khedivial decree of the same date ordered that the sale of slaves from family to family was to cease in the Sudan on the 17th of August, 1889. The slave-trade and the mutilation of children were to cease at once.

Ahmed, the leader of the rebellion, whose death has lately been announced, came of a Kenus family long settled in one of the rich islands south of Ordeh (New Dongola). He was, when he commenced his mission, about thirty-five years old, tall and dignified in appearance, with regular features, piercing eyes, and a deep olive-brown complexion which was somewhat lightened by the blackness of his beard. At an early age he attached himself to one of the Fakis near Khartum, and he afterwards resided at the Faki village of Ghubush, where he received religious instruction from Muhammed El Kheir, whom he was afterwards to make Emir of Berber. At a later period he settled on the island of Abba in the White Nile, and there he soon acquired local influence and fame by marrying the daughters of leading Baggarah Sheikhs, and by the assiduity with which he devoted himself to religious exercises. He seems to have been a man of much natural ability, and he certainly showed remarkable tact in his management of the wild tribes which joined his standard. Like all Nubians, he was very superstitious, a believer in dreams and omens, in the virtue of charms and amulets, and in the power of the Genii, whose Sultan, Balkis, the 'Lord of Existence,' was his familiar spirit. Nor was he above practising the Nubian art of bringing tears to the eyes, when occasion needed, by touching them with a finger-nail under which pepper had previously been concealed. He appears not to have been personally fanatical, and to have treated Christians with kindness when they were able to reach his presence; but he was quite unable to control the fanaticism of his followers. At the outset of his career Muhammed Ahmed's secular programme was to drive the Egyptians from the Sudan; to restore the old system of administering justice according to the precepts of the Koran; \* to abolish all taxes except the time-honoured tithe; and to pay this tax and all spoil captured from the infidel into a common Treasury (Beit ul mal), whence it was afterwards to be disbursed for the good of the community. He appointed four Khalifs as his successors; and Emirs to carry on the government of the country and conduct the military operations; and his whole administrative system shows how much he had come under the influence of Arab customs and tradition whilst living in close proximity to the Baggarah tribes. His religious programme was to reform Islam; to bring all Moslem countries to a better observance of the true faith, by conquest if necessary; and finally to conquer the lands of the Giaour. There is no doubt

\* Some of his enactments, such as that of punishing theft by the loss of a hand, were very severe. Smoking in any form was strictly prohibited.

that, at first, Muhammed Ahmed honestly believed in his divine mission to purify Islam, but any orthodox views which he may have had on religion did not stand the test of success. He introduced novelties into the law which the Prophet had said was to be unchangeable; he authorized people to swear by his name rather than by that of God; he had special prayers prepared in which his name took the place usually assigned to that of the Prophet; and he violated the laws which regulate the marriage of near relations. His home life became so little like that of a saint, that those nearest to him no longer believed in his divine mission; the Baggarah, having got rid of the Egyptian, were ready to leave the Dongolawi, who had become their leader, to his fate; Sidi Osman and the Khatimiyeh sect were acquiring greater influence; and when the British left Dongola the power of the Mahdi, as a religious leader, was rapidly on the wane.

In 1881 Muhammed Ahmed proclaimed his divine mission; and Raouf Pasha, instead of arresting him at once, sent a commission of learned Moslems from Khartum to discuss, and report upon, his religious views. The report was disturbing, and a force of 200 men was sent, early in August, to bring him to Khartum. The Mahdi resisted; the officers quarrelled with each other; every possible blunder was committed; and not half of the force returned to Khartum. On receiving news of this disaster the Governor-General lost his head; he ordered a strong force to assemble at Kawa, kept it there for more than a month doing nothing, and then ordered it to disperse; he failed to realize that a religious impostor must be crushed at once if peace is to be preserved; and he lost his opportunity. In December the Mudir of Fashoda, acting on his own responsibility, and with insufficient means, attacked the Mahdi in Jebel Gadir, and was destroyed with nearly all his force. This success added enormously to the Mahdi's prestige, and the rebellion rapidly spread in Darfur, Kordofan, and Sennar. On the 7th of June, 1882, Yusuf Pasha and a large force, which had been collected at Kawa, attacked the Mahdi and shared the fate of the Mudir of Fashoda; the force was annihilated, and immense spoil in arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the victors. Abd el Kadr Pasha, who had reached Khartum on the 11th of May as successor to Raouf Pasha, at once telegraphed for reinforcements; but at that time events were rapidly approaching a crisis at Cairo, and no reinforcements were sent. Meantime the rebellion gathered strength, and early in September the Mahdi ventured to attack Obeid, but was repulsed with heavy loss. England, thus far, had had no

direct

direct interest in the struggle that was going on, but after the victory of Tell el Kebir the fate of the Sudan, no less than that of Egypt, was in her hands. Unfortunately the Sudan was still looked at through financial spectacles; it did not pay its way, and was therefore worthless—not worth the life of a British grenadier; it was a long way off and might therefore be ignored; at any rate England should have nothing to do with the country. Such seem to have been the argument and conclusion of Her Majesty's Government, who at the same time, with extraordinary want of foresight, and want of insight into the character of the ruling classes in Egypt, determined that the Khedive and his Ministers were to have a 'free hand' in dealing with the Sudan.

Soon after Tell el Kebir a demand from Khartum for 10,000 Remington rifles drew attention to the Sudan question, and a proposal was then made to attempt its solution by the retrocession of Bogos and Galabat to Abyssinia; the evacuation of Kordofan and Darfur; and the opening up of the Berber-Sawákin road for commerce; as a preliminary step, two officers were to be sent to the Sudan to report on the condition of the country. Nothing was done until the 24th of October, 1882, when the Governor-General reported that two battalions of regular troops and 850 Bashi Bazuks had been destroyed by the Mahdi whilst on their way to Bara, and asked to be reinforced by 10,000 men. The Egyptian army having been disbanded, and the soldiers and subaltern officers pardoned, the Egyptian Government had no force at its disposal to meet the requirements of the Governor-General. Suggestions were consequently made to send English officers at once to organize the defence of Khartum, to employ the Indian Contingent, then on its way to Aden, in the pacification of the Sudan, and to ask General Gordon, who was then unemployed, to resume his old post as Governor-General of the Sudan. The Egyptian Government would have nothing to do with General Gordon; Her Majesty's Government stated that they were 'not prepared to undertake any expedition into the Sudan,' and that they were 'unwilling to take any responsibility for the proposed expedition or military operations in that district;' they assented to certain officers proceeding to the Sudan to make enquiries, but only on the distinct understanding, that they should 'under no circumstances assume to act in any military capacity.' England having refused her assistance, the Egyptian Government determined to raise 10,000 men from the old soldiers of Arabi's army, who were the only trained men in the country. Her Majesty's Government offered no advice, expressed no opinion, but British troops held Egypt in a vice; whilst the unfortunate fellahin, who had been so recently pardoned, were dragged

dragged from their homes and sent in chains to perish miserably in the Sudan ; \* as a result of the policy then pursued, 10,000 bared bones lie whitening on the plains of Kordofan. How the War Minister must have laughed in his sleeve when he assured Sir Edward Malet that no danger was to be apprehended in Egypt from raising these troops, and how he must have chuckled at the idea of so easily ridding the country of the fellah army, which had driven him and his Turkish colleagues from office !

Her Majesty's Government having decided that British officers were not to render any military assistance to the Egyptians in the Sudan, one officer only was sent to Khartum on a mission of enquiry. Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, the officer selected, had previously distinguished himself, whilst a military Consul in Anatolia, by the clearness and frankness of his reports, no less than by the tact which he had shown in dealing with natives, and by two remarkable journeys which he had made in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. He remained at Khartum nearly three months, and his reports † from that place more than sustained the reputation he had already acquired. His private correspondence shows how hopeless he considered the solution of the Sudan question, if it were left in the hands of Egyptian troops and Turkish Pashas, who were constantly intriguing against each other and receiving the most embarrassing and bizarre orders from Cairo. At Sawákin, Colonel Stewart found the officers who were on their way to suppress the rebellion anxiously enquiring whether the Mahdi was not gifted with supernatural power, and whether he was not able to turn their powder into water. From Khartum he writes that the officers of an Egyptian battalion had been arrested for refusing to march against 400 Arabs, and declaring that they had been sent to the Sudan to be massacred, but that instead of being tried and shot, the thanks of the Khedive had been conveyed to them for their admirable conduct ; and again, on the 30th of January, 1883 :—

‘The troops are so utterly cowardly that it is impossible to have any sympathy with them, and I have no doubt were I to stop here much longer I should become a rebel. I hear an order has been given to arm the first rank of the Egyptians with shields. . . . I would give anything to see an Egyptian regiment preparing for the field ; the officers weeping and trembling with fear and the soldiers preparing to fix shields. . . . What with crow's feet and shields they

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\* By a curious coincidence Arabi Pasha, whose sentence of death had been commuted to perpetual exile, was leaving Suez for his pleasant home in Ceylon, whilst the pardoned soldiers of his old regiment were starting for their last home in Kordofan.

† See Parliamentary Papers, 1, 5, 6, 11, 13. ‘Egypt’ (1883).

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are a nice army, and worthy of being commanded by their present officers.'—'Private Correspondence,' 1883.

Of the political situation he writes:—

'I am quite at a loss to know what to think of the Egyptian position here. That they are both morally and physically unfit to govern this country is evident. . . . We may certainly lay it down as an axiom that the Egyptians cannot govern the country, and if they mean to retain their hold here they must employ a few strangers in high positions. This will doubtless entail jealousies and heart-burnings, but I can see no other solution. Either employ decent Europeans or vacate the country. . . . If there is anything more certain, to my mind, than another, it is that the Egyptians are absolutely unfit to hold this country with a view of doing any good. If this rebellion were successfully put an end to, I venture to say that before very long another and perhaps more formidable one would arise.'—'Private Correspondence,' 1883.

Towards the end of January 1883, the Governor-General was ordered to concentrate all the troops in the Sudan at Khartum; but as the order would have entailed the evacuation of the country, it was not carried out; and early in March he was dismissed through one of those harem intrigues which disgrace Oriental Courts. Abd el Kadr is described by Colonel Stewart as the best, most active, and energetic Pasha he had met in the Sudan. He had worked hard whilst getting the troops into something like order; had sharply defeated the Arabs in Sennar; and had succeeded in winning the confidence of the people. His successor, Alaeddin Pasha, who had reached Khartum in February, with a Firman to be used when Cairo ordered, was a man of very different character. Well might Colonel Stewart write:—

'The Government, rebellion, &c., here is a sort of burlesque. I assure you I sometimes think I am in a dream. Battalions of soldiers running away from a few hundred rebels armed with lances; childish orders sent from Cairo; official intriguing against official, &c. What a miserable farce these Oriental Governments are! The name of a Pasha and the sight of a tarbush fills me with disgust, and such is my contempt for them all, I doubt if I could put on a fez without feeling a loss of self-respect.'—'Private Correspondence,' 1883.

Whilst Colonel Stewart was at Khartum two events occurred which added greatly to the prestige of the Mahdi; Bara surrendered on the 5th, and Obeid on the 17th of January; and by the fall of the latter place 5000 rifles, 5 guns, and large stores of ammunition fell into the hands of the rebels. The rising in Kordofan was caused by the incapacity, harshness, and shameless-

less venality of Muhammed Said Pasha, a Rumelian Turk, who had filled several posts in the country, and whilst so doing had incurred the bitter enmity of Elias Pasha, the largest land and slave-owner, and the most influential man in Kordofan. Elias Pasha, who is father-in-law of Zebehr Pasha, invited the Mahdi to Kordofan in order to avenge himself on Muhammed Said, and his local influence was of the greatest service to the rebels in the struggle that followed. The Egyptian troops, who were entrenched in the Government buildings at Obeid, held out until they had nothing left to eat but the leathern thongs of the native beds, steeped in water. On the 17th of January the dervishes entered, without fighting, and found the Governor, who had previously tried in vain to blow up the magazine, seated on his divan with folded arms; they took him at once to the Mahdi, and he was afterwards sold for forty dollars and cruelly murdered.

The command of the troops raised for service in the Sudan in the manner we have described was given to Suleiman Pasha Niazi, a veteran seventy years old, rather deaf and rather blind; the second in command was Hussein Pasha Suri, whose incompetence was shown when the course of events afterwards left him senior officer in the Sudan. Under these circumstances the Egyptian Government asked for the services of a first-rate British officer to act as Chief of the Staff to the force; the request was refused, but they were allowed to employ Colonel Hicks, a retired officer of the Indian army. Colonel Hicks had served with distinction in India, but he was completely ignorant of the country, people and language, and, in consequence of the policy of the British Government, he was obliged to select his staff from retired officers and civilians who happened to be at Cairo at the time, and who, with one exception, were equally ignorant of the language and people. Colonel Hicks reached Khartum on the 4th of March, 1883. At that time Kordofan was in the hands of the Mahdi; Darfur and Bahr Ghazal were holding out, and Abd el Kadr had given the rebels a severe check in Sennar. He found such confusion in the administration, such distrust and intrigue, that he could get nothing done; the troops were in rags, from four to six months' pay in arrear, and actually selling grain to the rebels; there was an insufficient supply of provisions; and the steamers were out of repair. In spite of these difficulties, Hicks defeated the rebels at Marabieh on the 29th of April, and freed Sennar of the Mahdi's troops; he then proceeded to withdraw his army to Khartum. Colonel Hicks had now carried out his original programme, the pacification of the Eastern Sudan, and it would

have been well if he had been allowed, to use his own words, 'to keep the two rivers and province of Sennar, and wait for Kordofan to settle itself.' Unfortunately the Egyptian Government, elated by his success, ordered him to re-conquer Kordofan, in defiance of the policy laid down by Lord Dufferin, and approved by Her Majesty's Government, that Egypt should abandon Darfur and Kordofan, and be content with maintaining her jurisdiction in the provinces of Khartum and Sennar. The attention of the British Government was drawn (June 5th) to this new departure by Sir E. Malet, who, after reporting that Colonel Hicks had asked for 6000 additional men, and that Egypt could not supply the necessary funds, stated that,—

'Under these circumstances, a question arises as to whether General Hicks should be instructed to confine himself to maintaining the present supremacy of the Khedive in the regions between the Blue and White Niles.'—'Egypt,' No. 22, 1883.

On the 11th of June the following answer was sent:—

'Report decision of Egyptian Government as soon as you can, taking care to offer no advice, but pointing out that the Egyptian Government should clearly make up their minds what their policy is to be, and carefully consider the question in its financial aspect.'—'Egypt,' No. 22, 1883.

A simple telegram insisting that the policy already laid down was to be carried out would have saved Hicks and his army; but no objection was raised to the expedition, or to the supply of the necessary funds from the Egyptian Treasury, and this may almost be looked upon as tacit approval. Hicks's position as Chief of the Staff to an incompetent Turkish Pasha had from the first been a false one; it soon became intolerable. On the 13th of May he asked that he might be placed 'in indisputable command;' on the 28th he is told that he cannot be appointed Commander-in-Chief, as 'the nomination of a Christian would fan fanaticism;' on the 28th of June he asked that he might be recalled; on the 22nd of July Sir E. Malet informed him that he 'hoped to get Suleiman recalled or forced into obedience;' and on the 23rd of July he resigned his appointment. In the end Suleiman Pasha was deprived of his command, and Hicks, having withdrawn his resignation, was appointed Commander-in-Chief. Her Majesty's Government had repeatedly laid down that they were 'in no way responsible for the operations in the Sudan,' or 'for the appointment or actions of General Hicks;' but their attitude towards that officer, as represented by their Agent at Cairo, was certainly, in the case just mentioned, something more than friendly neutrality.

On the 9th of September Hicks's ill-fated army, 10,000 strong, left Omdurman; on the 21st it was at Duaim, the point at which it was to leave the Nile; and on the 3rd of October it had reached Sarakna, whence the last despatch received from General Hicks was dated. Of its further progress we know nothing, except that there were constant dissensions between Hicks and Alaeddin, the Governor-General, who accompanied the force, and that all messengers to and from Khartum were captured and taken to Obeid. Every detail of the advance was known to the Mahdi, who quietly waited for his prey until it arrived, in the first week in November, in the neighbourhood of Obeid. Then, as previously arranged, the guides led the doomed force into a district where there was no water. The soldiers, maddened with thirst, broke their ranks, and refused to obey their officers,\* and whilst disorder reigned supreme, the wild tribesmen of Kordofan made a fierce attack on the unwieldy column. The scene which followed may be imagined, it cannot be described. A ghastly pyramid of skulls now marks the spot where 10,000 men perished, and will remain for many years a monument to the policy which allowed Egypt a 'free hand' in the Sudan.

The news of this appalling disaster reached Cairo and London on the 21st of November, and the order for the withdrawal of the British troops from Cairo, which was about to be put in operation, was at once countermanded. Her Majesty's Government were, however, still averse to British intervention in the Sudan. On the 1st of December, General Gordon's services were again offered to the Egyptian Government and again declined; on the 3rd of December, the Egyptian Government were informed that the whole responsibility for the conduct of affairs in the Sudan rested with them, and that they must not look for any material assistance from England; and on the 16th, they were further informed that there was no idea of sending British or Indian troops to the Sudan, but that they might employ Turkish troops if the Sultan would pay for them! They were at the same time advised to abandon all territory south of Wady Halfa. The Egyptian Government replied on the 31st, that they could not agree to the abandonment of territory which they considered absolutely necessary to the existence of Egypt; and on the 2nd of January, 1884, Sherif Pasha proposed to ask the Porte to lend 10,000 men to open up the Sawákin-Berber road, and hold the country. On the 4th of January Her

\* See the touching record hastily written, by an Egyptian officer, when all hope was lost, in Appendix F., Book L, of the 'Journal of Major-General C. G. Gordon at Khartum.'

Majesty's Government answered that they adhered to the views they had previously expressed, and that they desired the Egyptian forces to be withdrawn from Khartum as well as from the interior of the Sudan; Sir E. Baring was instructed at the same time to inform the Khedive that the Egyptian Ministers must follow the advice of Her Majesty's Government or resign. The Egyptian Ministry, with a show of independence for which no one had given them credit, resigned, and Nubar Pasha came into office pledged to carry out the policy of evacuating the Sudan.

On the 10th of January, Sir E. Baring was asked whether General Gordon or Sir C. Wilson would be of assistance under the altered circumstances in Egypt. He replied that he did not think their services could be utilized at present. On the 15th, Lord Granville telegraphed that he had heard indirectly that Gordon was ready to go straight to Sawákin. On the 16th, Sir E. Baring telegraphed that the Egyptian Ministry wished Her Majesty's Government to select a well-qualified British officer to go to Khartum, and that 'he would be given full powers, both civil and military, to conduct the retreat;' he added that Gordon would be the best man.\* On the 18th, Gordon and Stewart left England for the Sudan, and no two officers ever started on a difficult service under more peculiar circumstances. Gordon was on his way to the Congo, full of a scheme for putting an end to the slave-hunts on the Upper Nile, by pushing up from the Congo with a small force of Houssas, and then organizing the Niam Niam, and other non-Moslem tribes, to resist the Arab slave-hunters. He was recalled from Brussels, and his account of his interviews with Lord Wolseley and the Ministers has been published by Mr. Barnes.† Colonel Stewart was 'on leave' in London, waiting final instructions for a mission with which he was to be entrusted. Between 3 and 4 P.M. on the 18th, Lord Wolseley sent for him, introduced him to General Gordon, and told him he was to start that night for the Sudan; Colonel Stewart mentioned his mission, and was told Government wished him

\* In his telegram of the 16th, Sir E. Baring states that 'It was intended to despatch Abd el Kader, the new Minister of War, to Khartoum: he at first accepted, but now declines to go.' We have reason to believe that Abd el Kader was perfectly ready to go to Khartum on the sole condition, that the abandonment of the Sudan was not to be announced until he had made arrangements for the withdrawal of the garrisons and civil employés. He was told that Her Majesty's Government insisted on proclaiming the abandonment of the Sudan at once, and he thereupon declined to go. On the 17th, the day after Sir E. Baring's telegram was sent, the policy of Her Majesty's Government was made public at Sawákin, with most disastrous results.

† 'Charles George Gordon. A Sketch.' London, 1885.

to go with Gordon. At the very outset there seems to have been a divergence of opinion with regard to the scope of Gordon's mission. Lord Granville's instructions to him were to report 'on the military situation in the Sudan, and on the measures which it may be advisable to take for the security of the Egyptian garrisons still holding positions in that country, and for the safety of the European population in Khartum.' General Gordon understood that his mission was to be an active, not a passive one. Of his interview with the Ministers he says: 'I went in and saw them. They said, "Did Wolseley tell you our orders?" I said, "Yes." I said, "You will not guarantee future government of Sudan, and you wish me to go up and evacuate now?" They said, "Yes," and it was over, and I left at 8 P.M. for Calais.' Colonel Stewart's view of the mission was the same. He writes:—

'It has been definitely settled that the Sudan is to be evacuated *coûte que coûte*, and we are going to Khartum to manage the affair. . . . It is a big job to undertake, and I can only hope we may come well out of it. I do not disguise the danger, but both Gordon and I feel that we are doing what is right, and helping to pull our country out of a serious difficulty. . . . Our only chance is bribery, corruption, personal influence, and daring.'—'Private Correspondence,' 1884.

Gordon's original intention was to proceed direct to Sawâkin and work through Sidi Osman of Kassala, Sheikh Musa of the Hadendowa, and the Beni Amr tribe; and then, after pacifying the Eastern Sudan, to proceed to Khartum and establish some form of government. His plan was to restore the country to the 'different petty sultans who existed at the time of Mehemet Ali's conquest and whose families still exist.' He, and Colonel Stewart also, felt that his mission would be a failure if any intrigues against it were permitted at Cairo, and he asked that Zebehr Pasha might be removed from Egypt, as he was well known to be hostile, and to have much influence in the Sudan. On arrival at Port Said, Gordon was informed that Her Majesty's Government wished him to go to Cairo, and that Zebehr could not be removed. At Cairo Gordon received further instructions from Sir E. Baring, which, though somewhat vaguely worded, converted his passive mission to report into an active one, to evacuate the Sudan and restore the country to the petty sultans. He was also appointed Governor-General of the Sudan, and given two sets of Firmans and Proclamations, in one of which the abandonment of the Sudan was proclaimed. Gordon had been particularly anxious that he should be sent to the Sudan as British Commissioner, and not as an Egyptian official, and that the British Government should be mentioned in all Proclamations;

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yet he went to Khartum as Governor-General, and the British Government was not mentioned. By this omission Gordon and Stewart became, in the eyes of the Egyptians, simply Englishmen in the service of the Khedive. How the change occurred we do not know, but it is remarkable that Gordon, throughout his mission, acquiesced in the decisions of Her Majesty's Government, and their representative at Cairo, in a manner which surprised those who knew his impetuous character and impatience of control. He probably felt, that he had undertaken a work from which he could not draw back, and that, even when every request he made was refused, he could not in honour resign and leave to their fate those he had been sent to save. Rarely has an officer sent on a dangerous mission received less support from his Government. It may have been a wrong policy to send him, but having been sent on an Imperial duty, he should have been supported with all the resources of the Empire.

When Gordon found that Zebehr was not to be removed from Egypt, he asked for an interview, with a view of ascertaining whether Zebehr, by far the ablest man the Sudan has produced, was still hostile to him. An interview, thoroughly Oriental in character, followed, and the impression left upon those who witnessed it was that the two men could not live together in the Sudan. Gordon afterwards repeatedly asked that Zebehr might be sent to him at Khartum; his view was that Zebehr was the only man capable of forming a native Government in the Sudan strong enough to resist the Mahdi; and that Zebehr's open hostility in the Sudan, should matters come to the worst, would be less dangerous than his secret intrigues at Cairo. On the other hand, Her Majesty's Government were advised that Gordon's life would be endangered if Zebehr went to the Sudan; and they had to look at the question from a larger point of view, namely, how far an independent Slave State under a clever, unscrupulous man like Zebehr, who was known to be in the hands of the French party at Cairo, would be prejudicial to the position of England in Egypt. There was, too, reason to believe that Zebehr had meditated treachery when he was raising black troops for service at Sawákin. Her Majesty's Government decided, and we think rightly, not to send him to the Sudan.

General Gordon and Colonel Stewart left Cairo on the 26th of January, accompanied by Abd ul Shakur, the newly-appointed Sultan of Darfur, and his twenty-three wives. Gordon had asked for a Sultan of the old reigning family of Darfur, but, with strange carelessness, a most useless man, who was not the rightful heir, was selected. On arrival at Siut, Gordon met  
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with a reception, or rather non-reception, which showed only too clearly the real feeling towards him of the Egyptian Ministers. Travelling as Governor-General he should have been met and welcomed by the local officials, but no one was at the railway station to receive him, and he was ignored as completely as if he were an ordinary tourist. This unusual and unnecessary slight produced a very painful impression on both officers.

On the 11th of February Gordon received the news of General Baker's defeat at Teb—a defeat which was the immediate cause of the rising of the tribes near Kassala. He had, whilst at Cairo, been strongly in favour of recalling Baker from Sawákin, and now, in reply to Lord Granville's question, whether he could suggest anything respecting Sinkat or Tokar, he replied :

‘About Tokar and Sinkat you can do nothing except by proclaiming that the chiefs of tribes should come to Khartoum to assembly of Notables, when the independence of the Soudan will be decided.’—*‘Egypt,’* 8, 1884, p. 3.

This answer was received in London on the 12th, and the same day Her Majesty's Government ordered Sir Gerald Graham to proceed to Sawákin. Gordon was Governor-General of the Sudan, and had been given full powers for dealing with all questions connected with it; yet Her Majesty's Government, after repeatedly professing that they would have nothing to do with the Sudan, took part of the question out of his hands, and, contrary to his advice, sent a British force to Sawákin.

When General Graham's expedition had become an accomplished fact, and Osman Digna had been defeated at Teb, Gordon and Stewart strongly urged ‘the desirability, from the point of view of the success of their mission, of opening out the Berber-Suakin route,’ and that a force of British or Indian cavalry should be sent through from Sawákin to Berber. In forwarding these telegrams on the 4th of March, Sir E. Baring stated that he did not agree with the latter proposal, and on the 6th of March he adds : ‘I wish to say that I do not recommend any English troops being sent to Berber.’ By the 24th, however, he had so far changed his mind as to recommend that a portion of General Graham's army should be sent to Berber, with instructions to open up communication with Khartum. On the 6th of March, Her Majesty's Government stated that they were ‘not prepared to send troops to Berber;’ and on the 23rd, that ‘having regard to the dangers of the climate of the Soudan at this time of the year, as well as the extraordinary risk from a military point of view,’ they did ‘not think it justifiable



justifiable to send a British expedition to Berber.' In the following year they did not hesitate to send out an expedition in February, with the avowed intention of attempting to reach Berber. After General Graham's second victory at Tamai the road to Berber lay open to him. There can be no possible doubt that it was quite feasible at that time to push a small force across the desert from Sawákin, and the presence at Berber of even the two hundred men Gordon had demanded, would have secured that place and have enabled the garrisons to retire in safety.

After his arrival at Khartum, Gordon asked that a few British or Indian troops might be sent to Assuan or Wady Halfa; and in forwarding his request added that they 'would run no more risk than Nile tourists, and would have the best effect;' yet Sir E. Baring writes that he 'certainly would not risk sending so small a body as one hundred men,' and nothing was done. Meantime the Arabs were closing round Khartum, and about the middle of March M. Cuzzi, Gordon's agent at Berber, sent a first warning note from that place. It is painful to read the piteous appeals for assistance made by M. Cuzzi and Hussein Pasha Khalifa, the Governor, and nothing could be more discreditable than the manner in which they were neglected. From the middle of March to the day of Muhammed el Kheir's arrival, as the Mahdi's Emir, in the vicinity of Berber, Her Majesty's Government were fully informed of the progress of the rebellion in that district. No steps were taken to reinforce the garrison, or to secure the loyalty of Hussein Pasha Khalifa, which, after the removal of General Graham's force from Sawákin, had become of vital importance to Gordon. Discussions as to the prudence of sending troops to Wady Halfa were still going on when Berber fell, and more than a month afterwards the first British troops left Siut for Assuan.

When Gordon reached Berber, he committed a political blunder which had serious ulterior consequences. He nominated a Provisional Government or Council; showed the members the Firman which proclaimed the abandonment of the Sudan; and issued a Proclamation declaring Berber to be henceforth independent of Cairo.\* During the excitement caused by this

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\* The result was, that soon after Gordon left, the members entered into communication with the Mahdi, and became some of his strongest adherents. Suleiman Wad Gamr, the murderer of Col. Stewart, was one of the members. In like manner the proclamation of the abandonment of the Sudan at Sawákin, on the 17th of January, arrested the movement which had set in, in favour of submission, and was the proximate cause of the fall of Sinkat. The Kadi and others left Sawákin the same evening to join Osman Digna, and spread abroad the news that the English were going to hand the Sudan over to the Mahdi.

announcement, the Notables asked Gordon whether the Slave-trade Convention with England, which he had promulgated in 1877, would be enforced. To such a question Gordon could give but one answer, 'No,' and he issued a Proclamation which gave no fresh encouragement to the Slave-trade, and simply recognized a state of affairs that resulted from the policy of Her Majesty's Government.

Throughout Gordon's mission, there seems to have been a certain reserve in the relations between Her Majesty's Government and himself. It is evident that when Gordon left England he did not sufficiently appreciate the change that had taken place in the Sudan since he had quitted it, and the prestige that the Mahdi had acquired by the destruction of Hicks's army. He must have felt, soon after his arrival at Khartum, that he could not, unaided, carry out his instructions; yet he never made any direct appeal for assistance,—perhaps no man would have done so under the circumstances. On the other hand, Her Majesty's Government must have known, from Gordon's telegrams, that the evacuation of the Sudan and the restoration of the country to the petty sultans was more difficult than had been supposed, and that it could not be effected without their assistance. They did not, however, recal Gordon; they gave him no definite instructions; and the assistance, when sent, arrived too late. Gordon's feelings on the subject are recorded in his 'Journal': 'Had they telegraphed (when Baring telegraphed to Cuzzi, 29th March, which arrived here, saying, "No British troops are coming to Berber, negotiations going on about opening road—Graham was about to attack Osman Digna"), "Shift for yourself," why nothing would have been said; but Her Majesty's Government would not say they were going to abandon the garrisons, and therefore "shift for yourself."' (Page 149.)

Whilst General Hicks was making preparations for his disastrous campaign, a rebellion unexpectedly broke out amongst the Ethiopic tribes of the Eastern Sudan. These tribes had, since they passed under Egyptian rule, been on friendly terms with the Government; and they were so little fanatical, that during the troubled period of 1882 the Sheikhs had protected the Christians at Sawákin and prevented a *pronunciamiento* in favour of Arabi Pasha. Early in 1883, however, the tribes were called upon to supply an enormous number of camels for the transport of soldiers and supplies to Berber. They were promised seven mejidiehs per camel for the journey; but, when pay day came, they were only given one; the difference is said to have gone into the pockets of the Governor of the Eastern Sudan and

his friends. This created a widespread feeling of discontent, and when Osman Digna arrived, late in July, to plead the Mahdi's cause in the Erkowit Mountains, he found the ground partly prepared for him, and preached to no unwilling ears. On the 5th of August, 1883, Osman attacked Sinkat, and was repulsed with heavy loss. The rebels retired, deeply discouraged, and there the matter would have ended if a capable man had been filling the post of Governor of the Eastern Sudan. Unfortunately that position was occupied by Suleiman Niazi, the ancient warrior who had shown such incompetence at Khartum, and the troops were commanded by a man who had neither capacity nor courage. Osman resumed his preaching, and, gradually rousing a spirit of fanaticism amongst the Hadendowa tribes and their tributaries, succeeded in forming a confederation of tribes under his own leadership. On the 18th of October hostilities recommenced with the destruction of an Egyptian detachment on its way to Sinkat; and on the 4th of November, the day of Hicks's defeat, a force advancing towards Tokar was defeated, and Captain Moncrieff, R.N., the British Consul at Sawákin, who was present, was killed. The news of this last disaster reached Cairo a few days before that of the destruction of Hicks and his army; it was determined to send an expedition to relieve Tokar, but, as the British officers in the Egyptian army could not be sent to the Sudan without violating the policy of Her Majesty's Government, the army took charge of the police duties in Egypt, and Baker Pasha and his gendarmerie were sent to Sawákin. The defeat of this untrained rabble was a foregone conclusion. The men looked with horror upon service in the Sudan; and no scene in a burlesque ever equalled that in which Baker's Egyptian warriors wept and prayed for peace in the courtyard of Government House at Sawákin; whilst, in the balcony above, the wavering Sheikhs were being told that it was impossible for Osman Digna to resist the hosts of Pharaoh. The annihilation of Baker's force at Teb; the occupation of Sawákin by British marines; the fall first of Sinkat, then of Tokar; and General Graham's brief but brilliant campaign, followed in quick succession. In these operations many valuable lives were lost, and many hundred warriors of the most interesting race in Africa were slaughtered; but, when Graham's force withdrew from Sawákin, the substantial results rested with Osman Digna.

As early as the 25th of April, General Stephenson was instructed to report on the best way of relieving Gordon. In his reply he recommended the Sawákin route, and proposed that a force of 10,000 men should leave that place for Berber in

September.

September. From that moment, a struggle commenced between the advocates of the Sawákin and Nile routes; the local authorities in Egypt were in favour of the former: the military advisers of Her Majesty's Government at home, of the latter. The Government appear to have favoured, at first, the Sawákin route, and considerable preparations were made at Sawákin for landing the heavy stores required for an expedition; even as late as July 18th, they refused to allow English or Egyptian troops to proceed to Dongola. Early in August, however, a vote of credit was obtained from Parliament, and on the 7th of that month Sir F. Stephenson was instructed to make preparations for an expedition to proceed in small boats to Dongola. After some correspondence on the subject, General Stephenson reported, August 21st, that he believed an 'expedition to New Dongola by means of small boats impracticable.' On the 26th of August Lord Wolseley was appointed to the command in Egypt, and Her Majesty's Government were finally committed to the Nile route.

The Sawákin route was a question of camels, which could have been easily procured; the Nile route by small boats, a question of time. The advocates of the former were wrong in insisting on the construction of a railway, and in declaring the Nile impracticable for small boats; those of the latter were wrong in their estimate of the time which it would take small boats to ascend the river, and in their neglect of camel transport. Instead of reaching Korti by the middle of November, the first boats did not arrive at that place until the 15th of December, the day after that upon which Gordon had said he would be hard pressed for provisions. It became a point of honour, with the advocates of the Nile route, to prove that boats could be taken up the Nile to Khartum, and it is to be feared the camel transport was somewhat neglected. At any rate, it is interesting to compare the rapid advance to Korti of Ismail Pasha, who depended on camels and used boats as auxiliary transport, with the progress of the British Expedition which depended upon their boats. The failure of the expedition to attain its object is, however, really due to the delay in its organization, from April, when the question was first discussed, to August, when the Vote of Credit was obtained, and for this delay Her Majesty's Government are alone responsible.

During the progress of the Nile Expedition the policy laid down by Her Majesty's Government was reversed in nearly every particular. The object of Gordon's mission was to withdraw the Turkish and Egyptian officials, and to rid the Sudan

of

of Bashi-Bazuk government. Yet the first public act of Lord Wolseley on reaching Dongola was to hang the cross of St. Michael and St. George round the neck of the Circassian Mudir who had grossly insulted Sir Herbert Stewart by refusing him an audience for three days. By this act Her Majesty's Government proclaimed to all the people 'struggling to be free' that they had entered the Sudan, not in any friendly spirit to the Sudanis, but as the ally of the hated Turk. They had proclaimed the abandonment of the Sudan, and Gordon had declared Berber to be independent of Cairo, yet their action led the natives to believe that they intended to re-establish the authority of the Khedive. They had on several occasions declared that the new Egyptian Army was not raised for service in the Sudan, and had refused to allow any portion of it to go to Sawákin and Berber at a time when native troops were much needed and would have been of great value at those places; yet during the expedition more than half of the army was employed in the Soudan, and an Egyptian battery took part in the fight at Kirbekan. They had been indignant at Gordon's slave circular, yet they allowed the Mudir of Dongola to raise battalions of slaves forcibly taken from their masters. When at the commencement of his perilous mission Gordon asked that Zebehr might be removed from Cairo, his request was refused; yet before the expedition was at an end, Zebehr was a state prisoner at Gibraltar. The results of the policy of Her Majesty's Government—results obtained by an expenditure of eleven millions of money and the loss of many valuable lives—have been anarchy in the Sudan, the abandonment of the Egyptian province of Dongola, and injury to British prestige in Egypt and the Levant.

The events connected with the Nile Expedition, and its failure to accomplish its object; with the second fruitless campaign of General Graham at Sawákin; and with the final evacuation of the Sudan, after Her Majesty's Government had declared their intention of destroying the Mahdi's power at Khartum, are fresh in the memory of every one. Though Kassala, Sennar, and the Equatorial Province are still holding out, the evacuation is practically complete, and the only question that remains is, whether that evacuation is likely to be permanent. To this we can only answer in the words of Sherif Pasha, that the Sudan is absolutely necessary to the existence of Egypt. Darfur and Kordofan may be neglected; they are not very productive, and the first is a long way from any navigable river; but Egypt can never give up the control of the great river to which she owes her existence; and the Power that holds

holds the destinies of Egypt in her hands can never allow the Sudan to be occupied by a European Power hostile to her interests, or the formation of a barbarous Slave State, under the influence of European adventurers, in the fertile districts which were formerly ruled by the Kings of Sennar. Ministers may protest that they will have nothing to do with the Sudan, but they cannot prevent its inevitable re-occupation by Egypt. No one can possibly desire the restoration of Bashi-Bazuk government, with all its attendant horrors; but it is surely not beyond the powers of the race that governs India to devise some scheme by which, whilst the rights of the natives are protected, Egypt, under English tutelage, should become the paramount Power in the Sudan.

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ART. VII.—*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum. Auctoritate et impensis Academiæ Litterarum Regiæ Borussicæ. Edidit Augustus Boeckhius. Berolini. 4 vols. fo. 1828–1877.*

NO sooner had the revival of learning commenced, and with it the enthusiasm for classical literature, than writings purporting to be amongst the earliest productions of Greece and Rome were put forth, and for a time believed to be genuine, which the more critical spirit of later generations has decided to be spurious. There were few more popular works in the latter part of the fifteenth century than the Epistles of Phalaris. They were among the first Greek books printed; two editions of the original, more than twenty-three of the Latin translation of Aretin, seven of the Italian translation of Bartolommeo Fonzio, and one of that of Andrea Ferabos, were given to the world before 1500. The Epistles of Phalaris, like those of Themistocles, of Plato, and of Brutus, have long been relegated to the limbo of spurious books; and if the Odes of Anacreon have been allowed to retain the rank of a classic, they are admitted only on the footing of being productions of a much later age than that of the Teian bard.

But the authors of all these writings, and the dates of their composition, are absolutely unknown to us. They all seem to have been first printed by editors who sincerely believed that they were giving to the world genuine remains of antiquity, the work of the writers whose names they bear. But while the authors of the comparatively few spurious Greek works have generally remained unknown—except indeed, those which our contemporary Simonides produced—forgeries of Latin writings,

some

some serious and intended to deceive permanently, others by way of jest only, have been much more numerous, and their authors have been in most cases unmasked. Many of them were the productions of the fifteenth century, when the eagerness for discovering the lost remains of antiquity was at its height. The most important, as well as the most remarkable, were the remains of Berosus, Manetho, Megasthenes, Fabius Pictor, Cato, and others, given to the world under the title '*Commentaria super opera diversorum auctorum de Antiquitatibus loquentium confecta*'\* by Anniius of Viterbo in 1498. A man undoubtedly of great learning—a Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and Greek scholar, the acknowledged author of books of reputation, according to all accounts a man of great piety, a popular preacher, a commentator on the Scriptures—it is not easy to believe that Anniius of Viterbo devoted, as the author of the '*Commentaria*' must have done, many years of labour to the production of elaborate, ingenious, and learned forgeries; yet it is still more difficult to believe, that one man should have collected from different quarters so many spurious writings, of which no copies have ever been known, except those which he professed to have used, and of which no trace was found after his death. But, ingenious as was the fraud, appealing as it did to the patriotic spirit of so many Italian towns, whose foundation in times of remotest antiquity was narrated at length, it was not long before the authority of the book was called in question; and in less than a decade after its appearance, Sabellicus, Crinitus, and Raphael Maffei of Volterra expressed doubts of its genuineness, though they did not suggest, and perhaps did not suppose, that it was a forgery of the pious and learned editor. It was not long, however, before the good faith of Anniius was suspected, and for more than two centuries and a half the question whether the book was an imposture, and if so whether Anniius was the author or the dupe, continued to be discussed. As late as 1759, the genuineness of the book, and the *bona fides* of its editor, were vindicated by a German scholar, P. A. Flörchen;† and twenty years afterwards, the Abate Giambatista Favre again undertook the defence of the same cause.‡ That the book is spurious no one now doubts. That it must have been composed not very long before its publication

\* The later editions generally bore the title under which the book is often cited of '*Antiquitatum Variorum, volumina xvii.*'

† '*Apologia vindiciaria pro Beroso Anniano ut vocant, &c.* Auth. P. Angelo Flörchen, Ordin. S. Benedicti. Hildesii, M.D.CCLIX.'

‡ Favre's defence is contained in his '*Memorie apologetiche in risposta alle opposizione contro il decreto del Re de' Longobardi Desiderio, &c.* Viterbo, 1779.'

is all but demonstrable, but whether the master of the Papal household was the impostor, may possibly admit of question; and there may still be those who, with Tiraboschi and Apostolo Zeno, give credit to the Dominican Lequien, who asserts that he found in the library of Colbert a MS. of the thirteenth century, which cited Berosus, Megasthenes, and others. At all events, the Dominicans still maintain the *bona fides* of their brother.\*

If the collection edited (or composed) by Anniius of Viterbo is the most important of the serious forgeries of the Renaissance, the 'Testamentum Cuspidii,' and the 'Contractus Venditionis' are the most interesting of those which were perhaps intended as *pastiches* rather than written with a serious intention to deceive. Joannes Pontanus was the author of the pretended 'Contractus,' while the 'Testamentum' was the work of Pomponius Lætus. Apart from their ingenuity, their interest arises from the fact that they deceived Rabelais, who edited them in 1532.† In the dedication to Amaury Bouchard, Maître des Requestes, Rabelais says he has printed 2000 copies of the book; but before it was published, he discovered, to his intense mortification, that he had been duped, and thereupon he caused nearly the whole of the impression to be destroyed. The book is now so rare, that no editor of Rabelais has been able to see a copy or to give the dedication in its entirety.‡

But if scholars of great name and of justly eminent reputation have maintained the genuineness of apocryphal remains of antiquity, on the other hand, the canon of the Greek and Roman Classics has been impugned by men of undoubted learning, though of no less undoubted fondness for paradox. Of these the Jesuit Father Hardouin is certainly the most celebrated, and perhaps the most erudite. He maintained that all the Greek and Roman classics, with the exception of the works of Cicero, Homer, Herodotus, and the elder Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace, were the works of the

\* The inquisitor-general Leander Alberti says that he saw the MS. of Berosus in the hands of Annio!

† Under the title 'Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis Lucii Cuspidii Testamentum. Item contractus venditionis antiquis Romanorum temporibus initus.' Apud Gryphium Lugduni, 1532.

‡ The successive editors of Rabelais have had to content themselves with the extracts given by Prosper Marchand. Yet a diligent search in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, that vast receptacle of books, considerable portions of which are almost a *terra incognita* to the officials, has led to the discovery of a copy there, and the present writer is the owner of a second. The book was reprinted as genuine in the following year (1533) by a scholar of at least more pretensions than Rabelais, Henricus Glareanus of Freiburg in the Breisgau. A copy of this edition is in the British Museum.



monks of the thirteenth century, composed under the direction of a certain Severus Archontius, and that ancient history has been entirely reconstructed from these writings with the aid of coins and medals.\* Yet the Reverend Father was as credulous in some matters as he was sceptical in others. He tells us with the utmost gravity and good faith the exact year, day, hour, minute, and second at which the world was created, namely, on the 23rd of October, 4004 B.C., at 41 minutes 39 seconds past two of the afternoon (Jerusalem mean time)!

In our own days attempts have not been wanting to prove that some of those writings, which we justly consider as the most precious remains of antiquity, are forgeries. Professor Peerlkamp has published editions of Horace in which he attempts to stigmatize about one-sixth of the *textus receptus* of the poet as spurious, and, still more lately, a large volume has been written to prove that the Annals of Tacitus are a forgery of Poggio Bracciolini in the fifteenth century.

The scholars of the Renaissance troubled themselves but little with the study of inscriptions. It was left for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to discern the extraordinary flood of light which they throw upon Greek and Roman history and archæology, but it was not until the nineteenth that epigraphy was raised to the rank of a science. Yet the sixty or eighty thousand Latin inscriptions collected up to this time, and the fifteen or twenty thousand found on Greek soil, form the richest collection of documents extant for enabling us to understand the public and private life of the ancient Greeks and Romans. And it is remarkable that the Greek inscriptions contain a much larger proportion of articles of importance than those of Rome, and also that fraudulent and forged Greek inscriptions are much more rare than Latin ones.

Yet the one man who devoted himself to this study in the

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\* Hardouin's arguments applied equally to the books of the Holy Scripture, and to those of the Fathers, the authenticity of which was thus thrown into doubt. He was reprimanded by his superiors and obliged to retract. But he none the less retained his opinions, and left a manuscript repeating and elaborating his views, which was printed after his death, entitled, '*Ad Censuram Scriptorum Veterum Prolegomena*' (London, 1766); but its sale was forbidden in France. The following epitaph was written for him by Jacob Vernet, of Geneva:—

'In expectatione judicii  
Hic jacet hominum paradoxatatos,  
Natione Gallus, religione jesuita,  
Orbis litterati portentum,  
Venerandæ antiquitatis cultor et deprædator:  
Docte febricitans  
Somnia et inaudita commenta vigilans edidit,  
Credulitate puer, audacia juvenis, deliriis senex:  
Verbo dicam, hic jacet—Harduinus.'

fifteenth century, Cyriacus of Ancona, did not escape the charge of forgery—a charge which it is satisfactory to know has been completely disproved by more recent investigation. He had not the learning necessary to enable him to decipher, or even accurately to copy, the often half-effaced inscriptions. He was careless and inaccurate; but there is no doubt that he was one of the earliest scholars to discern the importance of the study of Greek inscriptions, and that every inscription found among his MSS. was a *bonâ fide* copy, made with every desire of accuracy, and with no other aim than that of preserving and handing down to posterity the precious remains of antiquity.

Three centuries after Cyriacus of Ancona had travelled through the Morea, collecting and copying inscriptions, the French Government determined on making a serious attempt to copy all the inscriptions which remained in Greece, and at the same time to collect and preserve all the manuscripts which could still be found. Mehemet Effendi had been for some years ambassador from the Porte to France, and he and his son, Zaid Aga, returned to Constantinople, full of admiration for Western civilization, and with a desire of introducing its benefits among their countrymen. In 1726 they set up a printing establishment, and the year following Zaid Aga wrote to the Abbé Bignon, who was then the librarian of the King's library (Bignon IV.\*), informing him that, if a member of the Academy were sent on a special mission to Constantinople, it might not be impossible to obtain access for him to the library of the Grand Seignior, and permission to copy its catalogue. For nearly three centuries—ever since the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453—this library had been the Eldorado of manuscript treasures to the scholars of Western Europe. In the recesses of the Seraglio the library of the Greek emperors was believed to be preserved intact. Priceless manuscripts, dating not only from the time of Constantine but from a much earlier period, the accumulations of a thousand years of imperial rule, were to be found there—a complete Diodorus and a complete Livy were hoped for; and of those writings happily still preserved to us, it was believed that manuscripts would be found, if not coëval with the authors themselves, yet of a period when classical Greek was still a living language, and when the writers of the gold and silver age were still read and studied. But since the fall of Constantinople this library had been impenetrably closed to Western Europe.

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\* The Bignon dynasty reigned in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* almost uninterruptedly for 140 years. Jerome I. was appointed Master of the Library in 1642. His descendant, Jean Frédéric Bignon (VI.) resigned his office of 'The King's Librarian' in 1782 (or 1783).

No Christian had been permitted to enter its walls, and no account of its contents had been communicated to the world, though frequent application had been made by the members of the Western embassies.

Bignon lost no time in mentioning the letter of Zaid Aga to the King. The Academy of Inscriptions interested itself in the matter, and as the result it was decided to send two Academicians to Constantinople, to make what discoveries might be possible respecting the library and manuscripts of the Greek emperors, and also to travel through Greece to collect manuscripts and to copy the inscriptions which it was said were rapidly disappearing, especially in the Morea, since its conquest by the Turks in 1715. The King did the Abbé Sevin the honour to appoint him to this important mission, and a few days afterwards, by the influence probably of Bignon and Fréret, and possibly of Maurepas, the Abbé Michel Fourmont, Professor of Syriac at the *Collège Royal* and Chinese interpreter at the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, was added as the second member of the mission.

With the Abbé Sevin we need not here occupy ourselves. He was an accomplished and learned man, and afterwards became the keeper of the manuscripts of the King's library. It is upon his colleague, the Abbé Fourmont, that the personal interest of the expedition turns. Michel Fourmont was born in 1690. Left an orphan and completely destitute in his infancy, he was brought up by a relation, a *procureur*, who afterwards handed him over to a half brother who was *procureur fiscal* at Cormeilles. In his employment the boy remained until he was seventeen years of age—learning nothing, it would seem, but the routine of a *procureur's* office. Yet the youth, eager to learn, was ambitious and impressionable. On one occasion he left Cormeilles, went to Paris, and implored the aid of his brother Etienne (Fourmont *l'aîné*), who had already acquired a great reputation by his lectures on Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, in obtaining some instruction and a more congenial occupation. But Etienne had neither time nor inclination to occupy himself with poor relations, nor indeed did he desire to educate a brother who might become a formidable rival. Michel was sent back to his parchments and his copyings at Cormeilles, no doubt with much good advice as to making the best of things and devoting himself to the business of an *avoué*. In the neighbourhood of Cormeilles there lived at that time, in the strictest retirement, devoted wholly to prayer, meditation, and works of piety, a certain M. le Bret, the brother of the first President of the Parliament of Provence. In a lucky—or unlucky—moment, young Fourmont, sick at heart with his experience of a world

consisting

consisting of unsympathetic procureurs and unkind brothers, and where there was no escape from the wearisome routine of copying common forms, fell in his way. By the influence of M. le Bret he was converted: he resolved to quit a world which if sinful was also unpleasant, and to work out his salvation after the model of M. le Bret, in solitude, meditation, and prayer. Without informing the procureur fiscal of his intentions, he left Cormeilles, and buried himself in the hermitage of Les Gardelles in Anjou. Of all places and periods in the world's history we least readily connect France in the eighteenth century with hermits and hermitages, yet they existed there until the Revolution, though we may, without disrespect, permit ourselves to say with the editors of Moreri, '*ils ne mènent pas une vie si austère que les hermites des premiers siècles.*'

The hermits of Les Gardelles had for their founder or restorer a pious solitary, who has been identified by several learned persons with the Count de Moret, natural son of Henry IV., who, instead of being killed, as historians tell us, at the battle of Castelnaudari in 1632, miraculously recovered from his wounds, and spent the remaining sixty years of his life either as a hermit himself, or in founding, visiting, and restoring hermitages in different parts of France. Among these solitaries Michel Fourmont remained for eight years. But his zeal soon grew cool. Prayer and meditation, where there was nothing to pray for except a change which it seemed hopeless to expect, and nothing to meditate on, except the advantages and merits of a life of abstinence, soon lost their charm. He became disgusted with a life passed in a barren routine of external practices, where the mind and soul were left without nourishment. He no longer loved to

‘confront the lean austerities

Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait

In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate

Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies.’

His spirit craved for more solid pabulum. But his fellow-hermits would not or could not teach him anything. He was even refused permission to take holy orders. He again applied to his brother, who had become still more eminent, to assist him in withdrawing from a life which was as hateful to him as that of a procureur's clerk, but again without result. Shortly after this, however, the community of hermits had some favour to request from a neighbouring proprietor. To Fourmont's delight he was selected to make a journey to Paris for this purpose. Once away from Les Gardelles, he resolved never to return. His family had believed him dead, and had divided his small share

in the paternal heritage between them. He recovered a trifle from his sisters, and arranged with his brother Etienne to take payment of his share in lessons, and determined to devote himself entirely to letters. At this time, though twenty-five years of age, his biographer (Fréret) tells us he did not know even the rudiments of Latin. In three years he became proficient, not only in Latin and Greek, which his brother had taught him, but in Hebrew and Syriac. Etienne had refused to give him lessons in the two latter languages, and he had learned them from grammars and a Hebrew Bible, and from being occasionally present when a Hebrew lecture was given by his brother. At first he concealed his Oriental studies; but on one occasion, being present at a Hebrew lesson, when neither student nor professor seemed able to understand an obscure passage, Michel astonished the professor by saying that he could see no difficulty in it. Etienne brusquely ordered his brother to be silent, and not to meddle with matters of which he was ignorant; but on his insisting, the book was put into his hand, to force him to admit his ignorance; but instead of doing this, he recited the passage from memory, and explained it, as well as that which preceded and followed. In the meantime he had taken orders, and began to give lectures on the Latin, Greek, and Oriental languages, and on his brother devoting himself entirely to Chinese, he became the leading private tutor in Paris for Hebrew and Syriac, and achieved a high reputation. In 1720 Victor Amadeus offered him the chair of Hebrew at Turin. He refused it; and the same year, the professorship of Syriac at the *Collège Royal* becoming vacant, he obtained it through the influence of Bignon, who was always ready to help a struggling and deserving scholar. The Abbé Fourmont completely justified the recommendation; his lectures were a decided success. They were not confined to mere instruction in the Syriac language, but extended to something like comparative philology. Syriac was compared with Hebrew, Chaldee, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Greek. Nor did he neglect his own studies; he became so proficient in Chinese and other languages, that he was appointed his brother's assistant, and was attached to the Royal Library with the title of interpreter of Chinese and Indian languages.

In 1723 Peter the Great sent to the Academy a manuscript found by some Russian soldiers in a Tartar tomb, and written in unknown characters. Fourmont *l'aîné* undertook to decipher and translate it. He recognized it at once as being in the ancient language of Thibet, of which he possessed a short Latin-Thibetan vocabulary, given him by a missionary who had returned from that country. With the aid of this vocabulary,

which,

which, confessedly, did not contain many of the words in the manuscript, the brothers Fourmont purported to decipher and translate it. They found it to be a portion of a sermon by a Thibetan Lama on the immortality of the soul, attacking the doctrine of Metempsychosis. Several German *savants* have bitterly criticized this translation. It is certainly inexact, and much of it clearly mere guesswork, but no doubt the brothers did their best with most insufficient knowledge. Yet they would perhaps have given a higher idea of their veracity as well as of their learning, though they might have made a less readable translation, had they admitted or allowed to appear the numerous *lacunæ* in the manuscript, and the no less numerous words which they did not understand.

Passing over the disputes which this Tartar manuscript caused among the learned, we need only mention that in 1724 Michel Fourmont was elected an Associate of the Academy of Inscriptions, at the *séances* of which he became a regular attendant, and where in that and the two following years he read a *Memoir* on the Origin and Antiquity of the Ethiopians, and Dissertations to prove that there have never been but one Mercury and one Venus. These papers gained him much reputation, but they are in fact mere disputes about words, and miss altogether the true significance and interest of Greek mythology.

The two Abbés, accompanied by Claude Fourmont, a nephew of Michel, arrived at Constantinople early in December 1726. They soon learned that the library of the Greek Emperors no longer existed, and that it was hopeless to attempt to penetrate into that of the Grand Seigneur, which was in the *seraglio*. The Abbé Sevin was not in good health; he found Constantinople an agreeable residence, and was indisposed to undertake the hardships, and perhaps dangers, which a journey through Greece would involve. It was arranged that he should remain in Constantinople for the purpose of collecting manuscripts, and that the Abbé Fourmont, accompanied by his nephew Claude, should visit Chios, Attica, the islands of the Archipelago, and the Morea, where they were assured great treasures of manuscripts still remained in the monasteries, and where abundance of inscriptions could be copied. The two Fourmonts started on the 8th of February, 1729, in a small caïque. They stayed fifteen days in Lesbos, but found only twenty inscriptions, and no manuscripts. The plague forced them to a hasty departure, but had arrived before them at Chios, where the monastery of Agiamoni, which, notwithstanding the Turkish conquest, remained possessed of vast property and vast influence, was believed to be especially rich in manuscripts. Fifty priests took

took their turns at saying mass, one hundred and fifty lay brothers cultivated the neighbouring land, and of the sixty-six villages which then existed in the island, thirty-two were the property of the monastery. Abundance of manuscripts were found, and all sorts of advantageous proposals were made by the travellers to the Abbot, who, however, was fully aware as well of the value of the contents of his library as of the duty which devolved upon him as their guardian; and he informed M. Fourmont that, so far from being disposed to part with any of them, he was in treaty with the monks of St. Isidore of Ephesus to obtain the manuscripts which they possessed, and he bitterly complained of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had carried off several from Agiamoni. The Abbé's visits to the other islands resulted equally in disappointment: he found the monks indisposed to part with their treasures, or even to exhibit them to travellers whose avowed intention was to carry them off if possible.

On his arrival at Athens, the Abbé Fourmont changed his tactics; he gave himself out as a traveller desirous only of copying inscriptions with a view of preserving those records of the antiquity and learning of Greece which the barbarism of the Turks and the ignorance of the peasantry were fast causing to disappear. But here he was met by difficulties of another kind. It was the period of Lent and Bairam; Greeks and Turks vied with each other which could keep their fast with the greatest strictness; neither business nor pleasure could be attended to until Easter had arrived. But, what was still more unpromising to the objects which the travellers had in view, the Greeks of Athens had adopted in many points the manners and customs of the Turks. Their women were concealed with little less strictness, and no male stranger could be permitted to penetrate into their houses, still less into the courts and enclosures appertaining to the women. Yet it was in these houses and enclosures that the great majority of the inscriptions were to be found. Nowhere in the East was there a greater jealousy and hatred of foreigners than at Athens. The Frankish dominion had left only hostile recollections, and while to the Turks one Christian was as obnoxious as another, to the Greeks the Latins, and particularly Latin priests, were little less hateful than Turks. A Roman Catholic priest, who had been converted at seventeen, and who had passed eight years among the hermits of Les Gardelles, was hardly, one would suppose *a priori*, a man capable of dealing with and breaking down these prejudices. But, to our surprise, the Abbé Fourmont showed himself a supple and accomplished man of the world, able and willing to follow the

Apostolic

Apostolic command of making himself all things to all men, as interpreted by the members of the Society of Jesus. His difficulties were great, but, as he himself tells us, he did not despair of surmounting them, and he flattered himself that he should be able to gain the confidence of the Athenians by regulating his conduct from his knowledge of their character. He expressed himself as delighted with everything he saw : when he had any opportunity of conversing with a leading Greek or Turk, the wonders and beauties of their city were his chief topic of conversation. He gave himself out as a stranger desirous of seeing and examining the remains of antiquity ; but if, charmed by his conversation, a Greek or a Turk invited him to enter into his house to see an inscription or a bas-relief, he modestly refused the invitation, saying that he was himself a priest, and that it would ill become him, who knew the wise custom of the Athenians, to enter into a house where there were women. If in going through the streets he met any women, however closely veiled, going to or from the baths, accompanied by their slaves, he hastily turned into another street.

The Athenians of the eighteenth century appear to have resembled those of the first ; they ' spent their time in nothing else but to tell or to hear some new thing,' and in a very few days every one at Athens knew of the Latin phoenix who had appeared among them, with habits, feelings, and opinions, so different from those of his countrymen generally. They hastened to show him that confidence of which he had proved himself deserving. The Voyvode set the example to the Turks ; the Capitanaki, the Cavallari, and the Chalcochondilos led the Greeks ; and, with a single exception, every Turk and Greek of importance insisted upon his coming into their houses and examining all the remains of antiquity which could there be found. All aided him in his search for inscriptions and antiquities. He was able to make a more accurate plan both of the ancient and the modern city than any traveller before him, and no less than seven hundred inscriptions, besides numerous bas-reliefs, were the reward of his assiduity. But the number of Athenian inscriptions, great as it is, does not adequately represent their value ; most of them (according to the ' Relation' of the Abbé's Journey, abridged by himself, or by Fréret from the longer paper read to the Academy on his return) were of great historical importance. Among them, for example, were more than one hundred lists of young men of all the tribes of Attica who were the conquerors in the different games. We read on these different marbles the names and descriptions of the magistrates of Athens under whose government these games

had



had been celebrated, from which many elucidations of the chronology of the time can be drawn. There are lists of priests and priestesses of the different gods, which throw no less light on some points of the religion of the ancients. The decrees of the Amphictyons for regulating the tribute of each subject city of Athens, and finally 'the original tables of the laws of Athens, so wise, so celebrated, and so long sought for, which had been believed to be lost during so many ages, and of which we have in so many different ancient authors only fragments—precious, indeed; but which have left us ignorant of the greatest part of the civil law of the Athenians.'

Among the decrees of the Amphictyons was one earlier than any hitherto known, dealing with a non-religious matter. It was dated 355 B.C., and decreed, as a clause of the general treaty of peace, that the Greek cities which had others under their protection or subjection should withdraw their garrisons.

With Pausanias in his hand, Fourmont examined every site of importance in Attica, and identified numerous towns and villages, the localities of which had become quite unknown. The favour of the Voyvode placed workmen under his authority, and allowed him to dig wherever he pleased in search of inscriptions. Walls and houses, which the Turks, equally with the Greeks, had built with fragments of ancient sculpture or ancient inscriptions, were pulled down, and the foundations were dug up. At Eleusis, fifteen workmen of the Voyvode dug under M. Fourmont's directions for five days. Orders were given that all persons who had inscriptions in their possession should bring them to him, and as the result a harvest was reaped in Attica little less favourable than that of Athens. One of the inscriptions was written in the *Beustrophedon* order, that is to say, the lines disposed alternately from left to right and from right to left; and when nothing was left in Attica for future travellers to discover, the two Fourmonts turned their steps towards Peloponnesus, where their discoveries were to be of even greater interest than in Attica. The Peloponnesus was almost virgin ground for the inscription-hunter. Neither Spon nor Wheler had visited it. The Venetians had carried off all the manuscripts that they had been able to discover, and had employed the marbles of the temples in building the tower of Palamedes and other fortresses. It would be too long here to follow the travellers in detail through the Peloponnesus. Corinth, Megara, the Argolis, Achaia, and the borders of Arcadia, were visited. The Abbé discovered the tomb of Terence, the ruins of Epidaurus, of Trozene, and of Hermione, and ascertained the site of nearly every place of importance.

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He drew maps of an accuracy not before known, kept a diary with every detail of the journey, and copied numerous sculptures and inscriptions, being aided in this latter work by his nephew Claude. Of the bas-reliefs which he copied, one had relation to the human sacrifices of Lycaia. At Mauromatia he recognized the site of the ancient Mycenæ, which he judged to have been at one time the largest town of Peloponnesus, and of which he has left us a detailed description.

But it was in and near Sparta that his greatest discoveries were to be made. Sixty men were employed for fifty-five days in demolishing the castles of the Palæologi, and more than three hundred inscriptions were thus rescued from destruction, many of them far more ancient than any hitherto brought to Western Europe. There were lists of the Ephori, Nomophylakes, and other magistrates of Sparta; bas-reliefs representing shields, on which were written the names of the Kings of Sparta and their pedigrees; a bas-relief representing the flagellation of a young Spartan before the altar of Artemis, in the presence of the priestesses; catalogues of the priests; the epitaphs of Agesilaus and Lysander, as well as of many Kings and Queens of Messenia; the decrees which were affixed to the temple of Lycurgus; while the laws of Agis, of which no writer had spoken, and which made important changes in those of Lycurgus, were a still more precious discovery.

The interest of the Abbé's journey, and the value of his discoveries, increased the nearer he approached its termination. Near Sparta he found a column containing the name of the city of Jerusalem, which proved to be a monument of that alliance between the Jews and the Spartans recorded in the First Book of Maccabees. At Sparta he had the happy idea of visiting Amyclæ, and there he made the discoveries which were the crowning triumph of his expedition. In the temple of Apollo was found, written in the Boustrophedon manner, a catalogue of the priestesses from the time of King Eurotas, the father-in-law of Lacedæmon, an inscription of the time of Teleclus (775 B.C.), with a list of the seven Kings from Agis to Teleclus; and in the temple of the goddess Onga or Oga, in the immediate neighbourhood of Amyclæ, a remarkable inscription showing the ancient name of the Spartans to have been IKTEPKEPATEEZ, and a bas-relief the figures upon which proved, what had not before been suspected, that human sacrifices were not unknown to the ancient Spartans.

But in the Peloponnesus a new phase of the Abbé's character appeared. The courteous and supple man of the world whom we have seen in Attica had disappeared, and a barbarous and brutal

brutal iconoclast had taken his place. In the 'Relation' of his Journey, one sentence tells us that he demolished the foundations of the temples of the gods, the *sacella* of the heroes, and the sepulchres of the kings, but he leaves it to be inferred that this was almost necessary in the demolition of the castles of the Palæologi. But in his letters to Maurepas and Fréret, some extracts of which have been printed by Dodwell, he is less reticent. Whether, as he himself suggests, from motives of patriotism, that France might be the only possessor of the remains of antiquity which he had obtained for her; or whether, as his modern apologists have suggested, influenced by a misguided religious zeal, the remains of the lessons of fanaticism learned from M. le Bret and the hermits of Les Gardelles, but of which we find no traces in the rest of his career; or whether, as his enemies have suggested, in order that there might be no means left of ascertaining the accuracy or otherwise of his discoveries—as soon as he had copied his inscriptions and bas-reliefs, he caused the originals to be either wholly destroyed, or effaced so as to be undecipherable. He razed to the ground temples and other buildings, destroyed sculptures and marbles, and displayed everywhere a brutal barbarity, instead of the zeal for ancient learning and discovery which he so much vaunts.

He tells his correspondents that he had scattered the ashes of Agesilaus to the winds; he had entered and destroyed the sepulchres of Lysander and Orestes; Mantinea, Tegea, and Olympia, he had completely demolished. The temple of Apollo at Amyclæ occupied him six days in destroying; and he boasted, in like manner, of numerous other pieces of vandalism.\*

It is quite possible, and indeed probable, as Firmin Didot and Tocqueville have suggested, that in his letters he exaggerated and perhaps invented many of these statements; yet

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\* The following are some extracts from his letters:—'Je l'ai fait non pas raser, mais abattre de fond en comble. Il n'y a plus de toute cette grande ville une pierre sur une autre.' 'Depuis plus que trente jours, trente et quelque fois quarante et soixante ouvriers abattent, détruisent, exterminent la ville de Sparte.' 'A vous parler franchement, je m'étonne de cette expédition. Je n'ai lu que depuis le renouvellement des lettres il soit venu dans l'esprit de quelqu'un de bouleverser ainsi des villes entières.' 'Dans le moment je suis occupé à la dernière destruction de Sparte. Imaginez-vous, si vous pouvez, dans quelle joye je suis.' 'Si en renversant ses murs et ses temples, si en ne laissant pas une pierre sur une autre au plus petit de ses *sacellums*, son lieu sera dans la suite ignoré, j'ai au moins de quoi la faire reconnaître, et c'est quelque chose, je n'avais que ce moyen-là pour rendre illustre mon voyage.' 'Ce n'est pourtant qu'en agissant de cette manière que l'on peut être utile aux lettres. Sparte est la cinquième ville de Morée que j'ai renversée, Hermione et Troézene ont subi le même sort. Je suis actuellement occupé à détruire jusqu'à la pierre fondamentale du Temple d'Apollon Amycléen.' See these and other similar extracts in Dodwell's 'Tour through Greece.' (4to, 1819.) Vol. ii., p. 406.

it is certain that his memory was long preserved in the neighbourhood of Sparta as that of one who had destroyed temples and effaced inscriptions; and among the undoubtedly genuine inscriptions found among his papers are some, of which the originals have since been discovered, defaced and injured, not by time or accident, but clearly by the hammer and chisel of a wilful iconoclast.

For some reason which is entirely unknown, the French Government cut short the Abbé's journey at Sparta. The expedition was brought to an end, the Abbé was recalled, and returned to France at the beginning of 1732, bringing with him a large number of coins and medals, copies of interesting bas-reliefs, and, as he alleged, more than 3000 inscriptions, all up to that time unknown to the West. It need hardly be said with what favour M. Fourmont was received by the Academy of Inscriptions, and indeed by men of letters in France generally. It was believed that he had made more important discoveries than any previous scholar, which would throw a flood of light upon many of the obscure parts of Greek antiquity; and when he read to the Academy the relation of his journey, in which he mentioned all the important matters we have before noticed, and promised the Academy that upon each of them a memoir should be forthcoming, he at once stepped into the foremost rank of European scholars, at whose feet Barthélemy, Mazochi, and others, sat as humble students.

But the Abbé Fourmont was in no hurry to give his discoveries to the world; he required time in order properly to copy, study, decipher, and explain them; and he was desirous of publishing at least the most important, with a full apparatus of notes, comments, and explanations, extending to several volumes. Nor could he be prevailed upon to communicate any of his treasures until he could put them forth in this complete form. The Government, equally with the *savants*, became impatient at finding no results from an expedition on which so much expense had been lavished, and which had produced so rich a harvest. The Abbé was informed by M. de Maurepas that his collection must be arranged and transmitted to the King. In 1740, nine years after his return, he laid before the Academy, as the first-fruits of his discoveries, facsimiles of three inscriptions, which he had found in Messenia and Laconia.\* They were all of the same character, and contained lists of kings, senators, and magistrates of Sparta, during the first Messenian war. They were engraved, according to the elaborate memoir

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\* 'Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscriptions,' vol. xv. pp. 395-419.

of M. Fourmont by which they were accompanied, in the reigns of Alcamenes and Theopompus, kings of Lacedæmon. The earliest, found at Amyclæ, was of the first or second year of Alcamenes (about 743 B.C.), and was made for the purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of the resolution of the Lacedæmonians to make war à *outrance* against the Messenians, in order to avenge the death of King Teleclus. The two others found in Messenia were a few years later, and proved that this resolution was not in vain, but that the war had been vigorously prosecuted. These inscriptions, of a date of which no other authentic and contemporary records exist, would be of the highest interest and importance, as well for the information they afford respecting the internal government and constitution of Sparta, as for the points in early chronology, which they settle authoritatively. But their form is no less extraordinary than their antiquity; they are all signed by the public secretary, and authenticated with what M. Fourmont conceived to be a representation of the seal of Lacedæmon in the centre of each. The earliest of these marbles was found at Amyclæ in the immediate vicinity of a temple of the rudest construction and the most venerable antiquity, very small—only 16 feet long by 10 wide—and built of huge symmetrical stones, after the manner of the buildings at Larissa, Tiryns, and Mycenæ, attributed by Pausanias to the Giants; a single stone resting upon two other larger ones formed the base: each side consisted of but one stone, 5 feet in thickness; the roof was a single huge stone, upon which were placed two others, so as to form a talus or slope. The narrow entrance was not more than 4 feet in height, and above it was an inscription in ancient characters, difficult to decipher, to the effect that the temple was dedicated to the goddess Onga or Ogai, by Eurotas, king of the *Ikterkeratees*, thus confirming the statement of Hesychius that this was a name of the Laconians, and leading to the conjecture that it was their most ancient name, only changed to Lacedæmonians after the time of Lacedæmon, son-in-law and successor of Eurotas. The date of the foundation of this temple would be about 1500 B.C.

Two years later, at the *séance* of the Academy of the 7th of September, 1742, M. Fourmont drew from his portfolio three other drawings, representing votive marble shields or bucklers, which he had dug up in the ruins of the temple of Apollo at Amyclæ.\* They are remarkable by their shape, the figures inscribed upon them, and their inscriptions. On one is engraved the pedigree of King Teleclus. Another is inscribed with the

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\* 'Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscrip.,' vol. xvi. pp. 101-110.

name of Anaxidamus, the son of Zeuxidamus, who reigned at Sparta towards the close of the eighth century, with his pedigree at the foot, and above, a representation of foxes and of serpents, alluding apparently to the story related by Apollodorus of these animals appearing miraculously on the respective altars of the Messenians and Lacedæmonians, and shadowing forth the event of the war in which they were engaged. The third inscription, much more recent, contained the name of King Archidamus, the son of the great Agesilaus.

The Abbé Fourmont died in 1746, without having published any other of his discoveries. He had, however, under the strict orders of M. de Maurepas, devoted his last years, with the assistance of his nephew Claude, to arranging and copying his collections. A volume containing nine hundred and forty-nine inscriptions had been already copied and transmitted to the Court, and above a hundred and fifty others—some only in fragments—remained among his papers. Of more than three thousand, which in the account of his journey he stated he had brought with him, nearly two-thirds had unaccountably disappeared. No traces were to be found of the laws of Athens, or of Agis, or of numerous other important discoveries, which on his return from Greece the Abbé had announced to the world. Most of those which remained were unaccompanied by any notes except a reference to the place where they were found, but in a few cases there were found among the Abbé's papers notes and comments of more or less elaboration prepared to be given to the world. Two of these were laid before the Academy by his friend the Abbé Barthélemy, accompanied by a long memoir.\* They were among the most ancient, the most remarkable, and the most interesting, of Fourmont's discoveries, and were nothing less than lists of all the priestesses of the temple of Apollo at Amyclæ, inscribed at different times from the date of the foundation of the temple, 1500 B.C., down to the Roman Conquest, including the name of Laodamia, the granddaughter of Eurotas, who is the third priestess in the list. Besides these, two sculptures found by M. Fourmont in the temple of Onga, and from which he took drawings, were published by Count Caylus in his '*Recueil d'Antiquités*.' They represented human limbs, knives, and other things, which evidently implied human sacrifices; and it seems from several other inscriptions and notes among his papers, that had the Abbé Fourmont lived he would have propounded the doctrine, that human sacrifices were at that time common in Greece.

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\* '*Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscr.*,' vol. xxiii. p. 421.

These sculptures, it need hardly be said, caused much curiosity and interest among the learned. With these, and one or two other, but unimportant, exceptions, no steps were taken to publish any of the Abbé's discoveries; yet those which had already appeared, and which we have noticed, were undoubtedly, if genuine, among the most important and most venerable monuments of Greek antiquity, and they were received with unquestioned faith by scholars of the greatest eminence and reputation. The Abbé Barthélemy incorporated the whole of them into his '*Voyage du jeune Anacharsis*;' Count Caylus engraved them in his '*Recueil d'Antiquités*.' D'Hancarville, in his '*Recherches sur l'origine, l'esprit et les progrès des Arts de la Grèce*,' treats them as among the most important discoveries of modern times, and devotes to them nearly a third of his second volume. He describes Fourmont as a poring, heavy antiquary, without taste or invention, of immense industry and rigid exactitude in compiling, and so devoted to ancient learning, that he understood Greek and Hebrew better than his native French. And Count Caylus explains that the expense necessary to make engravings of such a number and variety of characters as are contained in the papers of the Abbé, was the sole cause of their being withheld from the public. Winckelmann, Mazochi, Anssé de Villoison, Torremuzza, and the authors of the '*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*,' accepted them as genuine, and treated M. Fourmont as one of the most distinguished promoters of Greek history and Greek learning.

No doubts as to the good faith of the Abbé Fourmont seem to have arisen for many years after his death. His learning, and the explanations he had given of his published inscriptions, were indeed soon called in question, but the character given of him by Fréret in the *éloge* which he pronounced upon him after his death was universally accepted. He is there described as a man not indeed of great learning, but of spotless integrity and simple manners, and of complete ignorance of the proper way of dealing with men.\*

But shortly before the publication of d'Hancarville's book in 1785, suspicions as to the genuineness of at least some of the inscriptions seem to have arisen, and to have caused the custodians of the Royal library to place obstacles in the way of those who wished to consult the Abbé's manuscripts. These suspicions had occurred especially to Richard Payne Knight, who first put together his objections for the use of d'Hancarville, and though our countryman is nowhere referred to by name in

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\* This seems hardly consistent with his own account of his adventures at Athens

the ‘*Recherches sur les Arts*,’ the author enters into an elaborate defence of the genuineness of the inscriptions, in answer really to Payne Knight’s objections. For such a task, d’Hancarville was wholly unfitted. He was a man of much reading and intelligence, and had a considerable knowledge of ancient art ; but he was neither a scholar nor a philologist—even as scholarship and philology were understood in the eighteenth century,—and he has put together in the second chapter of his second book, by way of commentary on the Abbé Fourmont’s inscriptions, a collection of such astounding statements, and has displayed such ignorance of the first principles of grammar and etymology, as to justify the severe remarks made upon him afterwards by Payne Knight :—

‘The author of the “*Recherches*” dived deep into the matter which he professedly undertook to discuss ; and, had he confined his enquiries to that, he would have done honour to himself and service to the publick ; for many of his explanations of the monuments of ancient art show a degree of acuteness and sagacity almost unparalleled. But when he invades the province of grammarians, and endeavours to explain ancient words, he almost makes us doubt whether or not he continued to possess the same faculties, so totally is he changed by changing his subject.’

It was in 1791 that Payne Knight published his ‘*Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet*,’ the sixth and seventh sections of which are devoted to an examination of the inscriptions which Fourmont professed to have discovered, and which he and Barthélemy had published in the ‘*Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions*.’ He undertakes to prove that they are all forgeries of the Abbé Fourmont :—

‘The inscriptions published, contain specimens of writing from the earliest period of fabulous tradition down to the subversion of the Greek Republics—from Eurotas, a king supposed to have reigned in Laconia seven generations before the Trojan war, down to Philip of Macedon. In monuments, engraved at periods so remote from each other, we might expect to find great variations both in the form and use of the letters ; but, nevertheless, they are so nearly the same as to appear of one hand-writing, and of one person’s composition . . . . The forms of the bucklers also, upon which two of the inscriptions are engraved, are totally unlike the simple round shields of the ancient Greeks, or indeed of any other ancient people, they being in absurd fanciful shapes, wholly unadapted to the purposes of defence. The mode of writing the titles of the magistrates, too, in larger letters than those employed in their names, is without example in any genuine monument of antiquity that I have seen ; and it is observable, that one of the stones is represented as broken in so artist-like and regular a manner, that it could not have been the result of accident ;



for if so many fractures had been caused by the fall of ruins or the decay of time, the edges would necessarily have been splintered or corroded so as to destroy many of the letters. I shall, however, waive the consideration of these suspicious peculiarities, as well as the singular forms of the shields and letters, because whim and caprice might have operated in ancient as well as modern times; but errors in orthography, grammar, and dialect, the blunders of dictionary-makers, transcribers, and editors, transferred into monuments attributed to remote antiquity, will, I flatter myself, if proved, be deemed of themselves sufficient evidence of imposture.'

Fourmont seems to have been well acquainted with Pausanias, with the 'Miscellanea Laconica' of Meursius, and the work of Nicolas Cragius, 'De Republica Lacedæmoniorum,' both of which he found reprinted in the 'Thesaurus Græcarum Antiquitatum' of Gronovius. The conjectures and sometimes the mistakes of each of them he accepted as certainties, frequently misunderstanding them, and confusing them with the customs and antiquities of his native land, as well as with those of the Jews. He had adopted the theory that Greek was derived from Hebrew, and that the Jews and Lacedæmonians were sprung from a common stock, and accordingly he introduced many Hebraisms into his inscriptions. Conscious of his own want of scholarship, he prudently confined himself almost entirely to publishing lists of proper names, no doubt in the hope that his want of critical scholarship would be less easily discovered. Yet the names themselves show the imposture. They are full of ridiculous blunders. We find there letters and inflections which were certainly not used until centuries after the pretended date of the inscriptions; some are Ionic, some apparently Roman, some a mixture of Greek and Latin, others of Greek and Hebrew. Moreover, such was his difficulty in finding a sufficient number of names, that nearly all occur many times over, and in one list the name Demetrius occurs no less than forty times.

In his 'Memoir' read before the Academy of Inscriptions in 1740, where he gives for the first time an account of the temple of the goddess Onga, he states the inscription in the front to be ΟΓΑΙ ΙΚΤΕΡΚΕΡΑΤΕΕΣ. In the early editions of Hesychius, and indeed in all that were in existence in the time of Fourmont was found the following,—'Ικτηκράτεις Λάκωνες, whence Meursius suggests that Ikteukrateis or Ikteokrateis was an ancient name of the Laconians. In a temple erected and dedicated by King Eurotas, it was, of course, necessary to find some name to be given to his subjects other than Laconians or Lacedæmonians, as it was not until the time of his grandson Lacedæmon that these

these appellations were given. Accordingly he hit upon *Ikterkeratees*, and gave, as inscribed upon his fictitious temple, this fictitious inscription, of which, curiously enough, no trace is to be found in his papers, though the word in slightly various spellings is found there several times. But the word *Ἰκτεγκρατῆς* in Hesychius is merely the error of a careless scribe. The true reading is not clear, but it is certain that it is two words, of which the second is the explanation of the first (probably *ἰκτεν* = *κράτει*), and the word *Lakones* explains that the first word is a Laconian idiom.

‘Thus, by a succession of error and imposture, a fabulous personage of ancient tradition has been made to anticipate the blunders of a transcriber committed in copying a dictionary-maker of the third century of Christianity, by which means the French academicians have been enabled, not only to call into being a people who never existed, but also to fix the date of their dominion in the Peloponnesus as readily and accurately as that of the Franks and Normans in their own country.’\*

‘No man in his senses,’ says Boeckh, ‘can believe this inscription to be genuine,’ though at first, and writing before the letters of Lord Aberdeen had appeared, he was disposed to treat it as a forgery, not of Fourmont, but of a very much earlier date, by which he assumed that the Abbé had been misled. The two Boustrophedon inscriptions are little less absurd than the dedication of the temple of Onga. They contain lists of all the priestesses of Apollo at Amyclæ, from about the time of Eurotas to the Roman conquest, engraved at different periods, although the earliest is little later than the pretended temple of Onga. These priestesses are called ΜΑΤΕΡΕΣ ΚΑΙ ΚΟΥΡΑΙ ΤΟΥ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΝΟΣ (mothers and virgins of Apollo) a title for which neither Fourmont, Barthélemy, nor d’Hancarville, were able to adduce any authority, but which reminded Payne Knight of the corresponding titles in a modern French convent of nuns, *Les mères et les filles du Bon Dieu*. This expression was undoubtedly familiar to Fourmont, and Payne Knight suggests that the French title gave birth to the Greek.†

‘The Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet,’ was reviewed by Porson in the ‘Monthly Review’ for 1794, and the great scholar accepted the views of Payne Knight on the subject of Fourmont as conclusive. Meantime the believers in the Abbé

\* Payne Knight, p. 115.

† Ludwig Ross, however, in his ‘*Ad virum cl. Aug. Boeckhium Epistola Epigraphica*’ (Halle, 1850), has attempted to show that Fourmont had authority for the title *ματρες και κουραι του Απολου*. He was answered by Boeckh, in the ‘*Archäologische Zeitung*’ for 1850 (No. 23, *Fourmontsche Inschriften*.)

kept silence. No notice was taken of Payne Knight's book, either by the 'Journal des Savans' or by the Academy of Inscriptions. But in 1817 the Earl of Aberdeen contributed 'Remarks on the Amyclæan Marbles' to Walpole's 'Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey' (p. 446). In these remarks he thoroughly exposes one of the forgeries, that relating to the temple of Onga. But although Payne Knight's arguments had been convincing to the learned in England and Germany, they had not been so to the French, and when Lord Aberdeen spoke of the 'impudent frauds' of Fourmont, he roused a defender of the Abbé in the person of M. Raoul Rochette, a man undoubtedly of real learning, who, although only twenty-nine years of age, had already attained the highest possible reputation in France by his '*Histoire Critique de l'établissement des Colonies Grecques*,' a work which in 1814 had received the first prize of the Academy. But the learning of M. Raoul Rochette was of that character which we are accustomed to associate with his countrymen rather than with the Germans. He was a skilled dialectician, his knowledge was extensive, his style agreeable, and he was able to draw those brilliant generalizations with which, even when based upon an imperfect or a mistaken induction of facts, French divines, philosophers, and historians, know so well how to charm our imaginations and almost to convince our reason. M. Raoul Rochette could not bear that a French scholar who had enjoyed the highest reputation for three-quarters of a century should be treated by an Englishman as an impudent forger, and in 1819\* he published '*Deux Lettres à my Lord Comte d'Aberdeen sur l'authenticité des inscriptions de Fourmont*,' in which he maintains what has been justly termed 'an untenable and exploded paradox,' namely that the inscriptions of Fourmont were genuine, and that the arguments of Payne Knight and Lord Aberdeen were entirely baseless. His book is ingenious, able, and interesting; he succeeds in proving that on several minor points Payne Knight was wrong, and that his essay is written with a dogmatism and an assumption of superiority over other scholars which his learning does not always justify. But on the main points he has nothing better to say, in substance, than that the Abbé Fourmont was very ignorant, and probably made mistakes in his copies and his drawings, as he certainly did in his interpretations.

Letronne had at that time the greatest name in France as a Greek scholar, and he reviewed the work of Raoul Rochette in three articles in the '*Journal des Savans*.' At

\* In August 1818, M. Raoul Rochette and M. Louis Petit Radet each read a paper before the Institute in defence of the Abbé Fourmont.

this time Raoul Rochette was one of his most devoted adherents. It was before their great quarrel, before Letronne's damaging and severe review of '*Les Monuments inédits d'antiquité*,' before the discovery of the '*Vases de Bernay*' and the '*affaire Rollin*,' which caused so much sensation and so many heart-burnings among the learned in France. In his articles he expresses the opinion, though with some reservations, that Raoul Rochette has shown that Payne Knight's arguments are inconclusive, and has adduced grounds for the belief that Fourmont was not a forger, though he admits that Rochette has not brought any positive proof of the Abbé's veracity, and he sums up his judgment in the matter as follows:—

'En attendant que nous puissions jouir du travail complet que nous promet M. Raoul Rochette, ses observations sur les anciennes inscriptions de Laconie, en même temps qu'elles offrent une multitude de recherches curieuses d'histoire et de paléographie, et qu'elles donnent une haute idée de ses connoissances en antiquités, présentent dès à présent l'avantage de détruire la plupart des objections élevées par M. R. P. Knight, de montrer que l'opinion qu'on s'étoit faite de ces curieux monumens n'est au fond qu'un préjugé, et de disposer très-favorablement les esprits judicieux et impartiaux pour la défense en forme que l'auteur de ces lettres fait espérer au monde savant.'

The book of Raoul Rochette, and the favourable judgment passed upon it by Letronne, drew from Lord Aberdeen 'A Letter relating to some statements made by M. R. Rochette in his late work on the authenticity of the Inscriptions of Fourmont.\*' In this letter he proves conclusively, that Fourmont had taken his temple of Onga from a small Greek chapel situate exactly where Fourmont had described it, and of precisely the same dimensions.

'The building is a small Greek chapel, possibly two hundred years old. It is constructed, like other edifices of the same description, of common masonry composed of small stones and cement; but from being apparently deserted at present, as well as from having been slightly built at first, it is probable that it may not stand a hundred years longer. The interior dimensions may, perhaps, be nearly correct, and the door not much more than four feet high, as stated by him; but this is not uncommon in Greece, and is adopted by the Christian inhabitants in order to prevent the Mussulmans from turning their horses into the churches or houses.'

Moreover, Lord Aberdeen tells us that in this very chapel, in the precise position in which Fourmont had professed to find the inscriptions and the bas-reliefs of human limbs, with knives

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\* Walpole's '*Travels in various Countries in the East*,' 1820, p. 489.

and other articles implying human sacrifices, and which had been engraved by Count Caylus,\* he had found the identical inscriptions on marbles of the same size and shape, but with innocent cups, vessels, and articles of female attire, which could by no possibility be mistaken for limbs, knives, and implements of sacrifice!

This time Letronne was convinced. In an article in the 'Journal des Savans'† he admits that the plea of ignorance could no longer avail; that no mere mistake in copying could have transferred the innocent bas-reliefs into the sacrificial objects engraved by Count Caylus—still less have turned a modern Greek chapel into a temple of the remotest antiquity.‡ After referring to some of the passages of Fourmont's letters, which we have before quoted, he is obliged to conclude as follows:—'En lisant ces passages inconcevables, où l'extravagance le dispute à l'imposture, ce qu'on peut imaginer de plus favorable à la mémoire de Fourmont, c'est de dire qu'il étoit plus d'à moitié fou.'

Thus the case stood, until in 1828 there appeared the first *fasciculus* of the great 'Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum,' edited by Augustus Boeckh, and, as the published inscriptions by Fourmont all purported to be of the remotest antiquity, it became the duty of the learned editor, at the outset of the work, to examine most thoroughly the question of their genuineness. He was on terms of the greatest friendliness with Raoul Rochette and other *savants*, who still believed, as he himself had done originally, in the *bona fides* of the Abbé; and having been permitted by the French Government to have complete copies of all the inscriptions contained in the papers of Fourmont, as well as his notes thereon, he applied himself to the consideration of the question, as he himself tells us, as a judge and not as an accuser. One hundred and four large folio pages of double columns are devoted to the examination of the matter, which is investigated and decided on with the thoroughness and the accuracy which, at least at that date, was rarely to be found outside Germany, and which, if genius consisted alone in taking pains, would place some German scholars, Boeckh among them, at its highest point. Every writer who has cited these inscrip-

\* In the 'Recueil d'Antiquités,' vol. ii. fol. 81.

† 1821, p. 104.

‡ M. Raoul Rochette had cited as a witness in support of Fourmont's accuracy a certain Dr. Avramiotti, who, in a review of Chateaubriand's 'Travels in Greece,' published in 1816, reproaches that traveller for not having visited and described the temple of Onga, which he implies that he has himself seen; but Letronne points out that Avramiotti had merely derived his knowledge of this temple from Barthélemy's description of it in the 'Travels of Anacharsis.'

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tions, and every passage where they are mentioned, is referred to and weighed. All justice is done to the learning and to the ability of Raoul Rochette. The good faith of Barthélemy and others who accepted the inscriptions as genuine is warmly admitted. Each inscription, each statement of Fourmont, and the notes and comments of those who have accepted them as genuine, are examined in the minutest detail with the most searching criticism and the most accurate scholarship, and undoubtedly with every disposition, as he elsewhere proves, to accept whatever was found to be probably genuine. And as the result of this most careful examination, Boeckh came to the conclusions, that, as a matter of fact, no trace could be found among the papers of Fourmont of many of the most important discoveries and inscriptions which he alleges he made when in Greece; that it had been clearly proved by Lord Aberdeen that no such temple as Fourmont describes the temple of Onga, existed, or could have existed at the time he wrote; that no one of the inscriptions he gave to the world, or which had been published since his death by Barthélemy and Caylus, could possibly, from the language, from the forms of the letters, and from other circumstances, have existed in Greece, but that they were modern forgeries, the work of an ignorant man, based almost entirely upon the conjectures of Meursius and Cragius, and often upon misunderstandings of such conjectures; and lastly, that the forger was no other person than the Abbé Fourmont himself.

Since the publication of the *Corpus*, the genuineness of the inscriptions published by the Abbé Fourmont, and by Barthélemy from his papers, has not been seriously maintained.\* Even the French, unwilling as they were to admit the fraud of their countryman, have been obliged to admit the truth of the conclusions of Boeckh; and M. Egger, in his interesting articles on Greek inscriptions in the '*Journal des Savans*' for 1871, admits that 'M. Boeckh has victoriously demonstrated the falsity of the apocryphal inscriptions of Michel Fourmont.' Yet in illustration of the truth of Lord Aberdeen's remark, that in France a reluctance still exists to view these forgeries in their proper light, a writer in '*Notes and Queries*' in 1872 remarks that 'incredible as it may appear, it is the fact, that in the long

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\* Captain Renczynski's '*Chronology of Dates on the two Amyolean marble slabs which were dug out of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo of Delphi by Rev. l'Abbé Fourmont*' (London, Reeves and Turner, 1884), deserves a place in De Morgan's '*Bundle of Paradoxes*.' The writer's ignorance of the language, literature, history, and geography of Greece, is only equalled by the absurdity of his explanations and translations.

and elaborate life of the Abbé Fourmont by E. Bréhaut, contained in the eighteenth volume of Didot's "*Nouvelle Biographie Générale*" (1858), there is not a word to suggest that the alleged discoveries of the Abbé were not genuine, nor even a hint that doubts had been thrown on them! He is censured indeed for his vandalism in destroying so many monuments of antiquity, but his inscriptions and his discoveries are all treated as genuine.' And another writer in '*Notes and Queries*' remarks, that 'it is still more surprising that in the "*Supercheries littéraires dévoilées*," published in 1869, the name of the Abbé Fourmont does not appear at all!'

The most curious part of the story has yet to be told. Although every inscription which the Abbé either gave to the world, or left in the state in which he proposed to publish it, was a forgery, yet he really had copied, and there still exist among his papers, many hundreds of genuine inscriptions; some, of the earliest times of which any are known to exist, others, of an interest and importance little if anything less than the Amyclæan inscriptions would have possessed had they been genuine. They have all been included in the '*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*.' Of the 42 inscriptions judged by Boeckh, from the archaic forms of the letters, to be of the most ancient times, and which form the first part of the *Corpus*, no less than 16, unquestionably genuine, are from the papers of the Abbé Fourmont. Of the 980 inscriptions found in Attica, which Boeckh and his colleagues were able to collect, 353 were copied by Fourmont. His papers have furnished 29 of the 61 from Megara, 83 of the 118 from Argolis; while of the 273 from Laconia and Messenia, he had copied no less than 228. Of these inscriptions, copies of some have since been found among the then unpublished papers of Cyriacus of Ancona; of others, the originals have been discovered, and copies published by Chandler, Dodwell, and more recent travellers; while a considerable number are judged by Boeckh to be genuine, from internal evidence merely. But the mere number does not afford an adequate idea of the importance of the Abbé's collections. They include not only, as we have said, some of the most ancient, but some of the most important and interesting inscriptions, which are in existence.

It is not too much to say that Boeckh's great work on the public economy of Athens is founded on the facts derived from Greek inscriptions. Those numbered in the *Corpus* 76, 157, and 158, contain perhaps the greatest amount of information

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\* '*Notes and Queries*,' 4th ser., vol. ix. pp. 370 and 415.

respecting the revenues of Athens, public debts, money, weights, and measures of any inscriptions known to exist. They are quoted over and over again by Boeckh, more frequently, indeed, than any others. From one of them we learn that the treasurers of the goddess Athene were obliged to have an account of what they had received, disbursed and delivered to their successors, engraved on stone, and set up in the Acropolis; that money in the hands of the *Hellenotamixæ* was assigned about 410 B.C. to the redemption of the public debt. They give us a decree, that whatever should remain over and above the moneys assigned for the payment of the public debts should be applied to the repairs of the wharves and walls. No. 157 is a fragment of the account of the treasurer of the administration and manager of the public revenue, and probably the very one made by Lycurgus \* about 330 B.C. No. 158 is the inscription of the famous Sandwich marble, now in the British Museum, which has been the subject of so many learned dissertations since its arrival in England soon after Fourmont's time. It is the report of the auditors, or *Amphictyons*, sent from Athens in or about 374 B.C. to examine the management of the revenues of the temple of Apollo at Delos for the three previous years, and is full of details of the greatest interest. Copies of all these inscriptions—and of the two first the only copies known, the originals having perished—were among the papers of the Abbé Fourmont.†

To have preserved and given to Western Europe these inscriptions alone, would have been sufficient at any time to constitute a lasting title to our gratitude, and would have entitled the Abbé Fourmont to a far higher place among the promoters of Greek learning and Greek antiquities than he would have been entitled to merely as the discoverer of the Amyclæan inscriptions, even if these were genuine. But important as these inscriptions are now, when more than fifteen thousand Greek inscriptions have been collected and published, far greater would

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\* Cited in 'The Lives of the Ten Orators,' ascribed to Plutarch.

† No. 171 in the Corpus is also from a marble now in the British Museum. It is a list of persons buried in the Ceramicus of Athens, and has been thought worthy to be edited and explained, not only by Boeckh in the Corpus as well as in his 'Proem. Catal. lect. Univers. Berol.,' but by E. D. Clarke in his 'Travels,' and by Ozanne in his 'Sylloge Inscript.' The copy made by Fourmont must have been taken when the stone and the inscription were in a much more perfect condition than at present, and is, as Boeckh remarks, 'contra quam solet præstantissimus.' No. 284 in the Corpus is from a marble, now in the British Museum, brought to this country by Askew, and described in Taylor Combes's 'Description of a Collection of Ancient Marbles in the British Museum,' vol. ii. xxxvi. No. 353 in the Corpus was afterwards seen by Pocock and Chandler, and is described and commented on at length by each of them. All these were copied by the Abbé Fourmont.



have been the glory of Fourmont, if, at a time when less than two thousand inscriptions were known, he had added to them more than nine hundred—a greater number than had been collected by any single scholar or traveller, and including those of the first degree of importance which we have already referred to.\* But the Abbé Fourmont was ‘wise only for evil.’ His egregious vanity and utter want of principle persuaded him to throw away the substantial glory which, particularly at that time in France, would have attached to a man who had collected and preserved nearly one thousand unknown and precious Greek inscriptions. His ambition was to produce inscriptions far earlier than any then known, and which might support his own absurd hypothesis respecting the language and the antiquities of Greece. Entirely unable from his want of scholarship to appreciate their value, and probably even to decipher or understand those which he had copied, he printed his lists of proper names, where he thought he was less likely to be detected, and no doubt intended to use his genuine inscriptions, had he lived, as models for fictions far more absurd and more elaborate than those which related to the temple of Onga and the priestesses of Apollo at Amyclæ.†

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\* When J. F. Seguiet in 1749 made his catalogue of Greek Inscriptions, he was only able to enumerate two thousand, whether in collections like those of Gruter and Muratori, or in the books of the learned in different branches of the antiquity of Greece, such as those of Van Dale and Corsini.—Egger, in the ‘*Journal des Savans*,’ mars 1871.

† Perhaps the most important, certainly the most impudent forgery of a Greek inscription, after those which form the subject of this article, is that put forth by Demetrius Petrizzopulo in his ‘*Saggio Storico sulle prime età dell’ Isola di Leucadia*,’ Florence, 1814 (described by Boeckh in the *Corpus*, No. 43). Not content with forging an inscription of a date earlier than the Trojan war, Petrizzopulo has cited in support of it, and of his arguments, a considerable number of books which do not exist. He cites a book of Gottlieb Wernsdorff, ‘*De Lycurgi epochis specimen*,’ Noremburgæ, 1741, 8vo., but no life of Wernsdorff mentions such a work, nor was Boeckh able to find any trace of its existence. He cites the ‘*Travels*’ of a certain Norden in Greece (Copenhagen, 1752), and Chardin’s ‘*Mémoires conservés sur la santé de Leucade*’ (Amstelodami, 1709, 4to.), which are unknown to catalogues, to libraries, and to bibliographers, as well as other books which Boeckh was unable to discover.

ART. VIII.—*Papers Presented to Parliament relating to South Africa, 1884–1885.*

SINCE the last General Election in 1880 a new, far-reaching, and important political upheaval has taken place. There has been gradually creeping into the literary, social, commercial, and political worlds of England the great and growing element of our Colonial Relations. Primarily due to the rapid development of the Colonies themselves we see signs of this element, turn where we will; and at the forthcoming General Election Colonial affairs will occupy a recognized and prominent position. But while all is satisfaction with regard to the great groups of Colonies in North America and Australia, and to the more essentially trading stations of the Far East,—our Plantation Colonies, notably those in the West Indies, and the important group of South African Settlements are still the cause of anxiety and trouble.

Despite the traditions of their Radical predecessors, who were distinguished from the present generation of Radicals by the significant epithet 'Philosophic;' despite the former opinions of their Head in regard to 'England's Mission'\*; despite the policy of shrinkage which they would in their hearts oppose to a healthy, natural, and now necessary national expansion; the late Government were driven by the force of circumstances to take note of the more pressing difficulties and troubles unfortunately prevailing in these two groups of Colonies. In December 1882, they entrusted West Indian affairs to two Special Commissioners, whose full Report we described in this 'Review' for July, 1884.

But in regard to South Africa, the late Government failed altogether to take anything approaching to a statesmanlike view of the sad necessities of the case. They interfered indeed, and interfered most radically from the outset of their reign; and, more recently, the strong pressure of public opinion, led by some of the most influential members of the Liberal party, has compelled them to attempt a fresh settlement of South African affairs. To the political failure of this movement we shall allude later on. In the meantime we may call attention to the fact, that this baneful treatment of South Africa comes suspiciously near to a conscious attempt to make good the lugubrious vaticinations of Mr. Gladstone himself. The Prime Minister, so lately as March 1883, spoke thus in the House of Commons—

'Our only relation with South Africa was a history of continued

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\* In the 'Nineteenth Century,' 1877.

difficulties and troubles. It has been one standing difficulty of our Colonial policy which we have never been able to set right. . . . It was my lot in the latter part of the Administration of Sir Robert Peel to be Secretary of State for the Colonies, and I then distinctly told Lord Grey that this case of South Africa presented a problem of which I, for one, could not see the solution. And so it has continued from that day to this, difficulties always recurring, never healed.'

Here was indeed a dogmatic assertion of the High Priest; a very putting to the test of his political infallibility. What wonder then that good Gladstonians should not only remain convinced that the history of South Africa must remain a history of difficulties and troubles, 'always recurring, never healed,' but even act up to this conviction, or, in other words, be careful that whatever is attempted should run no risk whatever of proving a complete or final cure.

However, the return of the Conservatives to power has proved a rude shock to such faithful followers, and the latest advices prove conclusively, that in all the Colonies, and more especially in South Africa, the fall of Mr. Gladstone has been welcomed with a zest and warmth indicating a vivid expectation and hope among the Colonists, that the accession to power of the Conservative Party means the inauguration of a strong and really sympathetic Colonial policy. These Colonial expectations have already found voice in an influential deputation to the new Secretary of State, evidently inspired by the hope, that Conservative Ministers have both the will and the power to put things straight, and are by no means bound down to prove the correctness of the lugubrious and flaccid vaticinations of Mr. Gladstone in regard to South African affairs.

In April 1883, judging by what the Liberal Government had then done, we wrote, 'For many a year to come we shall continue to be harassed and perplexed by the embarrassments which we owe to the wavering, timid, and injurious course taken in our recent dealings with the South African settlement.' No doubt at the election there will be candidates qualified to criticize this disastrous sample of Liberal Administration. Since 1880 we have had the Retrocession of the Transvaal; the costly Bechuanaland Expedition; the declaration of a Protectorate extending from the confines of the Cape Colony even into Tropical Africa; and now the humiliating accounts, published recently, of the disgraceful state of affairs in Basutoland and Zululand. These, together with the reported advent of bankruptcy from the two Boer States and of sad depression in the English Colonies, combine at the present moment to attract public attention to South Africa. The old troubles of

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race antagonism, oppression of the natives, and commercial and financial depression, were never in more aggravated prominence than at the present time, after more than five years of Liberal rule. If matters were left to the Radicals, Mr. Gladstone's prophecies might indeed be realized.

Mr. Gladstone complains, that he cannot see his way ever to put South Africa right; but by his line of policy he makes it, so far as he can, impossible for better men to do so. His unaccountable action in reference to the Retrocession of the Transvaal is regarded by all who watched events at the time, and understood the conditions of the case, as one of the most prolific causes of trouble in South Africa. It is true that in his recent electioneering manifesto he states that the retention of the Transvaal would have been 'in violation of our pledges, and in defiance of the fully declared wishes of the people.' But on his assumption of government in 1880, Mr. Gladstone made every assertion that could be made—even enshrining his fixed determination in the Queen's Speech—that the Transvaal must and should always remain British. All this was in entire contradiction of his violent denunciations of the Transvaal annexations when he was out of office. But when he returned to office, and committed himself to these Imperialistic asseverations, he might at the least have tempered them with statesman-like concessions to the Boers, in the shape of those greater powers of self-government so urgently recommended by Sir Bartle Frere, in accordance with the spirit of the promises made at the time of annexation. Yet even this concession to the demands of good faith and sound policy, suggested by the greatest governor South Africa ever saw, was refused by Mr. Gladstone. The disastrous results and stupid arrangements that followed form a page in the national records, which can only be remembered with shame and indignation.

The results are well known. It is matter of history how the legitimate hopes of the Boers for autonomy were crushed; how the assertion of the Queen's supremacy was entrusted to her soldiers; and how the inevitable consequences followed, of bloodshed and war between the two European races in South Africa. The stupidity, nay, the criminal folly, which thenceforward marked the conduct of affairs, is painful to dwell upon. After a sad waste of human life, the war was closed by suddenly making in full those very concessions, the timely granting of which in part would have averted all bloodshed. By a strange irony of fate, this black record brings an indelible charge of bloodguiltiness upon the Liberal Government.

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That this folly was criminal, is seen not only in its obvious antagonism to the true interests of both Boers and British in South Africa, but also in the grave losses it entailed upon the English taxpayer. The nation was called upon to uphold the Queen's supremacy in the Transvaal, and the nation freely offered the necessary supplies. Government made admirable, if costly dispositions; reinforcements were speedily despatched from both England and India; our second 'only general,' Sir Frederick Roberts, was sent out in command; and an army of 20,000 English troops was actually landed in South Africa. The cost of all these military preparations Mr. Gladstone himself placed at 2,750,000*l.* This large sum, obtained on the plea of upholding the national honour, was expended in a mere marching up the hill and down again, because at this critical juncture the great Liberal Minister determined once again, and regardless of all consequences, to carry out that pet ideal of neo-Liberalism—the Policy of Reversals. Thus nearly three millions of money were uselessly taken from the pockets of the English taxpayer. But the day of reckoning is at hand, and it is to be hoped this item in the bill will not be forgotten by the electors. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, in his manifesto tells us, that the result of the expenditure of 3,000,000*l.* on the Transvaal was 'to leave the Transvaal free and divested of all hostility, and has averted a war of Europeans' in South Africa. Of this he openly challenges refutation. Unfortunately for Mr. Gladstone and for the acceptance of his statements, ever since the retrocession, the Boers have exhibited marked and increasing hostility; and in two short years Mr. Gladstone has had to send to South Africa an army of 5000 men at a fresh expenditure of 1,000,000*l.* to fight, not natives, but Europeans in South Africa, whose base of operations was the Transvaal.

Thus this impolitic extravagance did not cease with the Retrocession of the Transvaal. Boers, it is well understood in South Africa, have a most wasteful system of pastoral farming, which in a few years reduces them to great straits. Their refuge has invariably been the seizure of new lands—these being as invariably the real property of native tribes. The Boers of the Transvaal, accepting Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity as folly or even cowardice, at once proceeded to appropriate the lands belonging to the natives outside their borders. Protests were unavailing, and by 1884 the British Cabinet weakly yielded to modify so far the Western Frontier line of the Transvaal, as to include new territories within it which had previously been native territories—the natives, according to Sir Charles Warren, protesting

protesting with all the vigour of which they were capable, against being arbitrarily handed over to such hated masters.\*

The Transvaal Boers, however, continued to 'expand,' and their efforts culminated in their defeating a chief, Montsioa, and prevailing upon the Transvaal Government to annex his territory. This chief, be it remembered, had already made a treaty with the Queen, accepting her Protectorate. At the bottom of all was the usual *Liberal* Financial Policy. The Queen happened to be represented at the Cape by an exceptionally far-sighted High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson; but urgent and repeated necessity for action was met by the 'non-possumus' of a Liberal Exchequer. Penny-wise, indeed, was the policy pursued. Indignation had even extended to England, but it was met by sending up into the country as British Commissioners, first the sturdy missionary, the Rev. John Mackenzie, and afterwards the enthusiastic ex-Minister of the Cape Colony, the Hon. C. Rhodes, assisted by the High Commissioner's 'Imperial Secretary,' Captain Bower. But these Representatives of the might of the English Empire were specifically restricted to the use of words, and were not even supported by the historical twenty-five policemen of the Transvaal annexation. They were allowed no force wherewith to back their words, and, as a natural consequence, their efforts had no other result, than that of creating the overpowering necessity of vindicating the violated English name by the despatch of a great expedition. But just as the need of so costly an expedition was the direct result of penny-wise abstention from all expenditure, so was the manner of its sending, as we shall see when we briefly trace its history, an example of the grossest Administrative blundering.

In December 1884, Sir Charles Warren was commissioned to put things right in 'Bechuanaland and the countries adjacent thereto, to the westward and northward of the South African Republic.' In January 1885, an Order in Council was gazetted, establishing, or, rather, more definitely asserting, the Queen's jurisdiction over a great area of the interior, west of the South African Republic, and bounded on the north by the 22nd parallel of latitude, and on the west by the 20th meridian. In March, the German Government was informed officially that these wide districts were under British protection, and in April, Lord Derby explained that 'the Protectorate included Khame's and Sichele's countries, and all the remaining territory outside the Transvaal south of lat. 22°, although there was to be no present

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\* See Blue-book C. 4432, pages 17, &c.

exercise of the Queen's authority to the eastward of Khame's territory.' The reasons given were, securing a line of demarcation to the westward in view of German settlements on the coast, and also protecting the natives and the trade route to the interior against the intrusions and invasions of unauthorized European marauders. Thus the Cabinet found itself suddenly possessed of, and responsible for, a new area of Africa nearly as large as France, and also involved in an expedition which will cost the English Exchequer little less than one million sterling. Precisely similar events were proceeding on the east Coast. Germany had designs on the coast line between Natal and Delagoa Bay, and these were eventually surrendered by an agreement come to with the British Government. Meanwhile the Boers came down from the Transvaal into Zululand, fomented intertribal wars and strife, took *in reward* one-third of the lands of the Zulus, and are rapidly encroaching on the remainder. What is to come of all lies in the future. But in Basutoland Liberal Finance restricted expenditure so closely, that a particularly able Administrator has had his hands tied; his merely nominal police force being altogether insufficient to check a growing lawlessness, and even anarchy, and a sad lapsing of a promising native nation into all the evils of intemperance.

Such in brief are the present results of nearly six years of Liberal rule. They justify, indeed, Mr. Gladstone's un-English laments over South African difficulties.

Conservatives need no reminding that the Imperial Government has duties to perform to South Africa; but Radicals must have these duties commended to them on the additional plea, that their fulfilment is intimately connected with the material interests of these islands. The group of English settlements in South Africa is of the highest importance to the Empire. It is necessary to protest resolutely against the ignorant idea, that the prosperity of South Africa only incidentally concerns the English taxpayer, and is in the main merely a case for national sentiment. A very different tale is known to the ship-builders of the Clyde, the diamond merchants of Hatton Garden, the wool-brokers of the City, the exporting manufacturers of Manchester and Sheffield, and generally the investors and traders of the United Kingdom. In South Africa England's manufactured products find an increasing and safe market, and her manufacturers ever-widening areas for the supply of raw materials. The continued supremacy of England in these districts prevents their being overshadowed by the protective or excluding tariffs of selfish or hostile Foreign Powers; and it further

further means to India, to Australia, and to our other Eastern Possessions, that England holds the key of the sea route between them and Europe, which is next best to the Suez Canal route, and will remain so even after the opening of the Panama Canal.

It needs no further explanations to emphasize the obvious conclusion, that it is the interest, not less than the duty, of the inhabitants of these islands to support the maintenance of British supremacy in South Africa. But it is none the less necessary to see that this be achieved in a thoroughly economic as well as successful manner. Appropriate and necessary knowledge can be gleaned from a more detailed survey of recent events. The official views and acts are duly set forth in recent Blue-books, while the judgment of the independent public has recently been set out in detail in the newspapers, and more especially in a remarkable series of letters appearing during the last few months from a correspondent of the 'Times' in South Africa.

The brief historical facts are, that in the year 1815 the English finally became possessed of 30,000 square miles of South African soil. Since that day they have continuously extended the frontiers of this domain. Up to 1866 there had been annexed, altogether, 180,000 square miles. Griqualand West and Griqualand East added another 20,000 miles in 1877. Now the 100,000 square miles of Bechuanaland have been further added to the Empire, and it has become more than ever necessary to annex Zululand. Within these boundaries we have territories exceeding by four times the size of the British Islands, and inhabited by a population of nearly half a million of European descent and over two millions of natives. Beyond the frontiers swarm native races, whom our philanthropic instincts, to say nothing of our commercial enterprise, force us to regard as under our political charge.

These English communities in South Africa depend for their political existence, intimately and continually, on the aid of the rest of the nation. It is not commonly recognized how much this has cost the English taxpayer in direct outlay. In the very origin of our possession, the Colony was purchased from the Dutch at the Peace of Paris in 1815, by England's paying off several million pounds' worth of Dutch debts to Russia. Again, in 1837, the English taxpayer freely granted three millions, in his chivalrous attempt to compensate the Cape Colonists for the loss of their slaves. For several years repeated Caffre wars drained the same source of sums, which in their total amount to little less than six millions. More recently the English taxpayer—in the Sekukuni and Zulu wars; in what was paid to the Orange Free State as compensation



for the annexation to the Cape Colony of Griqualand West ; and in the preparations made to reassert the Queen's supremacy in the Transvaal—has supplied South Africa with at least five millions of money. The latest instances of generous remissions of the public debt of the Transvaal, and the expedition to Bechuanaland, amount to another million at least. Thus, altogether, the English taxpayer has paid away more than twenty millions sterling in endeavouring to assist his fellow-subjects in South Africa.

This freehanded supplying of funds has, under Liberal rule, been accompanied by a strange and repeatedly expressed desire to see the results of such expenditure entrusted entirely to the keeping of the Colonists. One of the latest telegrams sent to South Africa by Mr. Gladstone's Government states : ' Her Majesty's Government have no intention of creating a Crown Colony in Bechuanaland . . . continue to wish that Cape Colony should, if willing to do so, assume management of Protectorate without delay.' The Government spends 1,000,000*l.* of English taxpayers' money in asserting the Queen's supremacy in Bechuanaland, and then asks a small and divided band of Colonists, whose seat of government is 800 miles distant from Bechuanaland, to 'assume the management of this Protectorate.' This is a typical instance of what we do in South Africa, but nowhere else in the Empire. Almost in the same breath the Home Government had, to the surprise of all, first declined the urgent requests of the powerful, united, and loyal Australian Colonies to annex certain Pacific Islands, and then in very bad grace, and after being driven to make the annexation, refrained carefully from offering those Colonies any share in the control, and expressed the very opposite of any wish for them to assume the management of the new Protectorate. In brief, we have offered to 300,000 disunited and fractious Cape Colonists the government of a vast district of native territories, but we have declined to allow three millions of united prosperous Australian Colonists any share in the control of a lesser area of Pacific Islands. What is there to account for this fundamental difference of treatment? It is one of those glaring instances in which the wishes and advice of the permanent and qualified advisers of the Ministry have been only too obviously set aside, because of some inscrutable Cabinet ideas of policy or ignorant fancy.

It is impossible, while dealing with these incidents, not to allude to the serious blunders which marred Sir Charles Warren's signally successful management of the Bechuanaland Expedition. As we have pointed out, one direct result of the pitiful  
hesitation

hesitation as to vindicating the national honour after the Majuba disaster was, that the Boers decided that the English Government would never again forcibly interfere with the Boers, do what they might. Consequently boldness was immediately shown on the part of the adventurous spirits gathered on the west frontier of the Transvaal. Old native allies and friends of the English were shamelessly attacked, robbed, and plundered of stock and other property, and finally of their lands. The Boers were not to be checked by England's forming alliances with these native chiefs; and matters came to their culmination when the Transvaal Government coolly proceeded by proclamation to annex the territories of the Barolong chief Montsioa, who had some time before placed himself by special treaty under the protection of the Queen. This was one of the sequels of the miserable Transvaal concession, which eventually forced the retroceding Government to send out to South Africa an expedition that will cost the nation at least 1,000,000*l.* altogether. It is true that the Cape Ministers proposed, after the expedition had been determined on, to attempt a pacific solution on the spot, and Mr. Upington, the Premier, and Mr. Sprigg, the Treasurer, did actually visit some of the chiefs and the 'Filibusters.' In the detailed report of their proceedings, we note with more than surprise that the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, although fully aware of the extensive preparations that had been made for the expedition, and of the refusal of the British Government to entertain his own proposal, that all military preparations should be suspended while he was engaged in his mission of peace—nevertheless more than once informed the native chief Montsioa that no Queen's soldier would ever come so far, and that in relying on the advent of an English army he was relying on a broken reed. The chief, with shrewd dignity, seems to have doubted the Cape Minister, and his doubts were amply justified by the event.

It was late in the autumn of 1884 when Sir Charles Warren was invited, on the suggestion of Sir Hercules Robinson, to organize an expedition to occupy Bechuanaland in the interests of peace and order, and to assert the Queen's supremacy; and, indeed, to vindicate the national honour pledged to defend the protected chiefs Montsioa and Mankoroane. The history of this expedition is duly set out in successive Blue-books, presented to Parliament during the early part of 1885. They record a distinct episode in South African history, pregnant with lessons of what to avoid and what to remedy. They open with an apparently unanimous opinion, both in England and South Africa, that Bechuanaland affairs need setting to

rights, and that Sir Charles Warren is the man for the work. They close with a remarkable scene, in which all the authorities concerned seem to be at loggerheads. The Colonial Office is reminding both Sir Charles Warren, the Special Commissioner, and Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner, that their long-continued personal misunderstandings should now cease. It becomes evident that the Cape Ministers, the Cape Parliament, the Transvaal Government, the Governor of the Cape Colony, the Special Commissioner in Bechuanaland, the Deputy Commissioners who had from time to time been sent up there, and lastly the well-known Bechuana missionary, the Rev. John Mackenzie, are now for the most part opposed to each other. This is the general result of ten months' military and political activity.

The network of cross antagonisms is complicated, but it is strongly set out in these various Blue-books. The two central figures, Sir Charles Warren and Sir Hercules Robinson, develop a very pretty quarrel. It seems that almost the very day Sir Charles Warren set foot in South Africa, and when he was naturally fully engaged in arranging the details of his military work, he was requested by the High Commissioner to telegraph to that part of Bechuanaland known as Stellaland, in certain terms, the drafting of which was apparently entrusted to the Governor's 'Imperial' Secretary. Subsequently, when Sir Charles Warren arrived in Stellaland, he regrets having hastily initialed the telegram, as he finds, on personal acquaintance with affairs, that the *régime* he thereby authorized is not at all according to his desires or ideas. From this point of divergence differences of opinion gradually grew, until we find, on April 6th, Sir Charles Warren writes to Lord Derby, that 'Sir Hercules Robinson has taken from me all power of action under my Commission, and I beg to bring to your Lordship's notice that I am so bound and restricted on all sides by the opinions and views I have received from Sir Hercules Robinson, that I find it all but impossible to take any action whatever as Special Commissioner.' On the other side we find Sir Hercules Robinson writing, on April 22nd, to Lord Derby: 'I do not think it necessary to enter at length into the merits or demerits of the various differences which have arisen between Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Rhodes, but I feel bound to state, that Sir Charles Warren's reply to Mr. Rhodes' representations appears to me in several respects wanting in accuracy and fairness.' This is extraordinary language, but it clearly indicates to what a pass matters had come.

This hurtful antagonism at headquarters was accompanied by

by many under-currents, which it is unnecessary to trace. A strongly marked feature in the gradual rise of opposition to Sir Charles Warren is the determined and curiously unanimous declaration of the Africander Bond, Mr. Rhodes, the Cape Ministry, Sir Hercules Robinson, and even the President of the South African Republic, that Sir Charles Warren's action was *endangering the peace* of South Africa. Each of these authorities proposed measures which would settle affairs without fighting, and each strenuously prognosticated that Sir Charles Warren's measures indubitably involved that recourse to arms which would be so disastrous to South Africa. It must, therefore, have been wormwood and gall to one and all of these various authorities to find their anticipations altogether upset, and to see Sir Charles Warren not only complimented, as he so richly deserves, by the Home Government, on the rapid and complete success of his military dispositions, but also specially on the fact, that he accomplished all without any breach of the peace, or shedding of blood.

In brief, the Special Commissioner, nominated originally by Sir Hercules Robinson, and received with acclamation by all in South Africa, had to battle with a great storm of opposition, which had gradually arisen round about him, and which he has triumphantly weathered. We would bury the trivialities of these differences and controversies with the remark, that they seem to have originated chiefly from jealousy. The High Commissioner had never intended, at the first, that Sir Charles Warren should be anything more than the military leader entrusted with the military task of clearing Bechuanaland of freebooters: his own was to be the task, of all civil organization and action. But Sir Charles Warren accepted the task, only on condition of his possessing discretion and power to rule all matters, civil as well as military, in Bechuanaland, 'until its further destination should be known.' The only compromise that could be hit upon, at the moment, was to insert into his Commission the fatal words, 'subject to the instructions of the High Commissioner.' We say 'fatal,' because, while Sir Charles Warren seems to have accepted these words to mean initial instructions with subsequent liberty of action, the High Commissioner interpreted them to mean perpetual and frequent control in all civil and political details. And out of the fatal phrase arose a long series of feuds as to civil funds, legal action, communications with neighbouring States, appointments of officials, and other matters, which caused grievous delay and endless correspondence, the only material result of which has been increased expenditure.

A noteworthy

A noteworthy feature is that nothing whatever has been heard of any objections on the part of the Lieut.-General commanding in South Africa. It is greatly to the credit of Sir Leicester Smyth that he at all events successfully smothered any promptings of jealousy, and cordially and loyally supported Sir Charles Warren in all military matters.

Jealousy also lay at the bottom of the opposition shown by those who had failed themselves, even through no fault of their own, to secure a settlement of Bechuana affairs. Messrs. Sprigg and Upington, Mr. Rhodes and Captain Bower, are all in this category; although Mr. Mackenzie, the first whose attempt had failed, was to be found very speedily at the elbow of Sir Charles Warren, liberally placing his intimate knowledge of the country, its people, and its history, at the service of the new dispensation. This action of his was naturally viewed with anything but favour by his rivals; and matters culminated when the President of the 'foreign' South African Republic coolly telegraphs to the Governor of the Cape Colony on April 6th, 'The presence of Mackenzie in Bechuanaland I consider absolutely dangerous for the maintenance of peace.'

Thus while each person or party that had been disappointed, in turn vented a not unnatural pique in prognostications of failure, the most successful and peaceful solution which was actually effected only added coals of fire. The direct results were that the annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony—a consummation which the Gladstone Ministry had evidently intended, although it was strenuously opposed by Mr. E. Ashley, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies—was rendered for the time impossible; the investigation of the Bethell and Honey murders appears to be indefinitely postponed; and Bechuanaland is handed over to the Conservative Government in a most equivocal position, the only certain achievement being a large item of expenditure in the charge sheet of the Imperial Budget. The Conservative Secretary of State has wisely determined on full enquiry before committing his party to any decided policy. But he has taken the preliminary step of at once putting a stop to the military expedition; a step that the previous Government might well have taken last March or April, and thus saved the English taxpayer some 400,000*l.* The civil administration has now been placed in the hands of a Cape Colony judge, and Sir Charles Warren returns to England. It is to be hoped, however, that his policy will be rigidly adhered to, and that the system of Administration and Finance which he elaborated on the basis of Mr. Baden-Powell's scheme will be carried out.

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The Bechuanaland Expedition has completely overawed the Boers, and proved to their consternation, and to the intense satisfaction of the English element, that the Queen's Government not only can, but will, strike swiftly and strongly, if necessity arises, even in the very heart of Africa.

But although it serves no practical purpose further to rake up the bickerings and squabbles of those in charge, it is of the greatest importance to bear in mind the feeble character of the policy, or rather mixture of policies, which has had so wasteful a result. Two initial mistakes were made. The same work was entrusted to two independent Commissioners, and the overlapping of authority at once created friction, and something ultimately approaching very nearly to a dead-lock. The other initial error was placing the Imperial control of the affairs of Bechuanaland, for the most part, in the hands of the Governor of the Cape Colony, who, despite his well-known ability and sound judgment, was not the less to a certain degree in the hands of the Ministers of that Colony for the time being. Thus Imperial action in Bechuanaland came practically to be controlled by the, in this respect, irresponsible ministry of a neighbouring Colony. What the opinions in the Colony were may be gathered, when we bear in mind that Sir Charles Warren's army was popularly known as the Salvation Army, because, coming to the Colony in a time of severe depression, it meant the spending of many hundred thousand pounds of English taxpayers' money among the Colonists of the Cape Colony. There is no doubt that on this, as on previous occasions, the force demanded from England was larger than need have been, owing to the interested representations conveyed to England on behalf of certain Cape Colony merchants and settlers, who hoped by the diligent dissemination of alarming news to increase the number of their prospective customers.

One of the gravest reasons advanced in favour of a large force was the attitude it was assumed that the Boers would take up. And although Sir Charles Warren's force was of a size amply sufficient to defeat any possible Boer combination, and the precautions he took were sufficient to prevent any such treacherous attack as that of Bronker's Spruit—nevertheless the evidence has yet to be forthcoming to prove that all this was necessary. Those who know the country are well aware that this plea of Boer hostility is no new plea in South Africa. In May 1875, when discontent at the Diamond Fields threatened to develop into rebellion, the General in command in South Africa, Sir A. Cunynghame, took a force from Capetown up there to restore

restore order, consisting of some 300 regulars, with two guns. Precisely similar prophecies were then made on the two points, that the force, being Imperial, must be intended in reality to subvert the independence of the Transvaal, and also that in the attempt it would be annihilated. Sir Arthur Cunynghame, in his book 'My Command in South Africa,' in describing these ideas in 1875, uses words almost identical with those applied in the newspapers to Sir Charles Warren's Expedition in 1885:—

'The feelings with which some of the Dutch Boers regarded the expedition were singular enough. They pitied the soldiers, who they said were destined never to return, as they would all be killed by the Dutchmen of the Free State and the Transvaal. We endeavoured to explain to them that it was not our intention to go into the Free State or near the Transvaal, but nothing could make them believe us.'

In other parts of South Africa the rule of the Liberals seems especially to have failed, if we are to judge by results. Outside the Colonies of the Cape and Natal the English are responsible not only for Bechuanaland, but also for the North-Eastern frontier districts of Zululand, and the Native Territories of Basutoland and the Transkei districts which intervene between the two regularly established Colonies. The lands of the Zulus are being rapidly appropriated by Boer invaders, and the Zulus bitterly complain of their overthrow and desertion by the English. In Basutoland recently published evidence from missionaries and travellers, as well as officials, tells us that the curse of intemperance is rapidly gaining a disastrous hold on a native race which had given exceptional promise of advance in civilization. In the Transkei Districts prospects are equally gloomy and forebode grave political troubles. If we analyze the causes of this troublesome state of affairs, we shall see that the one ruling idea of South African policy in the minds of the Home Government has, all along, been to adopt the views of Europeans resident in South Africa. This well-intentioned course has landed us in great dangers. On the one hand, in South Africa, even less than in other places, are the inhabitants of the same mind; on the other, there is complete ignoring of the fact, that not only are there several distinct communities and organizations in South Africa, but that the European communities have shown themselves quite unable, without constant extraneous aid, to manage for themselves. They quarrel bitterly among one another, and they are physically too weak to control with forbearance or real wisdom

wisdom the hordes of natives living in their midst or on their borders. And yet we even encourage them to manage their own affairs, although we cannot ever leave them to bear the brunt of their own mismanagement. The world sees in all this a makeshift, vacillating policy; and there is no doubt that, if we look to results, South African policy, instead of ensuring peace and advance, has been conspicuous in that uncertainty, chance, and change, which are so decidedly inimical to progress in material prosperity.

If we proceed further to define the causes of these ills, we shall find them to be perpetual extensions of frontier; the *vis inertiae* of the old Dutch population; the absence of a strong and consistent native rule; the interference by each South African community in the affairs of its neighbours; and lastly, as Lord Carnarvon wrote to Sir Henry Barkly in 1875, 'the absence of any defined and consistent policy governing questions of vital interest to all.'

Our first troubles in South Africa were connected with our frontiers, and so are our latest. Our first endeavours were directed to walling in our responsibilities by imaginary frontiers; and the futility of such a theory in practice has been only too painfully proved by never-ending years of struggle. At first we endeavoured to follow up, protect, and control, all European emigrants who crossed the temporary frontier. On to this was grafted the specious plea of annexing more, in order to give security to what was already annexed. Then there supervened a vigorous attempt to relieve ourselves of the responsibility of further expansions by leaving the bands of pioneer colonists, who had established themselves across the Orange and Vaal Rivers, to organize themselves into communities that would act as buffers between savagery and our more organized Colonies. In his instructions to Sir Harry Smith in 1851, Lord Grey defined this new buffer policy:—

'You will distinctly understand that any wars, however sanguinary, which may afterwards occur between the different tribes and communities which will be left in a state of independence beyond the Colonial boundary, are to be considered as affording no ground of interference.'

We were rigidly to avoid any assistance or interference beyond defined lines. But in thirty short years since that specific declaration of policy, we have brought under our immediate dominion, at one time or another, the whole of South Africa up to the 22° parallel of latitude. The fact is, it is futile to struggle against natural tendencies, and the strongest of them in

South



South Africa is the inevitable expansion of the whites. Many irresistible influences stimulate this expansion, which it is as useless to attempt to resist, as to attempt to set limits to the action of leaven in a mass of dough. There are the missionaries stationed, at this very moment, at every one of the big chiefs' towns over all the interior. These men, actuated by a holy hatred of all heathenism, risk everything in endeavouring to introduce the leaven of Christianity; but unconsciously, and with more certain success, do they introduce the leaven of English political supremacy. From the very first, they attract to these savage lands the warm and sympathetic attention of one of the most powerful and wealthy of English political groups—one which owns the allegiance of a majority in both of the political sections into which English public opinion is divided.

We also find at these remote inland towns Europeans pushing trade and commerce, who rapidly extend a knowledge of European ways and modes of thought and life, and do their utmost to enlarge the market in which their wares are sold, and the areas from which they obtain in return products of greater value in the European market. Commercial enterprise at once calls for diplomatic relations; and in the end provides the occasion for interference, claims, counter-claims, war, and ultimate annexation.

Moreover, on the frontiers of civilization are always gathered together a motley band of adventurous characters, most of them reckless; all only too anxious to push their own interests with native chiefs and tribes, who are ever ready to pay highly for the valuable aid of these white men. Thus is set up yet another bridge across any determined frontier. Nor are the natives themselves, on their side, at all loth to foster and facilitate communications and intercourse with the civilized States. Various needs, old and new, become thereby easy of gratification. The ardour with which South African natives have toiled and struggled to become possessed of firearms is only equalled by their energy and self-sacrifice in the acquisition of alcoholic liquors. Although, in the one case, the possession of firearms meant, in fact, the extinction of the game on which they had been accustomed to live, and a concomitant increase in confidence and insolence which inevitably brought collision with, and ultimate conquest by, the whites; and although in the other, the taking to drinking habits assuredly induced disease and loss of vital powers—none the less did these twin ardent, if suicidal, desires assist the prompt effacement of every frontier line that was ever drawn.

These tendencies are common to all frontiers between savage tribes

tribes and European civilization, but there is another that is peculiar to South Africa. The majority of the population is of Dutch origin, and these old-time colonists are entirely given over to a system of farming which, as we have said, amounts to little more than continually increasing the area of their estates;—an inveterate desire which can only be satisfied by continual encroachment on the lands of the natives. The general consequence is a perpetual expansion of the white element across any frontier that is drawn between it and native territories.

The question remains, Can this tendency of expansion be kept in hand in South Africa? Hitherto this has been quite impracticable, and a mere futile fighting against natural tendencies. But if we take a larger view of things, we may come to see that, at the present moment, (paradoxical as may seem the assertion,) if we extend our frontiers in two places, we come upon a frontier that may be absolutely final, at all events for another hundred years or so. At the present moment the boundaries of the English settlements are the savage territories of the Amazulus and Amatongas on the north-east, the Boer States of the Orange Free State and Transvaal Republic on the north, and Bechuanaland and Namaqualand on the north-west. We have invited Germany, at her own request, to take charge of Namaqualand; and the Boer States, if we are wise, we shall insist on leaving to take entire charge of themselves. Bechuanaland is a strip of country running up due north, between the Germans in Namaqualand and the two Boer Republics. It is well suited for pastoral and agricultural occupation, but above all, being a level table-land, five to six thousand feet above the sea, it offers an easy trade route to the African interior, absolutely healthy for Europeans, and thus specially adapted for tapping the whole of Africa south of the Congo and the Zanzibar district. There are capital docks at Capetown, and a well-equipped and self-supporting railway for the first 700 miles—as far, that is, as Kimberley. Beyond this, for 550 miles it seems that Sir Charles Warren has made a direct and good road, with watering-places and telegraph all along, as far as Shoshong, a great trading centre situated within tropical Africa, and about the middle of the Continent. The southern portion of Bechuanaland will now be organized as an English colony, whether under the immediate control of the Crown, or as an adjunct of the Cape Colony. The northern half has been declared a British Protectorate. Thus, provided this Protectorate be made effectual, the Home Government may control a width of territory which will make possible here, for many years to come, the maintenance

maintenance of a very practicable frontier line to English settlements in South Africa.

On the north-east we have, at the present moment, the territories of the Amazulu and Amatonga natives, situated between the sea on the east, the Portuguese on the north, and the Transvaal Republic on the west. But these natives are rapidly passing under the yoke of submission to a variety of white adventurers and filibusters. English money and English soldiers broke down the military or national strength of the Zulus, and the English nation is thus responsible for the results that follow to the Zulu nation. The complaint now comes home, that the Zulus are being deprived of all their lands by white men, and that they have nothing but starvation and death before them in the future. It was our armed strength that defeated the Zulus, disarmed them, and deprived them of all powers of self-defence, of all means of self-preservation. History affords no stronger instance of a moral claim for future protection and defence.

Thus if English statesmanship carries out its pledges and duties to Bechuanaland and Zululand, it can at once relieve South Africa, and all commercially or politically interested in it, of the standing evil of an ever-advancing frontier. How this can be done without throwing new charges on the English taxpayer, but yet securing peace and rest for South Africa, and new opportunities for English commerce and enterprise, may best be seen in discussing briefly that greatest of the causes of South African ills;—the absence of a strong and consistent native policy. In this province we shall have recommendations to make that are new, in so far as they present a complete practicable and final solution of this grave difficulty.

The past history of our dealings with the natives of South Africa should teach us the evils we have to remedy or avoid. Speaking generally, the attempt has been made, and has failed signally, to allow the Colonists of European descent in South Africa to regulate and control native policy. The attempt is still being made, in spite of seventy years' disastrous and expensive experience. The usual cry is, 'See how well colonists in New Zealand and Canada have managed their native affairs;' and the counter-cry is, 'See how necessary it has been to take all power whatever over the natives out of the hands of the company of colonists who attempted to regulate and control the natives of India.' The truth is, South Africa, in regard to the native question, lies midway between these two extremes. In India there is one European to several hundred natives; in New Zealand there are twenty Europeans to every one native; while

in South Africa there is one European to every five natives. In India it has been found painfully necessary for the Imperial Government to assume absolute control and responsibility. In New Zealand it has been happily possible, with entire success, to entrust all to the care of the colonists. South Africa stands midway; no definite policy has been enunciated; and, as a consequence, in native affairs the pendulum has steadily oscillated from one of these two extremes to the other.

It is high time it were finally recognized, that to leave the European colonists in South Africa to shift for themselves would conduce to the advantage neither of the colonists, nor the natives, nor the mother country. Such a band of colonists, unsupported, would have to devote an abnormal share of labour, energy, and money, simply to holding their own in the country; and this would be a drain on their profits which would, as already it has done from time to time, seriously impede their progress and prosperity. According to all experience, when native races of inferior powers are left entirely to the control of men of superior civilization but greatly inferior numbers,—whose very existence in the land depends upon the maintenance of an unchallenged superiority over the natives—the means and measures necessarily adopted are not always such as would commend themselves to the instincts and feelings of civilization, where its superiority in physical power is altogether unchallenged. The consequences are well seen in South Africa. The British Empire can afford to deal generously, and at the same time irresistibly, with the three millions of natives in South Africa. The European colonists in that country, unaided, can only afford to be generous so long as the natives offer no resistance to their will. Dominion over the natives is not of actual advantage to the colonists. They wish to have on their borders native communities that shall be prosperous, and at peace and in friendship with them. The results of Colonial control have been hostility and war, and want of prosperity. These have been due partly to spasmodic interference of the Imperial Government; partly to the necessity, arising from time to time, of calling in the aid of the Imperial forces; partly to the inability of the local Colonial governments successfully to administer large native districts.

This latter inability is due to two main causes. In the first place, as is commonly known to all prominent officials in the Colonies, it is difficult, and in many senses impossible, to obtain in the Colony a sufficient supply of properly qualified officers for native administration. There is in the Colony no surplus of men who can be employed, without positive detriment to the

the industrial advance of the Colony, in the task of managing a native Empire. The 'economic' duty of the colonist is production, and the development of the resources of the Colony; and there are no men to spare to place outside the Colony for the work of managing natives. It would be cheaper and more profitable for the Cape Colony, for instance, to pay a direct contribution of 100,000*l.* per annum to have the surrounding native district managed by some one else, than to have to withdraw from the Colony for this task so many of her most energetic, clever, and capable sons. It is a drain the prosperous Australian Colonies have never had to face, and is, undoubtedly, one of the causes which have handicapped the Cape Colony in the industrial race.

The second main cause is the fact, that the Cape Colony enjoys 'Responsible government.' The natives have learned to rely on Her Majesty's Colonial Opposition for countenance in any opposition they may wish to give to the Government; and they have seen that Responsible government, so near to them, merely means the proximate reversal of any policy that is, for the time being, imposed upon them. If they object to any policy, they know that continued agitation will, in the end, cause its reversal when the Opposition comes into power. If the policy is to their liking, they are neither grateful nor contented, owing to the conviction, that there is great risk that it will be reversed with the next change of Government. Added to this is the fact, that the crucial importance of native affairs in the Colonial polity renders it almost impossible that they can be managed with that calm and dispassionate deliberation which is so essential to success. The Legislature and the Executive, which controls all, is in the Cape Colony a close oligarchy. It is composed of representatives of the European minority; and although in the Cape Colony itself the 'native vote' is a palpable element in one or two constituencies, the natives outside the Colony proper are altogether unrepresented. Thus the general result is, that the Cape Colony, enjoying responsible government as it does, and with its present surroundings, only does itself harm by attempting to control and administer native districts.

Nor does such rule conduce to the advantage of the natives. They do not respect or fear the Government. If, as sometimes occurs, a period of peace is secured, the native becomes prosperous, and increases his flocks and herds. This immediately stimulates his pride, and he becomes, in Colonial parlance, bumptious. It has long been recognized in South Africa that what has to be guarded against in the native is not settled hostility,

tility, but temporary outbursts either of this bumptiousness, or of some more acute form of indignation, or even sentimental grievance. And when the rising does take place, the native sees his opposition to Colonial dominance justified, as it were, in the fact, that it is only by the aid of the great Queen over the sea that the Colony can hold its own against him. These things sink deep into the native heart, and forbid any permanent or effectual control being maintained over the natives by the European communities established in South Africa.

And yet the whole history of South Africa is one long attempt to put in practice this impracticable idea. Even within the last few years we have seen, from purely local or Colonial action, difficulties arise in Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and now in Pondoland. In the first of these, Colonial rule induced great prosperity; but then Colonial fear of the increasing 'bumptiousness' of the natives induced the declaration of the ill-starred 'disarmament policy,' which was urgently and specifically deprecated by the Imperial Government. In Bechuanaland, as we have seen, troubles have arisen, and their settlement delayed even until this day, by the constant intervention of Colonial opinions, ideas, and demands. On each occasion the Imperial forces are ultimately needed to reassert English supremacy; on each occasion this has to be done at the cost of England.

Such being, in general terms, the evils, it is necessary to determine what policy will avoid them, and how it can be carried out. The grand error hitherto is generally acknowledged to have been repeatedly putting things straight at the cost of the English taxpayer, and immediately leaving them to local control to get into a muddle again. Lord Carnarvon, at one of the numerous crises, used terms most applicable to all:—

'You have not only a vast native population in all stages, from semi-civilization down to barbarism, but you have an inexhaustible swarm of warlike native tribes pouring down from the north. . . . England has a traditional policy of the control of native affairs. She has pledged the honour of the Crown; she has pledged the religious instincts of the British people to a policy of benevolence to the native tribes under British rule. She cannot abandon that . . . and the object to be desired is . . . a secure uniform native policy.'

The policy must be uniform: of what character is it to be? The general idea of Sir Bartle Frere was that the sovereignty of the Queen must supersede that of the chief; every native must in his place be governed by the Queen's ideas of right and wrong, and not by those of his chief. But all natives of South Africa have a vivid and deep-seated respect  
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for their chief. Now the first step forwards bringing these natives under the sovereignty of the Queen is to establish her authority among them. Our national ideas of right and wrong, so essential to industrial prosperity, must be made paramount among them, but by the means, in the first instance, of respected native institutions. These must be leavened with English ideas; but there must be a conservation of such native ideas as are not antagonistic to the inauguration of a sounder system. Thus the political and judicial powers of the chief may, from the first, be regarded as the powers of a delegate of the Queen and her magistrates. Again, the tribal ownership of land must be undermined slowly. It is the sudden arbitrary appropriation of native lands that has caused so much injustice, trouble, and bloodshed, in Fiji, New Zealand, and indeed all other countries, as well as in South Africa. Private property, at all events in the usufruct of land, is essential to industrial advance; but, to the native mind, the right of the individual to the exclusive use of any area of soil is a new and repugnant idea, to which he will only become familiarized very gradually. In most cases it is recognized that the Paramount chief has a right to a share in the produce of all land. These royalty rights may readily be converted into money payment or 'Crown rents,' and this is the kind of step that may be judiciously taken towards grafting English ideas of what is best on the prevailing native ideas of what is good.

But such a consistent and gradual policy of advance can only be carried through under the direct control of some political force, that is above all considerations of local interests or local fears. Such a central force is to be found in the Imperial Government, which has, in addition, at its disposal abundant successful experience of similar administration in India, Fiji, the West Indies, and Ceylon. The latter is indeed a case specially applicable. In South Africa we have, outside the Colonies of the Cape and Natal, something like 2,000,000 natives, and a European population of some twelve thousand, of which the larger moiety is of Dutch extraction. The last estimate of the population of Ceylon gives us a native population of nearly 3,000,000 and a European population made up of 6000 of Dutch and 5000 of English extraction. Ceylon was poverty-stricken and rent by native wars for the first quarter of this century. Since then all has been peaceful advance. Railways and roads have been made; dams and irrigation works extensively repaired or constructed; industries of many types successfully encouraged. A revenue of 1,500,000*l.* is now raised, and a sufficient military and police force maintained. The administration

administration is the charge of a special Civil Service, working as much as possible on the lines of native character and tradition.

It should be possible, *mutatis mutandis*, for the British Empire to achieve similar successful results in South Africa. All the evils above mentioned would be avoided if a Native Dominion could be set up in South Africa somewhat on the following lines:—

1. It should be entirely separate and distinct from all local Administrations, Colonies, or States, and under the direct and sole control of the Imperial Government.

2. The central Presidency could be the native territories between the Kei and Umlhatoosi rivers, inclusive of Basutoland (with its capital at St. John's River Harbour).

3. Outlying Presidencies might be formed as occasion required in Zululand, Bechuanaland, or other localities.

4. The supreme control would be with the Governor-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Native Dominion in South Africa; and under him would be Lieutenant-Governors in control of outlying Presidencies.

5. A general Civil Service for the whole, with complete establishment of Audit, Justice, General and Fiscal Administration, Police, and other matters.

6. The whole to be absolutely self-supporting.

7. Legislation and Administration generally to be under the direct control of the Imperial authorities.

Such a Dominion, capably administered, would relieve the Cape Colony and Natal, as well as the Free State and Transvaal Republics, of all anxiety, or troubles, or drain connected with native affairs; and it would, in addition, surround those Colonies and States with prosperous, peaceful native territories, to the great advantage of trade and enterprise of all kinds. Such a Dominion would be, in addition, a distinct boon to England at the present moment. Each year we are forced to decline the proffered services of three times as much brain and muscle as we can employ in administering India or officering our army and navy. In such a Dominion some small portion of this surplus energy would find appropriate and useful employment.

Such a reform would mean permanent peace and progress to the European settlements in South Africa such as they have never yet enjoyed. It would mean a permanent and absolute care of native interests in thorough accordance with the high principles so persistently advocated by English philanthropy. It is a reform of which we have merely given a sketch, but



which could be readily, but must be most carefully, worked out in detail by those who not only know South Africa, but also possess the experience of other times and places. It is a reform which a Conservative Government could well take in hand.

Such are the more immediate necessities of South African politics. But there loom in the background yet two other cognate problems which we alluded to as the interference by each South African community in the affairs of its neighbours, and the absence of any defined means of policy governing questions of interest to all. To obviate the first of these, the system was tried of making the Governor of the Cape Colony also Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa. But, in effect, this has rather introduced into affairs outside the Cape Colony the gratuitous interference of Cape politicians, than supplied a power paramount over all, and thus able to promote common interests and allay all friction.

Two distinct policies have been advocated to secure common action for common purposes. A veteran Cape politician, Sir John Molteno, is the champion of what may be described as the Annexation Method. He would fain see all South African communities and States eventually return to the Mother Colony. Partly with this consummation in view have the Capetown people built, at the altogether unnecessary outlay of a quarter of a million sterling, new Parliament Houses on a scale far beyond their own needs, but possibly suitable to some future union of all the States of South Africa. But these ideas are typical of the lamentably limited horizon of even leading Colonial statesmen. Sir John Molteno is, after all, only a leader of Capetown men. Had he condescended to notice public opinion in Griqualand West, or in the Eastern Province, he would have found a disparaging view taken of Capetown and all its works, which points to a severance of the Northern and Eastern Provinces rather than to their subordinating themselves freely to the supremacy of Capetown. Further afield, in the Free State, in the Transvaal, and especially in Natal, he would have found Capetown pretensions regarded with that quiet smile of contempt, which marks their inherent littleness far more forcibly and truly than any outbursts of indignation or abuse. There are many shrewd men even in the Cape Colony who know that Australian colonists are in favour of separating from one another—for segregation rather than agglomeration. So that this remedy of Annexation to Capetown, however it may satisfy the vanity of the strictly Capetown party, finds few advocates out of sight of Table Mountain.

Of the other policy, that of Confederation, Lord Carnarvon has

has endeavoured to do all that could be done under present conditions ; and there are few men of mark in South Africa itself who do not, day by day, see the growing necessity of some form of common action in common concerns. But the great obstacle to any form of confederative action is the fact, that as yet there are not in existence the elements necessary to Confederation.

If we represent the population of European extraction, public revenue, and external trade—or, in other words, civilized power—of the South African communities by the number 1000, we shall find that of this the Cape Colony makes up 620, the Colony of Natal 188, the Transkei Territory 30, Basutoland 6, the Transvaal Republic 90, and the Orange Free State 66. There is thus seen to be gross inequality between the communities that are asked to confederate, although some ground is afforded for that pride of the Cape Colony which was the main cause of the rejection of Lord Carnarvon's scheme. Sir John Molteno gave voice to this pride when he said: 'Such a measure should have originated with us (the Cape Ministry), for we are the responsible representatives of South Africa.' It is, of course, true that Natal and the two Boer Republics would scout the idea of the Cape Ministry being in any sense their representatives ; and it is no less true that, as far as responsibility goes, the English taxpayer has had far more of the burdens to bear than the Cape 'contributable.' Nevertheless the Cape Colony attempts to assume a very arbitrary hegemony ; refuses to consider Confederation, and declares itself in favour of annexation to itself of the other territories and States. In England, ignorance or indifference allows the opinion to gain ground that the Cape Colony is, after all, the practical representative of South African opinion, and the whole matter is allowed to drop.

In the Boer Republics the initial dread is loss of independence ; and in so far as they hand over to a Confederation any of their rights or powers, in so far they well know they lose their independence ; and in so far are they individually opposed to Confederation. But, as we have seen, these Boer States are drifting steadily, although it may be slowly, to political and financial bankruptcy ; and out of the new order of things English colonies must necessarily arise.

The existence, however, of a staid and substantial Crown Dominion in South Africa will raise up another and most important element in South African politics. And there is no reason why the Cape Colony, Natal, and this Crown Dominion, should not between them devise some method of common action

in common affairs. The details may fitly form the subject of future consideration, but the formation of such a Dominion will at once mean the bringing into existence in South Africa of three potential states of a Confederation.

What will happen to the Boer States is a matter of future concern. In the Transvaal Volksraad, members now more frequently defend or attack people and classes for expressing their longing for closer connection with the British Empire. There is an increasing calling of attention to the manifestly better condition engendered during the British occupation. The Royal Commission that restored the Transvaal to Boer rule recorded, that property increased threefold in value during the British occupation. Again, the yield of gold from the North-Eastern gold fields seems steadily, if surreptitiously, to increase; and on all the borders, whether of Bechuanaland, the Cape Colony, or Natal, inhabitants of both the Transvaal and the Free State are loudly proclaiming their desire to enjoy the advantages they witness across the borders in the English colonies. Thus in both these Boer States there is a growing inclination to annex themselves, or large portions of themselves, to the British Empire.

Meanwhile, in the Cape Colony, the Dutch element seems destined to disappear in its isolated existence. The depression is greatest among the Dutch farmers—and they are heavily indebted to the merchant and trading classes who are English. Until the completion of the western railway to Kimberley the shortest route to the interior was from Port Elizabeth, or *via* King William's Town: in the Eastern Province the English element has predominated ever since the 5000 English settlers were introduced in 1820; in the Western Province Boer farmers had always held all the land, and Boer ideas remained supreme. But now this old Dutch Province is being invaded by the English traders and their following, and it seems that the Dutch element will gradually lose its political individuality, though it will remain, it is to be hoped, as the sympathetic ally of a new party of progress and enterprise.

Thus, on all hands, there are signs of the steady advance of English ideas and English influence, a fact of the utmost importance, seeing that all experience proves that the English supremacy is vital to the continued prosperity of South Africa. But the overwhelming numbers of natives, coupled with the hitherto much-to-be-deprecated antagonism of the two European races in South Africa, render it absolutely necessary that the Imperial Government should continue to intervene in South African affairs. Hitherto, this intervention has been made at the

cry

cry of necessity, but with a false hope that each occasion would be the last. A new departure can and should be taken now, which, while recognizing the actual facts of the case, acknowledges that the Imperial Government has a direct mission in South Africa in assuming the control of the native territories, until by peaceful and assured progress, the European element has grown to be strong enough to take upon itself both the burdens and the duties of more autonomous action. This new policy may be summarized as follows :—

1. Encourage the two English Colonies of the Cape and Natal to concentrate all their energies on the development of their own resources, by relieving them for the time of all care, expense, anxiety, or responsibility for what may occur in the native territories.

2. Leave the two Boer Republics to work out their several destinies—always remaining ready to welcome them, or portions of them, as additions to the English Empire.

3. Form a self-supporting well-administered native Dominion, somewhat on the model of Ceylon, under the direct control of the Imperial Government—to embrace all districts in which natives largely preponderate.

4. Gradually devise some means of common action in affairs common to all South African communities, and so prepare for a future in which all our South African Settlements shall be able to bear the burdens and duties of self-government.

These are the cardinal points in a new South African policy, which will avoid or remove all the evils that have so long clouded the South African atmosphere. We commend them to the Leaders, as well as to the constituents, of the Conservative Party. Mr. Gladstone has warned his followers that he for one can see no policy that will settle South African affairs. Let the electors know, and let our fellow-citizens in South Africa know, that the Conservative Party is not careless of the interests of any portion of our Empire, and will not callously and coldly advise the English nation to hold back her helping hand, simply because Mr. Gladstone can see no solution, and because it is a standing difficulty which his party has confessed itself unable to set right. The Conservatives will call upon the best statesmanship in the old country to carry forward a strong and sympathetic Colonial Policy, and to show that their Party, at all events, is determined that England shall do her duty in South Africa, as well as in every other part of her wide Empire.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Mr. Gladstone's Address to the Electors of Midlothian*, Sept. 17th, 1885.  
 2. *Speech of Lord Hartington at Waterfoot*, Aug. 30th, 1885.  
 3. *Speeches of Mr. Chamberlain at Warrington*, Sept. 8th; at Glasgow, Sept. 15th; at Inverness, Sept. 18th, 1885.  
 4. *Speech of Lord Salisbury at Newport*, Oct. 7th, 1885.

THE nation will shortly be called upon—and every Conservative must hope it will be without a day's unnecessary delay—to decide, whether it will replace in power the party which plunged it into wars and disasters for the greater part of five years, or whether it will concede fair play and a fair trial to the party which now presents the only true rallying-point for all men of moderate and reasonable opinions. It is an advantage to the Liberals, that they do not go direct from office to the people whose confidence they have so greatly abused. There has been time to forget much that they have done; the record of their work in Egypt has either been put out of sight, or dexterously transformed by the party chiefs; General Gordon and the ninety thousand lives sacrificed in the Sudan have receded into a dim past which we are told that no man of true 'progress' would wish to explore. The longer this interval is made between the offence and the trial, the better for the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone is able to assure the country that his 'serious errors' in the Sudan are to be traced to the Tories. Knowing that he does not go to the country with all his failures fresh upon him, he ignores one half the history of his late government, and re-shapes the other half to suit his present views and position. The Ministers who were responsible for the calamities which marked the years 1881–85 have been 'set free' to play with Socialism, and they hold themselves dispensed from the necessity of offering any excuse for the injuries they have inflicted upon their country. To talk loudly about 'ameliorating the lot of the poor,' and to suggest that everybody will soon be made rich with a present of land, is perhaps a surer road to popularity than to undertake a systematic defence of the Egyptian massacres. The unwillingness of the public to look back is all in favour of the Liberals. And yet it may be questioned if they ever went into contest more divided, more perplexed, and more doubtful about their leaders than they do now.

It was only natural that, in their extremity, they should look to Mr. Gladstone for help and guidance. If they had asked themselves what, after all, it was in his power to do, they might have moderated their expectations in good time. He might, of

course,

course, be depended upon to assert roundly that all the mistakes and misdeeds of his Ministry were caused by the Tories, and many people would believe it, simply because Mr. Gladstone had said it. But that, even at the best, would scarcely suffice to carry the election. What the Liberals asked for was a 'programme' with something new and startling in it—something to dazzle the masses. How was it possible that Mr. Gladstone could meet that demand? He is old, and no longer covets power. He has enjoyed a longer term of office as Prime Minister than any of the distinguished men who were his contemporaries—longer than Lord Palmerston or Lord Beaconsfield, longer than Earl Russell and Lord Derby put together, exactly twice as long as his old chief, Sir Robert Peel. Enough has been done to satisfy ambition, and the 'law of nature' will take no denial. How, then, could it be supposed that Mr. Gladstone would come forward to lead a new crusade, either against the Church for which he professes so much devotion, or against the landowners, many of the largest of whom are his personal and political allies and friends? The Liberals did not consider any of these things—they stood calling upon Hercules to drag their cart out of the hole. For weeks together the anxious crowd waited patiently for a response. At last it came, and in one respect at least it could not have disappointed anybody's expectation. Mr. Gladstone favoured them with the longest electioneering address ever seen in the world.

Amid that vast labyrinth of words, in which the newly enfranchised two millions must have hopelessly lost themselves at the start, there was little that could give comfort to a discordant group of factions, looking for a leader and finding none. It is true that just before Mr. Gladstone's tremendous 'manifesto' made its appearance, some Scotch Liberals, wisely wishing to take time by the forelock, gave a broad hint to their political associates throughout the country by presenting Mr. Chamberlain with a shepherd's crook. But this was generally felt to be somewhat premature, and even Mr. Chamberlain appears to have received the crook with misgiving, for he told the benevolent donors that 'a public man sometimes found himself subject to fits of depression.' No one can take Mr. Gladstone's place until he finally leaves it. Speeches innumerable were delivered; sometimes what was called a 'policy' was brought forward, although it defied examination. Every one recognized the ignominious failure of these attempts. Lord Hartington made the only speech which moderate Liberals approved—for although Mr. Goschen also delivered an address

designed

designed to please everybody, he cannot be said to carry special weight with any class in the country. He has no family 'claims'; he does not belong to the historic Whig section, and his force of character has not been sufficient to give him command of any division of his party. He has conscientiously performed the part of pouring cold water now upon this side, now upon that; but much more is needed in the present day to give a man the first position. The 'something new' is never likely to be supplied by Mr. Goschen. Still less is it likely to come from the professed *farceur* of the Liberal party, Sir William Harcourt. He made a long speech of the well-known—too well-known—type; but there was nothing in it but the old 'epigrams' furbished up to suit a seaport town, a condemnation of 'personal abuse' in party warfare, and a few words of sympathy for the 'humble.' The audience might well have doubted whether they had the veritable Simon Pure before them, or whether some one had not been seized with a whimsical desire to personate the ex-Home Secretary. In any case, this contribution to the fighting materials of the party was impatiently tossed aside.

If Mr. Gladstone disappointed his followers, it was, as we have intimated, their fault rather than his own. He has made the country familiar with revolution, and rendered it practicable, but he could not be asked to lead it any further. That task he passes on to more vigorous hands. If he were ten years younger, we may be sure that the Chamberlains of the day would not be left to ring the chapel bell. As it is, a clear field is left for them. For Mr. Gladstone's Address deals chiefly with the past, whereas he has trained men to think nothing of the past in politics—to wipe it out clean from memory—and to bend their eyes solely upon the future. It will not be wonderful if they put his advice into practice, quietly give his Address a place among curious historical fragments, pretend to be very well satisfied with it, and then conduct the election on what are called 'live issues.' Who cares to hear any more about the malt-tax? Mr. Gladstone has always made a great fuss over the repeal of that tax, but nobody is any the better for the repeal, and the author of the measure seems to be unaware that the malt question is quite obsolete. He might as well try to rekindle interest in the Bedchamber question. In spite of the repeal of the malt-tax, Mr. Gladstone feels himself obliged to admit that 'the public business of this great Empire still remains lamentably in arrear.' He could scarcely say more if a Tory Ministry had been in power. Why should a Ministry, backed by the most powerful majority of modern times,

times, have left public business so scandalously in arrear? Is the fact of its having done so an encouragement to the people to reinstate it in office? Mr. Gladstone, playing continually on the keynote of his Address, declares that it is 'all owing to the Tories.' They opposed the efforts of the Liberals to improve the 'procedure of the House of Commons.' Month after month was spent in these 'improvements,' sweeping alterations in the rules of the House were made—some of them very questionable—and powers were conferred upon Sir W. Brand (Lord Hampden) such as no Speaker of the House ever claimed or exercised before. Yet it now appears that Mr. Gladstone's innumerable failures are to be ascribed to Tory unwillingness to arm him with still larger powers. He had a despotic majority, but that did not render him despotic enough. Was ever such a plea raised by a popular Minister before?

Hitherto, all English Ministers have been held strictly accountable for their own acts, and have not been allowed to escape condemnation for their mistakes by pretending that their predecessors or their opponents were really responsible. How far Mr. Gladstone's principle may be worked in the future we cannot say, but it opens up a boundless field for politicians of the Birmingham School. If in the sixth year of power a great statesman can still say that he was bound by the acts of the preceding Ministry, surely the same justification will be available for inferior men, and for both sides.

The extent to which Mr. Gladstone turns it to account may be seen by a reference to chapter 'vii.' of his revised history of the most unfortunate Administration of our times. That chapter relates to Egypt. It is well worthy of study, both as an example of Mr. Gladstone's 'method' in politics, and as an illustration of the liberties which may safely be taken in dealing with events more than a week old. Mr. Gladstone first makes the following statement:—

'Postponing for the moment, with a view to greater clearness, what relates to the Soudan, I affirm that every step which we took in Egypt, down to the time of the operations against Arabi Pacha, in 1882, was the direct consequence of the agreement with France for reciprocal support, and for the maintenance of a Native Government, which had been concluded in 1879, before our accession to office.'

We have, over and over again, given in these pages the plain and undeniable facts which will enable any one to sweep away these sophisms. The insurrection of Arabi was the result of the Joint Note of January 1882, and for that Note Mr. Gladstone's Government was alone responsible. It was a totally

'new



'new departure' in Anglo-Egyptian politics, in no way traceable—even remotely—to the course pursued by Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone himself admitted, in his speech at Leeds in October 1881, that the Dual Control had worked well. 'That intervention,' he said, 'of England and France, has been beneficial to the people of Egypt.' Lord Hartington and Lord Granville repeatedly made the same statement. Now it is to the Dual Control that all Mr. Gladstone's wars are traced. He makes no defence of them; he merely says that he followed the course of his predecessors. If the excuse were founded upon fact, it would have no validity, for Mr. Gladstone was elected—so it was supposed—to reverse the acts of his predecessors. In reality, all his mistakes were of his own invention. The revolt of Arabi might have been put down in a few hours, if Mr. Gladstone had not so industriously provoked the enmity of the Sultan. As it was, he undertook to restore order in Egypt himself—France having refused to assist us—and that determination led him step by step to the destruction of Alexandria, the 'military operations' against Osman Digna, the miserable war in the Sudan, the betrayal of Gordon and the garrisons, and all the losses and humiliations which have fallen upon the country. To assert that this 'series of transactions, generally painful,' was produced by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, betrays a confusion of memory not unworthy of the man who solemnly maintained in the House of Commons that the burning of Alexandria took place *before* the bombardment. When he said this, Mr. Gladstone was anxious to show that the destruction of the city was not caused by the bombardment which he had ordered, and therefore he reversed the sequence of the events. That is precisely the process which he now applies to the entire story of his besotted intervention in Egypt.

Mr. Gladstone, having in one paragraph 'postponed' what 'relates to the Soudan,' merely says when he comes to it that the 'unhappy war' was 'in no way due to us'—to him or his Ministry. Then to whom was it due? Surely the wildest stretch of malignity cannot ascribe *that* to Lord Beaconsfield? The Mahdi was scarcely known to be in existence in Lord Beaconsfield's time. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone reserves to himself the right to explain, that he did not mean to cast any reflection upon his predecessors, but only upon the Mahdi. Then at least he would acknowledge his sole and undivided responsibility for the war in the Sudan. He admits that 'we' committed 'serious errors, with cost of treasure and of precious lives.' With remarkable *sang-froid*, he goes on to say—'our mistakes in the Soudan I cannot now state in detail. The task belongs

belongs to history.' But he adds, after making a show of scattering a handful of ashes upon his own head, 'the first authors of these undertakings are the real authors of the mischief.' There were no first authors but himself and his colleagues. He dare not deny this in so many words; all that he ventures to do is to throw out insinuations, and asperse by indirect suggestion. In the same subtle spirit, he endeavours to sow the belief that it was the Tories, and the Tories alone, who wished to make war upon the Mahdi. How does he, or how can any of his supporters, reconcile this with the following statement, made on the 20th of February last in the House of Commons?—'The Government, giving the best consideration in their power to the question from the state of facts before them, decided in the affirmative—that it was their duty to instruct Lord Wolseley to frame his military measures upon the expectation and upon the policy of proceeding to overthrow the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum' . . . to take 'immediate action from Suakim against Osman Digna . . . to commence the construction of a railway . . . and to use Her Majesty's forces for the purpose of overthrowing the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum.' These were Mr. Gladstone's own words. Is there any possibility of making them square with his present theory of Tory responsibility? Is it creditable in a great Minister, still armed with vast popularity in spite of all his mistakes, to seek to shield himself behind such a miserable subterfuge as this?

The device, if good for anything, must be good for everything, and therefore no one could have been much surprised to find that Mr. Gladstone adapted it to every part of his review. His enormous expenditure, for instance, is not to be justified, but it is sufficient to say that no charge upon the public 'has sprung out of any new device of ours.' It is all Lord Beaconsfield again. It seems to us that this pretext of Mr. Gladstone's—which has never varied since he came into power—carries politics dangerously near the regions of absurdity. It takes us wholly outside the bounds of reason, argument, and fact.

Is it any wonder, then, that after the first surprise was over, even Liberals of the staunchest class threw up their hands in despair at this manifesto? They could not publicly confess their chagrin, but privately they made no secret of it. The wonderful document put them on no new track; it supplied them with no outfit better than the somewhat disreputable one they had already got. Assuredly it did not make the work of the election any easier, or its prospects any brighter. It was felt all round the party that the look-out was not bright, and that a very much diminished vote was a matter of certainty.

A triumphal  
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A triumphal march through Ireland was to have been made by Messrs. Dilke and Chamberlain, but for various reasons it did not come off. The reports of electioneering agents are known to have been gloomy. The majority of 1880 had melted away. So much was beyond dispute. We may go further, and admit, that on both sides there has been room for great uncertainty as to the result of the approaching contest. The reasons are obvious. We have not only an enormous mass of new voters to deal with, but the conditions under which the contest is to be carried on are new, and new men are, to a very large extent, engaged in it. The leaders on the Liberal side are nominally the same as at the election in 1880, but everybody knows that there is a great change in all things except in names. The principles upon which the Liberals then won—conceding, and it is a great concession, that they won by virtue of principles, and not by the power of the ‘Caucus,’ and the use of more adroit electioneering tactics than the other party could command—these principles have all been repudiated or dishonoured since 1880. We know what ‘peace’ was quickly turned into; we know what became of ‘retrenchment’; we know what idle and useless intrigues were carried on in the name of ‘reform.’ It would scarcely do to bring out these torn and damaged stage properties again, and as a matter of fact no one has yet attempted to reproduce them. They would have no effect upon the new voters—who are not limited, be it remembered, to the agricultural labourers, but include tens of thousands of men who have become of age since the last election, and now for the first time have been admitted to the franchise. No one can tell with certainty for which party these electors will decide. We are happy to know, that the new generation has a very large proportion of Conservatives within its ranks, and that the Liberals can no longer count upon it as part of its appanage. The young men of the present day are, oftener than not, opposed to extreme Radical views. They are not imbued with the prejudices and illusions of the past. We therefore look forward with great confidence to receiving a strong reinforcement for our ranks from the new voters, and the disorganization of the Liberal party—its wild and piteous appeals for a policy—its vain attempts to ‘munch the remainder biscuit’ which Mr. Gladstone has thrown to it—this will all help to enable us to retrieve the defeat of 1880.

On the Conservative side, moreover, most of the circumstances are different from those which we had to deal with at the last general election. We have come out of opposition, and cannot be held accountable—except by Mr. Gladstone—for any of the unparalleled

unparalleled mistakes and follies of the last five years and a half—with the hideous sacrifice of life in all directions, with the shameful extravagance in dealing with public money, with the gross mismanagement of the Navy, with the scandalous blundering in great Departments, with the reckless waste of fifteen millions obtained under a Vote of Credit, and now justified by Mr. Gladstone under the plea 'that preparation in tens of millions may be economical, as means of averting wars which would certainly cost hundreds of millions.' How was it that he did not think of this when he was bitterly assailing Lord Beaconsfield for requesting a vote of credit for *six* millions only, with which he undoubtedly averted a great and imminent war? If Mr. Gladstone had only reviewed his Ministry as if it had been Lord Beaconsfield's, how much more interesting his manifesto would have been! There was no absolute necessity for his quarrel with Russia. By surrendering Candahar, by holding out the hope that he would yield still more under pressure, he encouraged Russia to proceed with her onward march, and then he grew alarmed at the indignation stirred up in England, and made a warlike speech. The Russians only laughed at his vote of credit. They went as far as they had made up their minds to go. No check to their advance was established. Mr. Gladstone very nearly repeated his blunder of 1854, which cost us the Crimean war. The defence he offers now would be quite unanswerable, if it were applied to the vote of six millions obtained by Lord Beaconsfield. It has scarcely any application to Mr. Gladstone's policy.

It is all the more strange that he did not retract his former charges against Lord Beaconsfield, since he has so often imitated the measures of that great statesman, though only after so much vacillation and delay that they were deprived of their efficiency. We remember his passionate condemnation of the summons of the Indian troops to Malta; we remember, too, that he was very glad to resort, not once but twice, to the same masterly stroke of policy. We remember how energetically he denounced the acquisition of Cyprus, the 'worse than worthless island of Cyprus,' and how thankful he was afterwards to use it in his muddled 'military operations' in Egypt. We know how he censured Lord Beaconsfield for taking timely precautions against an outbreak of disorder in Ireland, and how afterwards he was obliged to begin a course of legislation, which has had no counterpart in the present generation, and which culminated in the merciless Coercion Bill of 1882—introduced and pressed, by the way, by Sir William Harcourt. Why, then, should he have hesitated to do justice to Lord Beaconsfield,

field, and to make his elaborate defence of the vote of credit of fifteen millions apply to the much smaller vote for which the Conservatives were responsible? A few lines more or less in the 'manifesto' would have made little difference. We may only hope that the intelligent part of the public will supply what Mr. Gladstone so disingenuously left out. Even if they do not, history will perform this simple act of justice.

We go to the people after five years and more of exclusion from power, but the leaders of our party are not the same as they were in 1880. Some—and some of the most eminent—are still with us, but even they, to the popular eye, are not quite the same, for their positions and responsibilities are no longer what they were. Lord Beaconsfield is not here to have his courageous and memorable acts of foresight and patriotism turned into crimes. Even his calumniators, however, are compelled to acknowledge that his name is more popular in the country than ever it was, and that his career now receives justice from thousands who were misled in regard to it while he still lived, or who surveyed it only through the mists of ignorance and prejudice. Many, for instance, who condemned him for the great and wise measure which we have just referred to—the practical addition of the Indian troops to our own small army—understood him better when they saw that it had changed the entire attitude of Europe in regard to us, and restored England to its old position as a great Power. The people are just, and even generous, in the long run, though sometimes they show these qualities rather late in the day. They understand Lord Beaconsfield better now than they did while he was still with us, his career blackened and defamed by a restless and an eager horde of adversaries, led on by the favourite orator of the moment. The remarkable extension of 'Primrose Leagues' all over the country—one of the most curious facts we know of in connection with recent politics—and the genuine enthusiasm with which Lord Beaconsfield's name is always received, especially among working men in the North, are among innumerable signs which serve to show that the voice of detraction, though it may carry all before it for a time, does not last, and will not be listened to, for ever. It must be admitted, though not without a sense of shame at the gross wrong which was done, that Lord Beaconsfield was made a source of weakness to his party in the elections of 1880. Every one of his acts had been unscrupulously perverted from its true intention and effect, and placed in an utterly false light. He was depicted as the incarnation of all that was evil and dangerous in public life. The nation was duped, and the Conservative party necessarily suffered.

suffered. People are better able to judge now between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield than they were five years and a half ago. They have had ample occasion to test the difference between a man prodigal of great promises, but infirm of purpose and destitute of foresight, and a sagacious and resolute statesman, led alike by habit and the force of his genius to weigh the consequences of his measures, and to consider their bearing upon the future. Thus it happens that the reputation of Lord Beaconsfield never stood so high, either in his own country or abroad, as it does to-day; and there are few men who would be disposed to say the same thing of his chief assailant.

In some respects, the Conservative party occupies a more advantageous position than it did in 1880. We have no doubt whatever that, as a general rule, its organization is in a far more efficient state. It was caught asleep in 1880, and two or three years elapsed before its members recovered from the blow which fell upon it in consequence. Since then, great activity has been shown, especially in districts where the working men are in the majority. In the manufacturing counties, numbers of new Conservative clubs have been opened, and a determination to place the Conservatives in power is so general that it astonishes friends as well as foes. No doubt this is partly owing to the depressed state of trade, and to the peculiar line taken by the leaders of the Liberal party in dealing with that momentous problem—a subject which is most carefully avoided in Mr. Gladstone's Address. Some of the Radical spokesmen deny roundly that there is any serious depression, and point to an increase in the body of our exports as a convincing proof that we are as prosperous as ever. They treat as of no consequence the fact, that prices have diminished, that consequently profits are rapidly falling, and that a reduction of wages is therefore inevitable. The workmen are told that 'over-production' is the sole cause of their trouble; but they begin to see that foreign competition is at least one cause of over-production. Profits have fallen off so heavily, that the masters are obliged to turn out larger quantities in order to make up by bulk for the depreciation, and goods are often thrown upon markets which are unable to take them. Then again, some of the countries which were formerly our best customers continue to fall away from us. In 1880, for instance, we sold our produce and manufactures to the United States to the value of 30,855,871*l*. Last year, that amount was reduced to 24,426,636*l*.—a loss of 6,429,235*l*. We need not here enter into the discussion as to the proper remedy for a condition of trade which causes disquietude in all minds, except those which are wrapped in theories rejected by the  
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rest of the world. The fact which we have to point out is, that the working-classes are beginning to look into the subject for themselves, and that their eyes are open to the deception practised upon them in 1880, when they were told that the cause of bad trade was the existence of a Conservative Government. They were promised a new and golden era if they returned the Liberals to power; they put faith in that promise, and ever since that day they have found trade going from bad to worse. It is not to be supposed that their disappointment will not make itself felt in the approaching elections. Bad trade is a disease which will, in due time, bring any government to its grave.

It is also to be observed that the working men, as a body, are profoundly dissatisfied with the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone. They are not so indifferent to the honour and welfare of their country as Radical pedants suppose. Conservative speakers are able to testify that, during the last few months, every allusion to the necessity of holding fast to our high place in the world, and of yielding nothing to rival powers, has been received with great and significant heartiness. The same feeling may be tested in another way. What Radical speaker or newspaper ever voluntarily says a word about Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy? They all shirk a topic which they know can only be handled to their own destruction. They never mention the word Egypt if they can help it, and take it as particularly offensive for any one to breathe the name of Gordon in their ears. Their great hope is, that before their party is called up for judgment, the public will have forgotten the tragic events which at one time seemed to have filled the mind of Mr. Gladstone himself with dismay, and which startled all civilized mankind. Even as it is, the working classes are not likely to dismiss altogether from memory the compulsory surrender of the Transvaal, or the destruction of Alexandria, or the shameful story of our waste of blood and treasure in the Sudan. Popular ignorance of politics, domestic and foreign, has always been a chief source of the strength of the Radical party. Orators, great and small, could easily excite passion when they were free to make history to suit themselves. This sheet-anchor of the party will be gone when every artizan and labourer is able to read, and when a general knowledge of the questions and the public men of the day is as common in this country as it is in the American Republic. We have not yet arrived at that state, but we are making progress towards it; and one result must be, that working men will manifest a closer interest in foreign politics, and will insist upon a far more vigorous course of action than Mr. Gladstone has ever been able to make up his mind to take, until it was too late.

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We believe, also, that it may fairly be said that the new Conservative Government has won the approval of the people, and established its claim to a fair trial, such as it can only secure by being fortified with a majority. It was something to conduct the nation out of the wrong road into the right one—to put an end to the Egyptian 'wars,' and to place the serious and menacing difference with Russia in a fair way of settlement. But Lord Salisbury has been able to do more than this. He has secured our rights on the North-West frontier without finding it necessary to use hectoring words towards Russia, and without wasting money in mock preparations for war. It is evident, too, that he is likely to place our future relations regarding Egypt on a safe and durable foundation. All Europe already recognizes the fact, that it has once more to do with a man at the head of affairs who knows his own mind. Nor is this all. The Liberal measures for governing Ireland—measures of extreme severity—have been allowed to lapse, and the Lord Lieutenant is able to go about everywhere without a squadron of cavalry at his back. It is only too probable that order will not prevail undisturbed throughout the winter, for no government can work miracles; but the state of Ireland is undeniably far better than it has ever been since Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate return to power. Irishmen now know, that although their country is to be governed only under the ordinary forms of law, a premium will not be placed upon outrages and violence. Some of the Ministers who belonged to the Cabinet, which approved the Coercion Bills, have been trying very hard to shake off a responsibility that threatens to become more and more inconvenient; but the Irish have by no means a short memory for their wrongs. The absurd fiction, that an alliance has been formed between the Conservative Party and the Home Rulers, will not suffice to cause Irish electors to forget who were the real authors of the arbitrary measures of 1881-82. Nothing can exceed the indignation of the Radicals at the discovery, that the Irish intend to vote against them in November. They seek to take revenge for this flank movement by crying out that Lord Salisbury has made a bargain with Mr. Parnell. Probably no man in England believes it, least of all the persons who make the charge. Lord Salisbury has never in any way sought to flatter or deceive the Irish, and his worst enemies would shrink from imputing to him a desire to dismember the Empire. The fault which they commonly ascribe to him lies in the other direction: he is supposed to be too anxious to maintain the ancient power and renown of England. The Radicals cannot



expect to bring both accusations in the same breath and have them both believed. Sensible men could scarcely have needed the crushing refutation of these dishonest charges which Lord Salisbury supplied in his speech at Newport, but it was, perhaps, as well that any one who is disposed to repeat them should have the evidence before him that they are false.

The simple truth is, that the Irish everywhere have had enough of the Liberal party. They see that Mr. Gladstone and his friends first lure them into danger by false professions, and then lash them with whips of scorpions for their credulity. It is notorious, that an open alliance was formed between the Liberals and the Home Rulers in 1880, and Mr. Gladstone owed his second period of office, in no slight degree, to that alliance. The Radicals would be enchanted to enter into a similar engagement now, if by any means the other side could be hoodwinked again. As that is out of the question, they adopt the tactics with which we ought by this time to be sufficiently familiar. They attribute to the Conservatives a design which they themselves originated, which placed them in power in 1880, and which they have tried every means to bring into requisition for the next elections. Lord Hartington's celebrated letter to Lord Ramsay at Liverpool; the 'Liverpool incident,' probably, referred to by Mr. Goschen; Mr. Gladstone's repeated words of encouragement to Home Rulers, when their support was essential to him; Mr. Chamberlain's intrigues with Captain O'Shea, and his activity in getting up the Kilmainham Treaty—these and a score of other proofs might be brought forward to show, that the Radicals look upon an Irish alliance as a thing to be condemned only when it cannot be had. They have endeavoured to enter into another treaty, but they overlook the fact, that the Irish have not yet had time to forget the last cruel deception which was practised upon them. It is a little too soon to set the trap again. On the other hand, the Conservative Party has acted in perfect fairness and good faith. It declined to renew the Radical Coercion Bill, and it was right. We hope that no measure of that kind will be necessary, but whatever may happen, Lord Salisbury did well not to make his party responsible for the odious curfew law and other clauses of an Act which has left so many rankling memories behind it. The determination to cast aside the Gladstonian penal laws was worthy of our leader, and it is very evident that it produced the best effect in Ireland. But no promises have been made by the Conservatives, no principles surrendered. If the Irish electors support that party next month, it will simply be because their Liberal allies have  
betrayed

betrayed them, and because they feel some certainty of getting justice and fair play from an Administration presided over by Lord Salisbury. We regard that as an expectation which they have every right to entertain.

Having lost, and justly lost, the Irish vote, Mr. Gladstone's followers hope to compensate themselves by organizing an anti-Irish movement in England. They propose to alarm the purely English electorate by predictions of the revolt of Ireland in the event of the Conservatives retaining office. Thus far, the terror which they have inspired by this device is not great. If the Irish have been led to hope for independence, assuredly it is not the fault of Conservative statesmen. And, if there is indeed serious danger to England in the alliance between the Home Rulers and one of the great English parties, we are at least not about to be confronted with that danger for the first time. In reality, however, there will be no alliance; but we confess that we think the Conservatives have a fair right to Irish support in the approaching contest, for they have never secretly enticed Irishmen on to rebellion, and then thrown them into prison for attempting it. We believe, moreover, that the Conservative Party would honestly endeavour to restore Irish industries, and thus increase the prosperity of the country, in the way recently suggested by Lord Carnarvon. If this can be done, we may not see Ireland settle down immediately into peaceable and contented paths; but the causes of discontent will be materially lessened, new sources of employment will be opened up, capital will once more flow into the country, and compulsory idleness will cease to be a curse. This is not a mere dream, neither is it a scheme which can be carried out in a day. It has been left for the Conservative Party to approach it for the first time in a practical spirit. It may be that Lord Carnarvon has already framed in his own mind the outlines of some plan by which a beginning could be made; and if the Conservatives are returned to office, and the Ministry should take this great and wholly neglected work seriously in hand, every man who desires to see the country united and prosperous will gladly support it. Thus regarded, we say that our party is justified in asking for the Irish vote. But we deprecate, as strongly as the most virtuous of the Radical leaders, the idea of endeavouring to snatch the Irish vote in order to gain a party triumph. Such a triumph, even when gained, must be delusive and ephemeral—as Mr. Gladstone and his supporters are just finding out.

After ample allowance has been made for a few personal eccentricities here and there, it cannot be denied that the

Conservatives will enter upon the decisive struggle in a far more united state than the Liberals. Seldom, indeed, has the antagonistic camp been in so much disorder. It is broken up into at least two sections, and the schism must necessarily become wider and more hopeless as time goes on, for it is impossible that the land-owning Whig can come to any final agreement with the Radical Socialist—at any rate, until the former has made up his mind that large estates are outrages upon popular rights and liberties. No ingenuity could devise a permanent basis of agreement between Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. The utmost that their friends can dare to hope is that they will not quarrel in public. Thus far, they have managed to avoid this scandal, but the declarations each has made could not be in greater conflict if they came from typical men of opposite parties. Slight, indeed, is the help or guidance which bewildered Liberals can find in them. All that is clear beyond a doubt is, that the Whigs are afraid to cut aloof from the Radicals, and that the Radicals look upon the Whigs as an encumbrance which by-and-by must be cast off at any cost. One division of the party will undoubtedly follow Lord Hartington, who, in spite of the fatal inconsistencies of his course, is still regarded as the representative of the rights of property. Another division will go with Mr. Chamberlain, who holds that property has no rights, unless it be judiciously held in stocks and bonds. These indications of the future are sufficiently brought out in the speeches which we have cited at the head of this article. Lord Hartington showed the greatest desire to avoid offending any of his political friends; but no sooner had he made his speech at Waterfoot, than a public journal, which is known to be ‘inspired’ by Mr. Chamberlain, roundly declared that ‘Liberal union’ had been placed in considerable jeopardy. Lord Hartington was warned that he must turn over a new leaf, or submit to see himself and his sympathizers swept aside by a ‘strong Radical majority.’ The specific complaint against Lord Hartington was this:—‘He allows no room for expansion, he gives no place for hope of a developed programme, he takes no note of the growing demand for free education or for revised taxation; and he puts wholly out of sight the eagerness of the poorer members of the agricultural class to obtain the right to cultivate for themselves, to occupy, and even to own some portion of the land upon which they work.’ What had Lord Hartington said at Waterfoot? His remarks were guarded,—almost colourless. He desired to see the transfer of land made ‘simple, easy, and cheap.’ Everybody says that. It is an object as much sought for by the Conservatives

servatives as by the Radicals, and Lord Cairns was the first to bring forward an Act towards its realization. We may class it among the numerous reforms which Liberals have often talked about, and which Conservatives have taken the first step towards carrying out. But then Lord Hartington went on to condemn too much intervention on the part of the State, and it was from this point that he offended the susceptibilities of the Radical wing of his party. He spoke with disapproval of those who would impose a limitation upon the size of estates, subdivide them among yeomen and farmers, and 'come to the rescue of the tenant-farmers by adopting fair rents and free sales for England and Scotland as well as for Ireland.' Lord Hartington announced that he did not 'believe in' any of these schemes, and the future lord of two hundred thousand acres could scarcely be expected to adopt a different tone. It was well enough to bring Irish landlords under the harrow of revolutionary legislation, and Lord Hartington was prepared to assist in that enterprise. He did not see that he aimed a deadly blow at all his class when he struck at landed rights in Ireland. It is just possible that he may now detect some great distinction between Ireland and England, but the party of aggression do not. Land is as good a thing to get for nothing in one country as the other. We have always warned Lord Hartington, that the principles which he helped to put in force at the expense of Irish landlords would eventually place him and his order in a position of extreme danger. Probably he sees the danger more clearly than he did, but it does not follow that he will be able to avert it. He objects to having English estates interfered with, on the ground that it is his duty to 'protest against proposals which are not sound or warranted by economic principles.' The proposals in question are, it appears, sound when applied to Irish landlords; unsound when introduced into England. Does Lord Hartington really believe that this plea will save his class when the hour of trial comes?

But he not only protests against English land-hunger on 'economic principles,' which, as we all know, are easily sent to a discount when they are in conflict with Liberal ideas, but he objects to any rash interference with the rights of property. 'I know,' he said, 'it is not at present a popular course to say anything in defence of the rights of property; but I am of opinion that it is a most grave and serious matter to do rashly anything which may affect those rights.' And he went on to throw out a hint which may or may not be taken in good part by some of his late colleagues. 'Whatever principles,' he remarked, 'may be applied to land, are likely sooner or later to be applied to other

other descriptions of property.' Now these are great discoveries on the part of Lord Hartington, but he is behind the age with them. He gave the whole weight of his influence and authority to the violent interference with the rights of property which Mr. Gladstone has already carried out. Other great landowners—the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lansdowne—saw the probability, that the precedent which was about to be established would some day be applied on a far wider scale, and they seceded from the Ministry. Lord Hartington, full of confidence that the revolution would begin and end in Ireland, supported the measures which, in after times, will be looked upon as the beginning of the end. In common with other Whigs and Liberals who have a great stake in landed property, he has doubtless believed that it would be easy at any moment to put the drag on the wheel. It is difficult to understand, how anything but this belief could have induced men with large possessions in land to lend their aid towards carrying out the Irish legislation. The weapon which they fashioned for others is now being turned against themselves. Lord Hartington warns us emphatically against the approach of 'Socialism,' but he forgets how large a part he has had in bringing the evil upon the country.

So far, then, as the Waterfoot manifesto went, it placed Lord Hartington before the country as the champion of the rights of property—especially of landed property. There is, as we have said, a large section of his party which will cordially support him. Mr. Chamberlain lost no time in ranging himself upon the other side. In his speech at Warrington, on the 8th of September, he did not hesitate to carry the war into the enemy's country. He is against landed property. He made some tolerably explicit allusions to the 'political Rip Van Winkle,' and the 'arm-chair politicians,' coming forward to 'tell us that these things are to be excluded from the Liberal programme.' 'The world,' he added, 'has moved on while these dreamers have been sleeping.' He warned the Whigs then, and he has warned them still more explicitly since, that, if necessary, he and the Radicals would fight alone. As for talk about economic laws and the sanctity of private rights, 'these phrases are the convenient cant of selfish wealth.' 'If we cannot convince our allies of the justice and reasonableness of our views, then, with whatever reluctance, we must part company.' There is no possibility of misunderstanding all this, and assuredly there can be nothing new in it to anybody who has studied the later developments of the Liberal party. Mr. Chamberlain takes great credit to himself for acting as the pioneer of a movement which only a man of Mr. Gladstone's great weight

with the country could have begun with any prospect of success. Mr. Chamberlain is a natural product of the Gladstone school. But the late Prime Minister is not prepared to go so far or so fast as his pupil. It is the lot of all men, situated as he is, to be distanced in the race for popularity. Even Mr. Bright has almost a claim to describe himself as a Conservative when compared with his more pushing and enterprising colleague. Mr. Cobden, if he were living, would almost certainly repudiate many of the dogmas put forth in his name by the Cobden Club. Still, there can be no doubt that the Radicals looked with some confidence to Mr. Gladstone to give them the right 'cue' on the land question. He merely throws them over altogether. What he has to say might be adopted by almost any Conservative. He would 'deal freely with the transfer of land,' and so forth, but at the same time he would be guided by 'economic laws,' and anchor himself fast to 'the fundamental principles which make property secure.' The Radicals have tried to put a good face upon this declaration, and vow that they are perfectly satisfied. All we can say is that, for once, it takes extremely little to satisfy them. In the same spirit Mr. Gladstone effectually damps their ardour concerning the proposed overthrow of the House of Lords. He not only discountenances the assault, but actually goes out of his way to assert his hope, that whenever a reconstitution of the House is attempted, 'a reasonable share of power may be allowed, under wise conditions, to the principle of birth'—the very principle which is an abomination to the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone would save the only thing they are particularly anxious to destroy. Well might Mr. Chamberlain, in his wrath, have echoed the words of Balak to Balaam: 'I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them.'

If the Radicals are contented with this, so are we, and therefore the 'Gladstone umbrella' will indeed afford a shelter, such as it is, for us all. But we should not recommend any one to rely too confidently on the preference being given to Mr. Gladstone's programme over that of Mr. Chamberlain. The followers of the late Prime Minister are bound to keep up appearances as long as they can. It would not do to quarrel with him on the eve of election. It is bad enough to have him admit—as plainly as he ever admits anything—that he does not intend to lead his party very long after the election. He has no objection to be put in the front while the fighting is going on. When all is over, he will retire. No doubt he has said something of the same kind on former occasions—he said it in 1874; he said something like it in 1879. But six years have passed, and six years count

for a good deal when a man is on the other side of seventy. He will keep his word this time, and therefore the electors, Liberal or Radical, need not suppose that they are voting for Mr. Gladstone. They will be bringing to power Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain, and when they remember how easily and how promptly Lord Hartington was shelved in 1880, they need not be under any uncertainty as to the hand which will grasp the victory—should they obtain one. The fact is, that for the section of the nation which prefers Lord Hartington's views, as lately disclosed, there is only one refuge now—the Conservative Party. Many causes, social causes among them, will keep Lord Hartington himself from transferring his abilities to the party which represents his true opinions, but his admirers are free, and little by little they will come over to our side. Yet it would be wrong to assume, that Mr. Chamberlain will find his influence lessened. We should rather predict, that it will be quite the other way. Whether his theories as to the land can be worked out or not is a point of less importance, than the effect which they are producing upon the popular mind. Have he and Joseph Arch succeeded in persuading large masses of the electorate that land is within their 'reach for nothing,' or at least for nothing which they will be called upon to pay? We have not the slightest doubt, that some such expectation as this is running through the country. We have equally little doubt, that in time it will extend to other things beside land, and that Mr. Chamberlain and his fellow plutocrats will ultimately rue the day when the theory of 'ransom' was first propounded by a Minister of the Crown. The author of that theory tells us, that the desire to get land is a sort of 'hunger which God has implanted in all those who are directly interested in its culture.' But the desire to get stocks and bonds is equally strong, and only needs to be directed by skilful hands into proper channels to become effective. A far more popular leader than Mr. Chamberlain will inevitably rise up to show him how this can be done, and he will be as little powerful to stem the attack on hoarded money as Lord Hartington is to resist the assault upon land.

There is, however, a sense of honesty and fair play in Englishmen upon which the Socialists have not reckoned, and it may possibly be strong enough to defeat their present purposes, and incidentally to save the 'bloated bondholders' from the treatment which their most prominent representative has invited. Mr. Chamberlain does not yet venture to tell the labourers and working men that they shall have land as a free gift. His language seems to mean a great deal, but when it is closely examined

examined it will be found that it is constructed so as to 'keep the promise to the ear and break it to the hope.' The 'local authorities' are to be empowered to 'obtain land for all public purposes at its fair value,' and to be commissioned 'to let land for labourers' allotments, for artisans' dwellings, and for small holdings.' But the local authorities in question are not 'to part entirely with the property in or control of the land.'\* This is by no means all that the labourers have been led to anticipate, and it is not to be supposed that they will be satisfied with the shadow instead of the substance. Their Divinely implanted 'hunger' for ownership is scarcely to be appeased by the offer of a rent-holding under the guardians and overseers of a parish. Mr. Chamberlain will have to raise his bid, or to confine himself, as he does generally, to tracing misty sketches of the Paradise which will be opened to the poor when the Liberals are again placed in power. If the labourer begins to think the matter over, he will soon ask himself how much better off he is likely to be with a few acres of land, which he is bound to keep in cultivation, out of which he cannot possibly make a living, and for which he is obliged to pay rent regularly to the 'local authorities,' who are not likely to be less exacting when quarter day comes round than a private landlord. But, of course, these details of the scheme are not intended for popular consumption. All that it is deemed necessary to tell 'the people' is, that the chief cause of poverty and depressed trade is the maintenance of large estates. If the operatives of Oldham or of Sheffield find their position becoming more and more unsatisfactory, they are given to understand that it is all because a few powerful families—such as the Devonshires—are permitted to hold so much land. This is the latest reply of the Cobden school to the complaints of decaying manufactures. Forty years ago, it was the rapacious landlord who made bread dear. His profits were taken from him, and now he is accused of making trade dull. Everything that goes wrong must be brought home to the landowner. That is really the whole art and mystery of modern 'statesmanship,' as developed by the Radicals. Make the landlord the universal scapegoat. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends deny that our manufacturing industries are threatened from without, or that there is the slightest necessity to enquire into their condition. Yet they are always complaining that it is because land is in so few hands, that the cotton-spinners and iron smelters are finding their customers going away from them. Divide up the great estates, and



America will once more buy her knives and razors in Sheffield, and Germany will cease to undersell us in our own markets. That, when reasoned out, will be found to be the sum and substance of the new gospel, as set forth not only by Mr. Chamberlain, but by the other 'statesmen' and 'publicists' who follow obsequiously in his train, hoping to share his honours and rewards. The working men have been taught for years that the landlord is their hereditary foe, but even Mr. Cobden would never have thought of holding him responsible for the effects of hostile tariffs and foreign competition.

The truth is, that there is a good deal of 'make-believe' and sham in the whole controversy now being carried on by the Liberals. They do not believe that land can be profitably worked in small lots by holders without capital, and they are afraid to come forward with the distinct proposal, to seize large estates and parcel them out among the labourers. The question is introduced just now because an election is approaching, because the 'record' of the Gladstone Ministry is universally felt to be discreditable, and because there is nothing else to talk about. Reform is a dish that cannot well be placed upon the table again just yet, and the old cries, as we have shown, have had to be abandoned. No doubt there are some Radicals who would be very glad to go before the country with a demand for the Disestablishment of the Church, but it is for their own benefit that they should be kept in restraint. The strength of the Church is not to be estimated, as a weekly journal appears to suppose, by the number of Parliamentary candidates who are pledged to support or oppose it. The feeling of the nation at large is not to be measured quite so easily. We have to remember that the Church contains within its fold a larger number of followers than any Dissenting sect, and that the other sects are not united against it. A large body of the Wesleyans, if not the Wesleyans as a body, have no desire to see the Church Establishment cut up by the roots. The Roman Catholics do not ask for it. And the Church itself has been enlarging its borders, and strengthening its hold upon the people very much, during the last half century. In most rural districts, the feeling in favour of the Church is very strong, as many Radicals have discovered, much to their surprise and disgust, since the electioneering 'campaign' was informally opened. Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, expressed, in his circuitous way, an opinion that the Church must be left to its fate. But, as on other great subjects, he tries to please both sides. He reminds his followers, that the question 'cannot become practical until it shall have grown familiar to the mind by thorough discussion ;

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with the further condition, that the proposal, when thoroughly discussed, shall be approved.' Nor are these the only 'conditions' to be observed. 'The English Church,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'appears to be eminently suited, in many and weighty points, to the needs of the coming time.' It cannot be touched 'except with a large observance of the principles of equity and liberality, as well as with the general consent of the nation.' On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone takes care that, if the door is not flung wide open to the assailants of the Church, it shall be left ajar. He cannot afford to throw over the Church party bodily, but he is anxious to secure the support of the abolitionists. As for gratuitous education, it is a topic on which Mr. Gladstone desires to 'reserve a final judgment.' Ireland must be kept as a part of the Empire, but enlarged powers should be granted for the management of its own affairs. We really do not see what a Conservative can find to object to in this latter proposition, or why any elector who agrees with it should refuse to vote for the Conservative Party.

Let any one compare the crooked and stealthy utterances of Mr. Gladstone with the frank and manly declaration of policy made by Lord Salisbury at Newport, and then decide which of these two public men has the highest claim to the confidence and support of a nation that prides itself on its honesty and fearlessness. Mr. Gladstone faintly shadows forth a hesitating policy, in the spirit of an experienced political trimmer; Lord Salisbury avows in plain English what he means and what he wants. Whether in regard to home or foreign affairs, he is equally downright and explicit. He would not seek to bolster up the Turkish Empire when its rule is 'inconsistent with the welfare of populations.' In any such case as that, his policy would lead him to 'foster strong self-sustaining nationalities, who shall make a genuine and important contribution to the future freedom and independence of Europe.' The greatest lover of freedom could not ask for more. In reference to local government, our leader declares that 'large reforms are necessary,' and he defines the general principle which should be pursued in a single clear sentence—'people in their own localities should govern themselves.' To embody this principle in suitable legislation would undoubtedly be one great object of the Conservative Party, and it is the only party which can be trusted to do the work in a spirit of perfect fairness. As for the questions of 'Sunday closing' and 'local option,' Lord Salisbury is evidently disposed to leave the working classes to decide them in their own way, and as these are the classes chiefly concerned, no other position could well be taken up by the

the Prime Minister under the existing conditions of political life. But Lord Salisbury keeps nothing in concealment—he takes care to let it be known that he does not think it just that people who do not want to drink beer should put a muzzle on the mouths of people who do. It is, we repeat, essentially one of those matters which working men ought to be left to settle in accordance with their own wishes and opinions.

On the more important question of Ireland, Lord Salisbury sweeps away at once the preposterous suggestion, that the Tory party is willing to enter into any compromise or negotiation with a view to the dissolution of the Union. We are disposed to believe that comparatively few Irishmen really hold, that separation from England is attainable, or that, if attainable, it would be to the advantage of their own country. However that may be, Lord Salisbury plainly tells the nation that he and his colleagues and party 'look upon the integrity of the Empire as a matter more important than almost any other political consideration,' and that they 'could not regard with favour any proposal which directly or indirectly menaced that which is the first condition of England's position among the nations of the world.' This statement—affording, as it does a great contrast in every respect to Mr. Gladstone's shifty and subtle phrases—ought to put an end at once and for ever to the wild aspersions upon the Conservative Party, which many leading Liberals have not been ashamed to repeat. To local government, Ireland is as much entitled as any other part of the country, and she ought to have it; but total separation could only bring ruin upon her, and innumerable disasters upon her people.

Every Conservative will observe with pleasure that Lord Salisbury declares himself, with much heartiness, in favour of drawing the people of the Colonies nearer to England—an object which ought to be uppermost in the heart of every statesman, but which was passed over by Mr. Gladstone without a single word. Our Colonial Empire has never been regarded by Mr. Gladstone, or by the Liberal party, with favourable eyes. Mr. Cobden thought it a burden, Mr. Bright has generally referred to it as an encumbrance, Mr. Chamberlain scarcely ever makes any allusion to it, and Mr. Gladstone treats it with insulting silence. The Conservatives will be guided by very different feelings, and we may fairly hope to see, when they are in power, an approach made to some well-considered scheme of Imperial Federation. The Radicals seek to divert attention from our Colonies, and the extension of our commerce in Asia and Africa—the only directions in which we can reasonably look  
for

for new life for our depressed industries—by devising schemes for increasing the burden of local rates, in order that land may be ‘divided,’ and that indolent or neglectful parents may be enabled to educate their children at the expense of their neighbours. Lord Salisbury has shown the fallacies and deceptions involved in these propositions, and he has also warned us, in language which cannot fail to produce a powerful and lasting effect upon the country, against the insidious attempts of Mr. Morley and others to banish all religious influences from the education of the young. Mr. Chamberlain’s scheme of ‘Free Education’ would add so immensely to the local rates, that the public could not and would not support the burden, and the demand for relief would soon become irresistible. This contingency has, of course, been foreseen by Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, and it falls in well with their plans. Their anticipation is, that the new requirements created by the additional cost of education to the State, would have to be provided for out of Church property, and that in this way a plausible pretext would be given for confiscation. Religious education, and voluntary and denominational schools, are all to be thrown aside. We are, as a nation, to repudiate Christianity. The design is at once bold and crafty, but we cannot believe that it will succeed. It was most necessary and most desirable that at such a moment as this, the people should receive the most emphatic assurance, that the Conservative Party will have no share in this evil work; that it will stand resolutely by the ‘principles of Christianity,’ which Englishmen were once ready to die for, much as they are now decried and defamed by Radical pedants and adventurers. The Church, as part of the body which represents these principles, will be defended to the last. ‘It is,’ said Lord Salisbury, ‘a matter of life and death to us.’ He will have no vacillation and no compromise: the ‘two voices’ of Mr. Gladstone’s manifesto are put to silence, and we hope to shame. It is at once the duty and the privilege of the Conservative Party to support that ‘sacred institution’ which ‘has held up the torch of truth, and has maintained the truths of Christianity before the world.’

These are noble words, worthy of a statesmen whose views of public life and duty are far too lofty to admit of any paltering with the vast and momentous issues soon to be submitted to the judgment of the nation. We look forward with confidence to the day when that judgment will be pronounced. We find our party everywhere animated by a profound belief in the justice of its cause, and by a determination to make that cause triumphant. The Conservatives offer to the country a strong

and vigorous government, anxious to maintain peace, and pursuing the ends which lead to peace, while resolutely defending the rights and interests of the Empire. It will do all that a government can possibly do to restore prosperity to trade, and to defend civil and religious freedom; it will avoid the harassing warfare upon classes which has already resulted in so much suffering, loss, and harm, and which, if further pursued, can only produce an aggravation of the evils we now see around us—capital driven from our shores, or no longer flowing freely into commercial channels; agriculture and manufactures alike depressed; all enterprise arrested, because no one knows what the next day may bring forth. These evils we may reasonably hope to see disappear under a strong Conservative Administration, and such an Administration we expect to see in power before we are next called upon to address our readers.

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